

FROM ROMANCE TO REALITY

HENRY CLAY MABIE, D.D., LL.D.

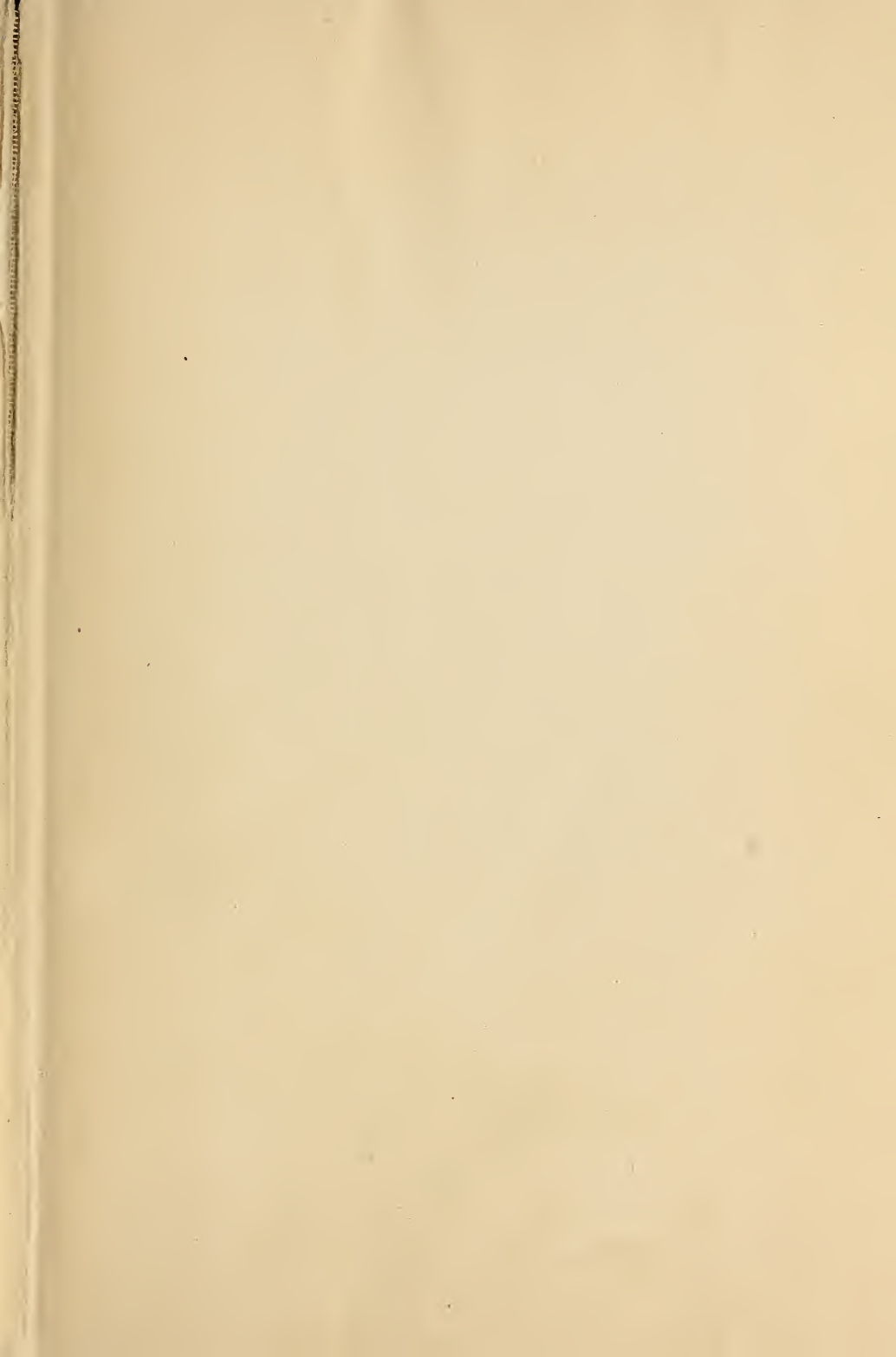


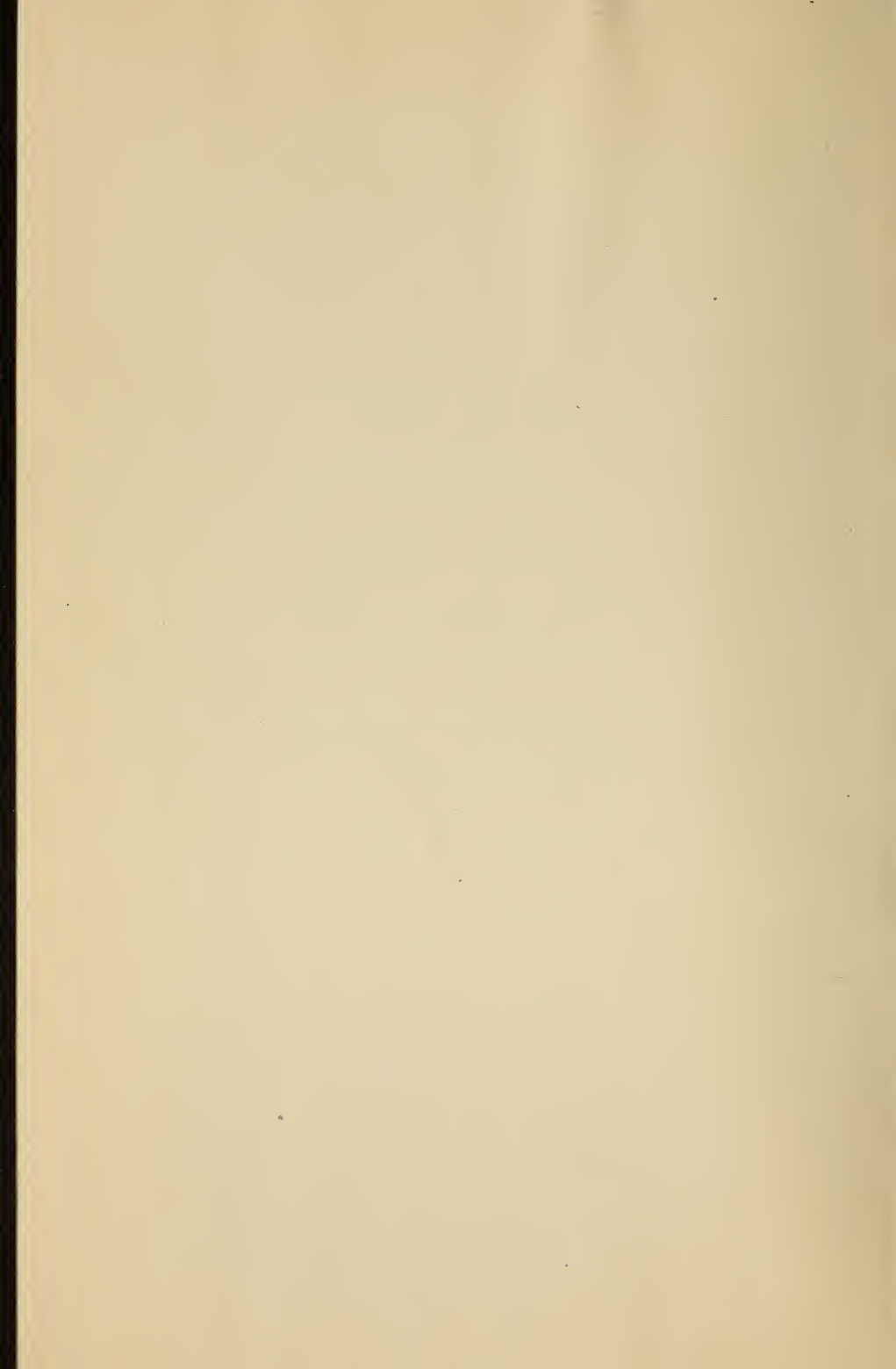
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FROM ROMANCE TO REALITY

THE MERGING OF A LIFE
IN A WORLD MOVEMENT

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY

HENRY CLAY MABIE, D.D., LL.D.

AUTHOR OF "IN BRIGHTEST ASIA," "THE
TASK WORTH WHILE," "METHOD IN SOUL-
WINNING," "THE MEANING AND MES-
SAGE OF THE CROSS," "HOW DOES
THE DEATH OF CHRIST SAVE US?"
"THE DIVINE RIGHT OF MISSIONS,"
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INSCRIBED TO MY DEAR WIFE,
EDITH ROE MABIE,

whose life from childhood has been so inseparably and unostentatiously mingled with my own as to impart undying inspirations, and to the mother of my several children who rise up to call her blessed, as they are the abiding joy and pride of their father's heart.

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FOREWORD

IT has sometimes been brought as a reproach against the inception of modern missions that it was attended with elements of romance. Such elements were incidental to the novelties of travel and residence in regions long inaccessible to the Western world. The tales of new conditions and picturesque environments doubtless seized the imagination of the unsophisticated and adventurous, and added to the sentimental attractiveness of Oriental situations. Probably some were superficially led to give themselves to the exploitation of these conditions.

But even so, human nature in itself is so constituted as to respond to such situations. And this is not necessarily evil. Youth particularly takes roseate views of life. It is imaginative and eager to find approach to strange and distant peoples, and it is worthy of note that missionaries, as a rule, awake to their sense of a divine call early in life, a matter in itself highly providential.

Imagination, as a susceptibility and a power, is itself a foremost endowment of mankind. Without it there would be no creative faculty or inventive genius. The sense of the romantic grows out of these capacities, and is a legitimate source of mental and moral awakening. The susceptibility of the *genus homo* to sentiment is a noble possibility. It is the highway to something far worthier than sentimentalism. Without sentiment, life would be robbed of its chief incitements and inspirations.

That certain stages of disillusionment must necessarily be passed in the school of life, and even religion, *per se*, is not ominous: it is essential to life's discipline. Moreover, the deeper insights are commonly reached through forms of disappointment preliminary to deeper

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things. "It is for chastening that ye endure." The most exalted stages of experience and being are reached through processes of trial.

A sober second thought will remind us that much that has been called romance is, after all, the deeper and diviner exhilaration of the living martyr, such as is represented in the high testimonies of worthies like the Judsons, the Livingstones and the Patons. The exalted soul-conditions which characterize such, mark the divine survival in their subjects of the very resurrection life of Christ, issuing from crucial pains in fellowship with Christ. They signify the very highest sort of attainments in moral being. Surely the Schwartzes, the Morrisons, the Pattisons, the Binghamms, and the heroes of the South Sea islands, were not mere romanticists.

So the writer of the following pages frankly testifies that though in childhood the imagination was caught and sentiment roused, yet these were but initial stages to divinely intended processes and realizations involved in the plan of the whole, cherished by the Eternal for one life at least. If the adolescent stage had been otherwise, the mature life would have been reduced to a lower level.

So long as reality in the end is reached, the more "romance" in the early awakening, the better. The chapters that follow one another in this volume certainly would never have been written but for a spiritual dynamic incipient in childhood, as touching the matters dealt with. And in the opinion of the writer, most real achievement in any form of living is usually preceded by an awakened, divinely fertilized youth. When the period of romance is no more, the race will cease to grow, to invent or to create, and reality itself will perish.

For the real *raison d'être* of this book one must look beyond the individual factor in the author's life. Were this all, even the realities emphasized would probably never have found expression in a book.

In the providence of God, however, the writer has been thrown throughout his life into contact with so many personages of note, and through them into

FOREWORD

touch with so significant movements in many lands, that it seems fitting that these be introduced into the narratives that follow, and allowed to figure as they may.

Entirely apart from the personality of him who records the parts played by these men and movements, there are worths to be conserved for the church at large. These values started with high enthusiasm also; and in their time and place came to realizations similar to the author's own, and congruous with them. Were these in the Christian and world-wide movements of the last century to remain unexpressed, "the very stones would cry out." Hence the record of the respective parts played and recorded in the following narratives.

To the great Head of the church these chapters are committed in the hope that His blessing may attend them to the further extension of His Kingdom.

ROSLINDALE, Mass., April, 1917.

H. C. M.

IN TUTELAGE

I

WESTWARD HO!

MY eyes first saw the light, June 20, 1847, in Belvidere, Illinois. It was a favored spot in the heart of that garden of the old Northwest lying between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi River. It became settled seventy-five years ago by people representing some of America's best blood. Because of the circumscribed tillable areas farther East, these people migrated from New England, New York State, Pennsylvania and Ohio, into these great virgin tracts of the Mississippi Valley. The wondrous richness of those plains was simply awaiting the tickling of the ploughshare, the seed and the hoe, to "laugh with harvest." The large immigrations from North Europe and from the Celtic Isle, which in later years have so populated the country, were then less in evidence.

These original American immigrants were characterized by uncommon intelligence, enterprise, thrift and piety. But, while possessed of the best ideals of the East, they could no longer be content within the limits of their earlier habitat. They believed they could transplant their lives and their families into far better natural conditions.

My parents, and many other family relatives, were among the sturdy adventurers of that excellent company who set out upon this early quest. Among the celebrities of the town familiar to my childhood were many who had gained social and business standing elsewhere, and some were destined to distinction on wider fields. Some were Government agents for public lands. Some were bankers and money-lenders; several soon became United States Congressmen. With the oncoming of the

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Civil War, one, Hon. Allen C. Fuller, became Adjutant General of the State, and another, Hon. Stephen A. Hurlbut, a major-general of distinction in the army, both appointees of President Lincoln, while others became colonels and lesser officers. Some became judges of courts, successful teachers of schools, and adorned many professions.

And there were also brilliant women not a few, the full equal of their husbands. One of these aspired, perhaps with some hope, to becoming chief lady of the land in the White House. Moreover, such was the appreciation of culture in general that the rising town was at one time hopeful, among three or four rival towns in the Rock River Valley, of becoming the seat of the principal university of northern Illinois, afterwards located in Chicago, and now so richly endowed.

My father was one of the large contingent from western New York to settle in this region of the West. Although born in Delaware County, New York, he took his journey from Castile, Wyoming County, with his wife and a babe in arms, in a prairie schooner, around the south shores of Lake Erie and Michigan to the town above mentioned. Chicago, at that time planted on piles amid the ooze of the Calumet and Chicago River flats, had a population of about ten thousand souls. My father used to tell of passing along through deep mud on what is now Lake Street. At one spot in the street, from a pool a little more slimy than the rest, there projected a rail some three or four feet above the surface. On the top of this some wag had placed an old hat, and underneath it: "Caution! the horse and rider are both below."

In reference to pioneer days in Chicago, my father also loved to picture the primitive proprietor of the first Tremont House—Crouch by name—as he would receive a party of guests, sometimes arriving in a lumber-wagon. Crouch would come running out of the tavern with a wood-bottomed chair to serve as a step, for the alighting of the party at the door, thus saving them from the mud while facilitating their descent. This is not ex-

WESTWARD HO!

actly the Chicago Hotel, "*de luxe*," of the present day.

Beyond Chicago, in those days, were no railroads. The newly developing farming community eighty miles westward, of which my father was a member, in order to market their wheat, were obliged to haul it on wagons, and for long stretches, through a wet and miry country. And for the return trip the farmers would load with lumber for their primitive buildings and fences. To haul over the distance, going and coming, would consume a week or more for each trip. The farmers could only do this in groups, because their loaded wagons often would become stalled in quagmires, and teams needed to be "doubled up," or even quadrupled, in order to pull the loads out on to more solid ground.

As to railroads, my father and his elder brother were among the subcontractors to finish a section of one of the first roads west of Chicago—the one running through our town to Galena, on the Chicago & Northwestern line. It was rare sport for us youngsters to ride about on the "dump-boards" among the workmen with their many teams, or to court friendship with "Pat," the Hibernian, who brought the drinking-water for the men from the distant spring.

In half a dozen other communities in the same region of northern Illinois, many family relatives of both my parents had settled. What old-time intervisitations occurred between these families! The children were commonly taken along and permitted closer acquaintance with their cousins. These visits generally occurred in the spring after crops were in, or in the autumn after the harvests were gathered, as James Whitcomb Riley sings:

"When the frost is on the punkin
And the fodder's in the shock."

And what dinners our mothers and aunts used to get up for our hungry palates—roast turkey, roast pig, chicken pies, fresh vegetables galore, mince pies, hickory and hazel nuts, popped corn, and all the other pristine dainties in which the growing child delights. I have

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only pity for the boy who has not grown up on a farm, with horses and colts to ride, with cattle and sheep to feed, and, in the long, crisp winters, the spelling-schools, sleighing parties, and, in summer, the running streams for fishing, not omitting the delights of the old "swimmin'-hole."

In this home of my youth I became practised in all forms of horsemanship, manual labor and endless choring. For two whole years I rode horseback from the home to the town school, summer and winter, daily, six miles each way, often "breaking" the young horses I rode, training them to a variety of paces, and laying in health and vigor for the tasks of the future. Everything I ever learned in that early farm apprenticeship from my sturdy yet sympathetic father, facing virgin conditions in soil, climate, surroundings or estate, has come in place in the years since, wherever I have wandered.

Moreover, in all those early years my mind was brooding over possible problems in life, resisting taunting suggestions from unbelieving neighbors. I recall how, noting differences between the sentiments they expressed and those which characterized my home folk even, for days together, while harrowing in the spring wheat or ploughing corn, barefooted, or listening to the cooing of the prairie chickens, I would reason out evidences for the truth of the Christian religion, answering objections to the cornstalks as so many imaginary skeptics. I was, from the beginning, "constitutionally a believer." I think the simplicity of life on that old farm, companion of my own thoughts, and of the very sheaves of grain I often pitched from the loaded wagon to my father laying them away in the stack, was my very best preparatory school, and a highly providential introduction to the experiences narrated further on.

Such was the type of life into the midst of which I was born in the new West. And ours was but one of many such communities athrob with the new civilization. There were others of similar type with which I came into touch in those childhood days in northern Illinois and southern Wisconsin.

WESTWARD HO!

Moreover, at the very front in the activities of the new time, there was a class of stalwart, pioneer preachers who put a lasting stamp on the religious, social and political life of all that region; these all had migrated from the older East. Among them were the pioneer Baptist pastor of the first church at old Fort Dearborn, Chicago (A. B. Freeman, a home missionary before my time, of our own society), Elisha Tucker, J. C. Burroughs, Robert Boyd (a flaming evangelist preacher from Stirling, Scotland), W. W. Everts, Justin A. Smith (for a generation editor of the *Standard*), E. J. Goodspeed, Galusha Anderson (yet with us), and M. G. Hodge, of Janesville; A. J. Joslyn, of Elgin; Charles Button, of Aurora; Ichabod Clark, of Rockford; Luther Lawrence, preacher and statesman, often in the Illinois Legislature; D. E. Halteman, of Marengo; S. G. Miner, of Bloomington (friend of Abraham Lincoln); J. V. Schofield and William Crowell, of Freeport; James Dixon, of Milwaukee; Wm. M. Haigh, pastor and general home missionary; Henry G. Weston, of Peoria; and, not least among them all, the redoubtable old-time evangelist, Elder Knapp, of Rockford, of everywhere, from Boston to the Mississippi River and even the Pacific Coast. During his last days he was often an attendant on my own early ministry in Rockford. These men among the Baptists were real pioneers, in an era that can never come again in similar creative form in this broad land. I am grateful to have been brought into the world at such a time, and to have upon me the impress of such personalities.

II

HEAVEN ABOUT US IN OUR INFANCY

THERE were a few outstanding influences most potent in my child life, of which I gratefully make mention. First of all was the very atmosphere of my own parental home. My parents, freshly come into a new country, it was plain, had not left their religion behind them, a circumstance for which I can never be too thankful. They were descended on both sides from a long line of godly progenitors. My father's traditional ancestry was through Holland from the French Huguenots. His immediate ancestors came through Dutchess, Delaware and Wyoming Counties, New York. My father's great-grandfather was a relict of the Revolutionary War, with a traditional record of having once escaped from some British warship by swimming several miles in the waters of Long Island Sound. My father's grandfather was a pioneer preacher, the first of a long line of Dutch Reformed people to become a Baptist. He had the distinction of supporting himself by brick-making and coopering of barrels through the week, that he might on self-support preach the gospel on Sundays. From him, also, came down a heroic tradition, of the killing of a panther in the Catskills; and these accounts often made my young blood tingle, as they were told out in winter evening tales to us children, by one or another of my father's aunts or uncles who had come into the country about the same time as my parents, and often sojourned with us.

In my father's immediate family there were seven brothers and two sisters, mostly of uncommonly large and stalwart physique, long inured to out-of-door life and to manual toil. My Grandfather Jacob, with his sturdy



HENRY CLAY MABIE AS A BOY

II

HEAVEN ABOUT US IN OUR INFANCY

THERE were a few outstanding influences around me in my child life, of which I gratefully make mention. First of all was the very atmosphere of my own parental home. My parents, freshly come into a new country, it was plain, had not left their religion behind them, a circumstance for which I can never be too thankful. They were descended on both sides from a long line of godly progenitors. My father's traditional ancestry was through Holland from the French Huguenots. His immediate ancestors came through Dutchess, Delaware and Wyoming Counties, New York. His father's great-grandfather was a relic of the Revolutionary War, with a traditional record of having once escaped from some British warship by swimming several miles in the waters of Long Island Sound. My father's grandfather was a pioneer preacher, the first of a long line of Dutch Reformed people to become a Baptist. He had the distinction of supporting himself by brick-making and cooping of barrels through the week, that he might so self-support preach the gospel on Sundays. There was, also, came down a heroic tradition, of the story of a pioneer in the Catskills; and these accounts did make my young blood tingle as they were told out in winter evening tales to my children. By one or another of my father's aunts or uncles you had come into the country about the same time as my parents, and when associated with us.

In my father's immediate family there were seven brothers and two sisters, mostly of considerable size and vigorous physique, long-lived as most of our life and in general robust. My immediate family, however, was

HENRY CLAY MARSH AS A BOY



HEAVEN ABOUT US IN OUR INFANCY

wife,* had followed his son from New York State, to domicile with him. They drove the whole distance in a comfortable covered buggy. The father and son were the builders of the first framed house on the brow of a hill overlooking a famous stretch of land embracing several thousand acres, four miles from Belvidere, known as "Squaw Prairie," and which had been quickly pre-empted by the enterprising immigrant Easterners. My mother's ancestry—the Saxtons—were as noted for devotional characteristics as my father's. There were seven in the family group, of which my mother was a rarely gentle and amiable member. She did much of her ethical teaching through referring to her saintly father's habit of enforcing all sorts of genial and neighborly admonitions by certain wholesome maxims: "My father used to say so and so." He would often say, "If you can not speak something good of your neighbors, say nothing." That settled it for her. Nothing in the community's life more troubled my mother than the evil-speaking and small talk of the neighbors' doings in critical allusion, which go so far to create and foster ill-will when it is reported to the parties concerned, as it is sure to be. I think no lesson I learned in the home nest went further with me in subsequent days to forestall party differences in the churches I served, than the remembrance of these gentle references of my saintly mother. Nine-tenths of the strifes and divisions that vex the church are due to this mischievous tattle to the disparagement of others.

My mother's three brothers, Jacob, John and Asa, were also men of uncommon gifts and graces. John, in early life, was a sort of *protege* of the distinguished denominational leader and preacher, once of Buffalo and later of Chicago, Dr. Elisha Tucker, while a member of his church choir in Buffalo, before my uncle's migration to the West. For many years he was the most gifted deacon in our Belvidere Church; he had uncommon powers of expression respecting all things spiritual. His felicitous and impressive phrases in prayer, whether

* One Polly Tallman.

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at his own family altar, or in the church prayer-meetings, no one who ever heard, will forget. And when it came to the preparation of the annual church letter to the association, who like him could write it, and fill its every paragraph with the loftiest sentiment in Scripture phrase? These letters were always uncommon. Two sisters of my mother, each in their turn, became wives of two most devoted men, in the diaconate of several churches served; one, R. T. Mabie, father of Dr. John S. Mabie, of California, and the other, Nathaniel Crosby, of Belvidere and Janesville, Wisconsin. Mrs. Crosby in a second marriage became the wife of the Rev. Cyrenius M. Fuller, a gifted minister known in the early Baptist annals of Vermont, once also a successful "agent" of the American Baptist Missionary Union, and later, in his advanced years, a most winsome occasional preacher in Illinois and Wisconsin. On this Saxton side of our family house there was an embodiment of the more delicate, æsthetic and refined qualities, while on my father's side the more virile, positive and heroic note was always in evidence.

Among the first deaths I ever witnessed, as a child, were those of both my grandmothers. My grandfathers I never saw, but the traditions of them that remained to their descendants were no doubt the chief and most valuable asset in the legacies left us. My father's father, although but a plain country deacon, was a man who impressed his fervor and religious zeal on all who knew him. He had a rare gift for friendship among his neighbors, and he so bore their spiritual interests on his great heart, that all his life he was a tactful soul-winner. He was a great believer in neighborhood prayer-meetings, and he himself was the central figure in them. Once in Chicago, when I was conversing with the late Mrs. D. Henry Sheldon, herself a woman of uncommon religious gifts, she suddenly inquired if I "ever saw my Grandfather Mabie." I answered "No," whereupon she said: "What a pity! I saw him once, at my father's house [the Rev. Mr. Searle], when your grandfather and his wife were on their way from western Pennsyl-

HEAVEN ABOUT US IN OUR INFANCY

vania to Illinois, and I can never forget him. He was the only man I ever saw who, when he knelt to pray at family worship, took off his coat. As a child I wondered at it, but I ceased to wonder when he arose, for he was as wet with perspiration as if he had been dipped in the river!" I later repeated this account to my revered friend, Dr. Aaron H. Burlingham, in New York, whereupon the old veteran, with choking emotion, responded: "I have seen the old man scores of times take off his coat when he prayed in the old Portage schoolhouse prayer-meetings." It was in this very neighborhood that several of the Burlingham family, of a half-dozen or more members, were, through the old deacon's agency, led to Christ. A child bred amidst such family traditions as these would be obdurate indeed not to respond early to the claims of religion so earnestly, sanely and yet genially commended.

Another influence very deeply felt by me was the stock of neighborhood and religious traditions my parents had brought with them from the loved and revered "York State" home. It was to influences in Castile and Portage, and the region surrounding the picturesque Genesee Falls, that my parents always felt they owed so much. There they were schooled; there they were both converted, baptized and married by one Rev. James Reed, a man who held the pastorate in Castile for twenty-five consecutive years, and whose deep religious personality and typical convictions became impressed on a large community. Then there were scattered round about that section of western New York, other ministers also deeply revered in Castile. Among these were Elon Galusha, Harrison Daniels, H. K. Stimson (of the early "stage-coach" fame), Ichabod Clark, Hosea Fuller and Rev. Wm. Arthur, father of Chester A. Arthur, who later came to the Presidency of the nation. Under Mr. Arthur my father was converted, during a meeting held in the town of Perry, near Silver Lake. Some of these men betimes came on visits to the great West, and very often they and other "down East neighbors" became guests at my father's house; and their table-talk often

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filled with interest the shy lad whom they probably never suspected of taking notice. Ah! ye *lares* and *penates* of that old farmhouse home! how little ye knew of the worshipful attention ye there commanded, and of the philosophies ye were instilling into a silent mind more attentive and reverent than ye dreamed!

On one occasion the famous colporter, Uncle John Vassar, put up at our "minister's tavern." He preferred to curl up for a night's sleep on a rug before an open fire on the hearth rather than occupy the best feather bed in the spare chamber. A picture, or a little book sometimes left behind, would stamp its lesson indelibly upon the infant mind. Here it was I found the home school more impressive, in its way, than many another more ambitious one I have since enjoyed. There enduring foundations were laid for faith in God, and in his purposes for all mankind.

It was in connection with one of the old-time visits, that my parents so loved to make to their former York State friends, yet living over the line in southern Wisconsin, that occurred one of those childhood incidents that early and ineffaceably impressed my moral and religious nature. At the time I was less than four years old. The morning my parents drove away on their visit a hundred miles distant, my older sister, nine years of age, took me with her for sisterly care to the country log schoolhouse, a mile and a half from home. The school hours passed, we started to wend our way homeward. As we trudged on, suddenly a cyclonic thunderstorm arose. Neighbors whom we met, besought us to turn in with them until the storm-clouds passed. But my sister bravely said: "No, my mother charged me to come directly home with my little brother, and I am not afraid of the rain." As we walked rapidly on, we met two farmer neighbors running from a cornfield, hoes in hand, to a place of shelter; they also pleaded that we children should go with them. "No," replied my sister, and we hurried on. She removed her sun-bonnet to save it from the drops now falling fast. I began to cry from fear, but she comforted me with assurances of

HEAVEN ABOUT US IN OUR INFANCY

God's care, in which she so implicitly trusted. Then the rain came in torrents. We were passing through an open gateway between two fields, yet a half-mile from home, when suddenly there came a bolt direct—a bolt which shivered the two gateposts to splinters, and my dear sister, who was carrying her bright tin dinner-pail upon her arm, an easy conductor for the lightning, fell, and I, supposedly, with her, except that, as I fell, the Providence that had taken her saw that I should fall into a rivulet of running water that ran beside the way. This apparently revived me. Yet for months afterward there remained stamped upon my body two black marks of the deadly lightning. Anxious relatives and neighbors, concerned the more for us that our parents were known to have left home that morning, soon found me bewildered in the storm, and cared for me and the body of my brave, dead sister.*

Of course my parents were instantly followed by a messenger, and called immediately home to face the most biting sorrow of their lives. I have but dim memories of the pathetic funeral, and that of a younger sister who died later with seraphic songs upon her lips, but the effect I suppose of the oft-recited tragedies in our lonely home, and the incidental moralizings therefrom, led me more and more to conclude that there was a divine purpose in my preservation, especially in the very moment of my older sister's removal. At all events, I have long believed that just as certainly as a similar experience in the youth of Martin Luther impressed him as singled out for some divine purpose worth while, so surely was I then called out of heaven to witness earnestly in His name—a "heavenly vision," to which I have ever felt charged to be "not disobedient." Even through a cataclysm like this, so peculiarly afflictive to my dear parents, I have long been able to trace, as did they also, how

*Among these was a warm friend of my parents, a Mrs. Chester Carpenter, mother of a line of several worthy sons, who have since risen to Christian and business distinction in Omaha and other Western cities. Until her recent decease Mrs. Carpenter's interest in my life-history was scarcely less than that in one of her own sons.

FROM ROMANCE TO REALITY

"Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face."

Another of the impressive incidents of my early childhood occurred in connection with a public missionary meeting to which my mother was wise and motherly enough to take me, when I could not have been more than four years old. She took me even though she knew I would probably curl up and sleep on her lap throughout the meeting, as I did. I remember a few things about that meeting, and chiefly this, that it is worth while to take young children to such meetings, even though they can not take in a sentence of what is said, and though the child sleeps throughout. When it awakes, it may see more in a minute than its elders have seen in an hour and a half. This is what I saw after my mother wakened me. The speaker was a tall, swarthy man, a medical missionary from the Hawaiian Islands, whose name was Judd, later a counselor of large influence to native princes in the islands. A hymn was sung; then a contribution-plate was passed round. When that plate came to my mother, I saw her slip a ring off her finger, and lay it on the plate in lieu of a little money not just then by her, and then observed that she wiped some hot tears from her gentle eyes. Then I knew that some great thing was going on, or my mother wouldn't do that. That ring was made from gold mined in California by two of her brothers, and given to a favorite sister-in-law. Shortly before this, I had seen this aunt of mine, on her dying-bed, give this keepsake to my mother; and with it a baby daughter but a few months old to be taken to our desolate home, to become a sister to me in place of the ones the Lord had caught away to the skies. The ring, therefore, was a precious memento to her. The baby cousin lived but a few weeks in our home, and then it also went—our little Lilian—to be with my two sisters, a deceased infant brother and the angels in the glory-land. Tell me that a child doesn't know what is going on amid scenes like those? Oh, how I suffered in the thought that no child except poor me could live long in my mother's

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house! When, therefore, in the light of that child heartache, I saw my mother's self-denying act, I knew something uncommon had occurred in her soul.

Moreover, it was doubtless out of such a child-experience that there arose in my heart and imagination embryonic but real ideals, concerning Christian missions. These, however sacrificial—nay, because they are necessarily sacrificial—have been controlling with me ever since. Can the reader imagine the satisfaction with which, when I found myself in Honolulu a half-century or more later, on the first occasion *en route* to the Morrison Centenary Conference in Shanghai in 1907, and again, a second time, in returning from my last world tour in 1914, with my wife, I made special pilgrimages to the pretty cemetery amid the royal palms, to pay a heartfelt tribute to the memory of Dr. Judd, so centrally associated is his name with the deepest and most Christian passions of my soul? That which is most moving to me is the thought that the eternal God so condescended to link an infant mind with such worthies of the past and with the very deepest movements of all history, and of the timeless order. Oh, my soul! let me to the very end come more and more into their great secret.

III

"TRAILING CLOUDS OF GLORY"

CLOUDS may be contemplated as of other kind and serving other ends than those hinted by Wordsworth. They may or may not bear in them suggestions of immortality. Although emanating from the earthly, they often seem let down from heaven, especially as colored by the glories of an evening sunset. A most vivid recollection I can recall, in my childhood, of such a cloud-coloring after storm, associated in my mind with the first conscious realizations of the heavenly world, apparently doing its utmost to get recognition. If ours is a "thought-universe," such phenomena written upon the heavens must have been meant to idealize for us the forecourts of glory. The human soul, at all events, best rests in such glorious presentiments as harbingers of the immortal and eternal, lying beyond the earthly. Viewed in this light, the coming into our earth, even for a brief season, of young lives, however short their course, may be looked upon as glory-clouds which the God of these immortals permits to trail along our horizon line for a little, intended to lure us away from things earth-born and material, in which, but for such removals, we would be likely to root too deeply.

Many and natural are the human regrets expressed when mothers are called upon to give up their children to an early translation from earth. Nothing, indeed, is more pathetic; and if we were to make up our life-philosophy merely from the half-side of a greater whole which earth and heaven compose, we might well repine. But not such is the divine estimate of things; and often, in the retrospect, even our human vision can observe certain manifest values in the seeming losses.

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In my childhood, my mother was called upon to surrender back to God three out of four of her precious children, and many were the well-meant commiserations bestowed upon her by those who saw not "the dim unknown," nor had the prophetic vision. Some one has said that our Lord has shown how deep is his appreciation of "the lilies of the valley," by the great number of children he gathers into his heavenly home, and to his own nurturing care. It is certain he has said: "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones, for I say unto you that their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." Surely he has great values for such seedlings in the heavenly garden. That there are great careers also ever opening to them there is as certain as the immortality of the human soul, however long or short may be their period in the propagating-bed. The ministries of such spirits to us who "here a little longer wait" are beyond all calculation.

It is in this view that I wish now to record the moral values that came to me despite my great loneliness—nay, because of that very experience—that I now speak more particularly of these ministering spirits that were sent even to me. The first great loss I described in the previous chapter. It was that very loss, accentuated by the discrimination in God's providential care, that first made me aware of God as related to human life at all. The recitation often made to me by my parents and others, of my prematurely developed sister's virtues and qualities, was a fertilizing influence. And I distinctly recall that at the time I was led to reflect upon taking my stand for Christ, the thoughts of that and one other sister in the glory-land were a luring influence drawing me powerfully on. It was this that enabled me also to rise above mere human fears of reproach, that I well knew some of my silly and light companions on the schoolgrounds might visit upon me after my baptism. Such influence was among the "powers of the world to come," most potent with me. The feeling also that stole over me at my father's family altar, when he

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would pray that at the last we all might be gathered home a family unbroken, with the dear ones gone before, was accentuated by its pathos, and many another reminder of them.

There was also another ministry that blessed our home, even before my birth. In its term of earth service it was but brief—a bare fortnight in duration; it was that of the one and only brother ever born into our home. Some would conclude that this life might as well never have lived at all. But not so; that infant bore the name of Adoniram Judson, showing where the hearts of my parents were even in its prenatal days, and what lofty thoughts of consecration to the highest and most sacrificial of all earthly service. It betokened something great on the mind of my parents: they doubtless stood ready to devote that life to the highest service, had it been spared. This was the gestation period of the whole missionary portion of the American church of that time. Numberless children, in America and elsewhere, were named after the martyr soul of Ava and Aungbinleh. If, then, it pleased God to take some of these before the time of realized earthly hopes on the part of those who bore them, shall we say such hopes were vain? Far from it. I recall that as I stood beside the open grave on the chill April day in 1868, when all that was mortal of my dear mother was about to be lowered into the grave, my eye caught sight of the little headstone with the initials “A. J.” graven upon it near my mother’s new-made grave. The reflection flashed upon me, that but for a mother capable of naming her firstborn after that talismanic name of Judson, I never had given my own life to the ministry of the eternal Word, a ministry which, moreover, thank God! has indirectly, at least, run out through all that missionary earth that was upon my mother’s heart, as well as graven upon the immortal breastplate of our great Melchizedek.

The cloud which so lowered above my mother’s head in the days of her bitterness was, after all, a “trailing cloud of glory” for her, as well as for others in her household. How true were the words of Dr. Edward

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Judson spoken not long before his departure: "Any success that has ever come to us is either because we have suffered or because others have suffered before us." Such is the law of divine sowing and reaping: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit."

Another poignant loss came to my parents, and to myself also, in my early childhood. That was through the removal, at five years of age, of our angel Florence, before referred to. She was, in a deep sense, a "recompence" for a time for the great bereavement suffered in the loss of my older sister. But, alas! this joy also, if this life were all, was but fleeting. The summer she died was one of terrific heat, which so aggravated the disease with which my sister was seized, that, despite all the skill of doctors and nursing, she faded day by day. But, though all our hearts were bleeding, this little seraph was filled with visions of the land that to us was so "very far off," but near to her, and her songful lips, despite her pain, would keep singing,

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day,"

a hymn she had learned in the Sunday school.

Her expressions respecting "no fear of death," which she knew was near, were so radiant that the good physician who bent over her to observe her symptoms, was obliged to turn away to hide his tears. So she also went away to be with the angels, and to lure her now trebly desolate brother "to brighter worlds and lead the way," and to emphasize yet further the appeal that, whatever in life was missed, the heavenly family reunion was not to be missed, and at any cost to pride or worldliness.

The story of the fourth great sorrow that we as a family were called upon to bear has been hinted in few words in the former chapter. It was in the mysterious removal, almost without apparent disease, of our "little Lilian," the gift to us of our "Aunt Helena" on her death-bed. The gift was accompanied with the token of

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the precious ring associated with the missionary meeting referred to. The passing of this little darling, on whom my mother had begun to set her hopes of having at least one daughter for her cheer in later days, was like the last straw that crushes the camel's back, and we feared for my mother, always frail and weakly. But did her faith fail? Far from it. With each new trial, she seemed to gather fresh vision of the "land that is fairer than day." Her chastened, cast-down, but never forsaken spirit rose step by step above all these trials, till at length her own change came. She knew, and often said, as in the last covenant-meeting she attended in the old home church she recited: "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." For forty-eight years now, she has been among the glorified, and the faith of her one remaining son and one daughter (born to her some years after the loss of those referred to) remains all the stronger for the discipline of sorrow that was strangely, but in infallible wisdom, meted out to us.

Whatever other purposes, therefore, in the divine economy, these so-called losses serve, to us, at least, to whom these precious gifts were "for a season lent," they were naught less than

"Trailing clouds of glory,
From God who is our home,"

with values in line with those of which Wordsworth sings. And they all certainly bore on the world-relations into which God was leading at least one of the two survivors of my mother's apparently despoiled flock.

But it would be a pity if I were to convey the impression that, because of these afflictive events in our family, our home life, as a whole, was of the somber and melancholy type; it was really quite the contrary. To begin with, my father was of a most genial and even humorous disposition. He himself, as my second mother of later years used to say, was "a rare home-maker." He and my own mother also were exceedingly hospitable folk,

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never happier than when on occasion they could have, for even weeks together, one of my widowed aunts, with her children, come and practically live with us, as they sometimes did for half the summer. Our comfortable and pretty new farmhouse, built after our heavier afflictions hereinbefore described, was often the scene of the most gleeful gatherings—say in the evening of a Thanksgiving or Christmas or New Year's Day—when great sleigh-load parties would come out from town to "Uncle Dan's and Aunt Harriet's" for a rare social time.

Sometimes we would have the greater part of our genial English pastor's family all at once, including the shy little girlie that later became my dear wife. At other times the family of one of our loved uncles from Cherry Valley, with whomsoever they cared to bring along, would come up for a big chicken-pie or roast-turkey dinner, and then all sorts of fun were planned for the children in the evening; and then off home they went late at night, packed in deep straw, with hot brick or soapstone comforters in the long sleigh-box. In the summer-times, also, our well-shaded home grounds, with a sumptuous garden red with cherries, ripe strawberries and currants, made our home a tempting "wayside inn" for such visitors as might drop in on us any time unannounced. So we two or three children, my mother's faithful German *protege*, Kate, that was like a daughter to her and a sister to myself, and sister Fannie, were often on the *qui vive* for new arrivals. On occasions our cousins brought from California, around *via* Panama, for schooling, would be our guests; and then we would romance on the wonders of the land of adventure and of gold. Ah! we were on the whole a jolly lot, we youngsters on that old farm, adjoining to which lived my Uncle Aaron and his large family, always ready to "lend a hand" in our farming jobs, or drop in of an evening to add to our cheer.

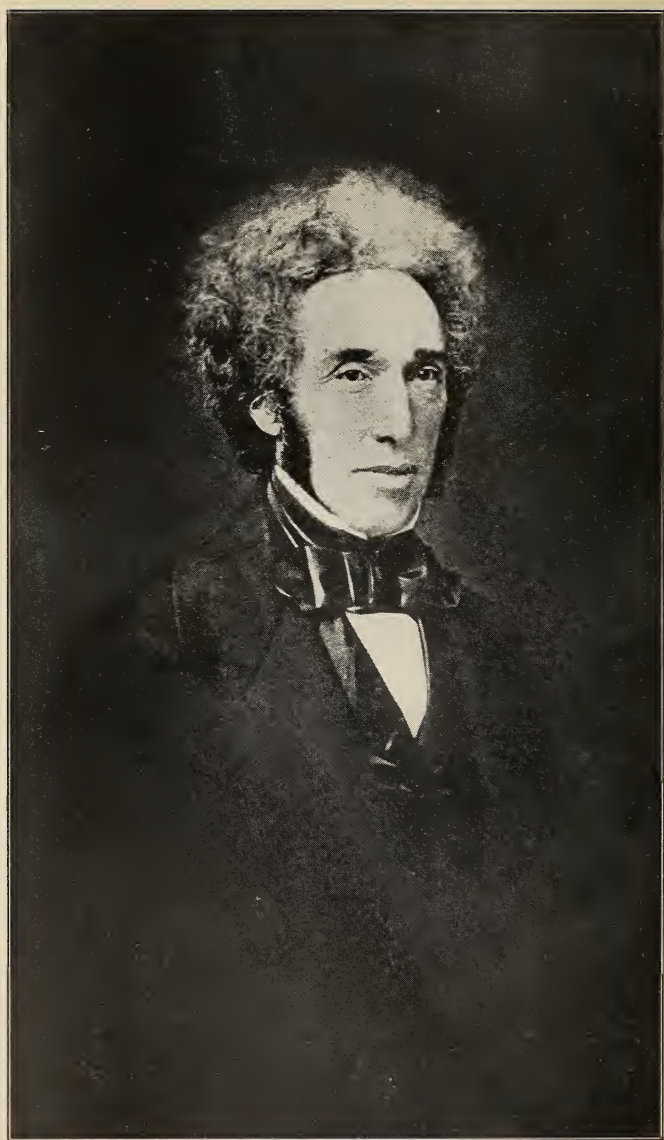
The power of my mother's impress upon me, although always quietly expressed and reinforced by my father's vigorous concurrence, respecting the highest

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type of manhood for me, was most compelling. She entered the glory-land forty-eight years ago, just before my graduation from college, but the spell of her influence has ever been upon me. Until this day, whenever I find myself in a critical situation or on an important platform, my sainted mother's image rises before me and often lifts me out of myself.

Subsequent to my mother's decease, my father married again, a Mrs. Benton, the widowed daughter of Rev. James Veness, of Rockton, Illinois. She did her utmost to compensate for my mother's loss, was greatly helpful to my father in his latter days till his decease in 1892, and she did much to create a homelike atmosphere, into which we children and the grandchildren were always cordially welcomed. Of this marriage a daughter was born.

While speaking of these household bonds mingled with deep trials, I take special and thankful joy, shared by my wife, in referring to the great blessings in a compensating way which came to us in the gift and survival till this day of our own five dear children. The eldest, Rev. Henry S., is an honored, useful and beloved pastor in West Virginia; his younger brother is a gifted young teacher of art, and the three daughters, including an adopted one, Ruth Janet, are of great comfort to us; while six grandchildren, besides one in heaven, deepen the joy in our family life.



IV

AN ARGOSY FROM OVERSEA

THERE came one day, almost unannounced, into our community life at Belvidere, an exodus from the Old World, an event which controllingly influenced my whole subsequent life. This was the coming to the church of a new pastor, accompanied by his wife and family of ten children, the youngest of whom in after years I happily married. This pastor was no less a personage than Rev. Charles Hill Roe, of Birmingham, England. Born in Ireland of an English mother, the wife of a minister of the English Established Church. Rev. Peter Roe, young Roe had early, through touch with some Baptist evangelist, himself become a Baptist and soon after went to England. He entered Horton College (now Rawdon, located near Leeds), and pursued a course of study in preparation for the ministry. At its completion he took away with him as his wife the eldest daughter of the president, Rev. William Steadman, D.D. After an effective pastorate in the north of England, at Middleton in Teesdale, Roe became for eight years secretary of the Baptist Home Mission Society of Great Britain, evangelizing also with phenomenal power throughout the realm. At length assembling one hundred new converts who had been won through his efforts, Roe formed a new church in Henric Street, Birmingham, which in eight years grew to a membership of eight hundred or more, having within that time set off also another church to set up housekeeping for itself. One of the outstanding events of this pastorate was the coming to Birmingham of Charles G. Finney, the foremost of American evangelists. Through a meeting held in Hene-



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age Street about two hundred converts were added to Mr. Roe's church alone.

Mr. Roe was deeply *en rapport* with free American ideals and institutions. Once arrived in the land, he was never heard lauding the Old World prodigies to the detriment of the New. He became from the start a loyal American, despite all crudities and imperfections. He also wished to plant his large, young family in a region of fairer possibilities; and in the light of his uncertain health, he hoped that labor in some simpler and more modest sphere would prolong his years of public service. But he came out scarcely knowing where he would alight. Arriving in New York, his case was taken up by Rev. Benjamin Hill, then secretary of the Baptist Home Mission Society, and by Rev. Daniel Sharp, a prominent Boston minister, and an English compatriot. By these men he was recommended to the church at Belvidere, at the time one of the three largest churches in the State of Illinois.

This body was made up of accretions from wide districts of the older East. It was for long quite a colonizing center, a propagating-bed for numerous communities of similar sort still farther West. The church had had for its first pastor a man somewhat widely known; namely, Rev. S. S. Whitman, earlier a professor in Hamilton Literary and Theological Institution, New York. Spontaneously there had gathered about him a community kindred to himself, in mind, taste and cultivation.

Mr. Roe had known the fascinations of a popular pastorate in a metropolis, and he had been disillusioned. Twice after reaching Illinois he had been offered the pastorate of the flourishing First Baptist Church of Chicago, which he promptly declined.

Belvidere, however, he found no sinecure. He was at once busy making acquaintances with the village and farmer folk, and ere long the whole countryside was in a state of revival. Often the banks of the Kishwaukee River were visited, to baptize large numbers of rejoicing converts.

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Many were the traditional tales passed around through the parish during the weeks in which the new parson's family were learning the ways of the new land; for example, the attempt to boil the sweet corn until the cob had become soft, the making of pumpkin pies by cutting up the raw vegetable like apples and the insipidity of their taste when baked, the difficulty of getting the "beautiful white green basswood" to burn, etc. All this added piquancy to the arrival and gradual domiciling of the new family among us.

The arrival of the family in our new community had rather a romantic interest. After landing in New York they came up the Hudson by steamer, then by rail to Buffalo, whence they took steamer again around the great lakes to Milwaukee and Waukegan. By pre-arrangement three of our farmer folk, including an uncle of mine, took a carriage and two large wagons and brought the family, bag and baggage, across the country, an event that was long remembered by all members of the party, as well as the church, with great interest. This was before railroads were built west of Chicago.

As a preacher our English pastor was altogether unique. He had strong Celtic characteristics. It flashed in his humor, it flowed in his volubility through magnetic periods, it gushed in his gestures, it flowered into elegance in his figures. Nothing he ever did or said was tame or commonplace. There was an uncommon swing about him. His presence, his bearing, his facial expression, his wealth of vocabulary, were kingly. He was fully six feet two and a half inches in height, and very martial in bearing. The long and graceful stride with which he used to pass up the aisle and enter the pulpit made an impression which once to witness was never to forget. The children stood in awe of it, as if they had seen Moses climbing Horeb or Samuel advancing to pronounce judgment upon Saul, or, better yet, Jesus mounting Hermon to be transfigured—a thing no other could affect and of which he in his reverence was unconscious. It seemed to prepare his auditory for a

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message from the skies. It turned that plain old meeting-house into the very mount of God.

Like most British preachers, he was fond of Old Testament texts and their rich Hebrew imagery: "Until Shiloh come, and to him shall the gathering of the peoples be." "Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone." Once when preaching on the New Testament text, "Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?" reaching a certain climax of tender, yearning appeal, his great heart seemed to break; he could add not another word, but, throwing his tall form forward over the pulpit, he groaned pathetically aloud in a way that melted his entire audience. We almost feared the "golden bowl had broken," but in a moment he rallied and begged me, a visiting theological student, to dismiss the assembly with prayer.

I have since heard many of the foremost preachers in England, including Spurgeon, Maclaren, Clifford, Jowett, Morgan, and the most eloquent in America during the last forty years, but for majesty of presence on the platform, for flowing and wonderful periods and expressive gesture, with a commingling of majesty and tenderness of appeal, I have never seen this pastor of ours surpassed. His ministry was also a school in theology, in homiletics and pastoral tact in the management of human nature, which always so singularly kept his own church together. All this constituted a seminary of training, the equal of which I have yet to see.

His public prayers were something indescribable. On Thanksgiving Day occasions, whoever preached the sermon, everybody wished that Roe particularly should voice the thanks and praise of the people. Congregations would become breathless as he gathered up the affairs of the individual, the family, the nation and the world, or soliloquized face to face with the infinite Father. Often we would scarcely have been surprised if the roof above him had opened and shown us the chariot and horses of fire, so near was the upper world brought to our thought. At one time, when he was the guest of Dr. Henry G. Weston, in New York, the Madi-

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son Avenue pastor would get himself and guest invited out to some of his appreciative parishioners to breakfast, in order that Roe might be heard in prayer afterwards at the family altar. The like of it the ripest of them declared they had never before heard.

It was in the midst of all this combination of elevating impressionism that there came one day to our town a missionary home from Burma on furlough, and with him one of the dark-skinned native Karens, named Sahnay. The missionary was the Rev. J. S. Beecher, of Bassein, who had originally gone to Burma in company with Adoniram Judson, when he went out the last time, in 1846. Our youthful minds were of course awed by such visitors. In the Sunday school particularly, which the Karen Sahnay ventured to address—he from the land of idols and speaking to us in that strange language concerning our religious responsibilities in a land where the true God was known—we children were much awed. Mr. Beecher interpreted, and that was stranger still. After a short period it was announced in our community that this Mr. Beecher was to take back with him to Burma the brilliant and eldest daughter of our pastor, Miss Helen. The distance seemed to us so mysteriously afar—as far away as Mars! How we wondered! What questions we asked of our mothers! Would she ever come back? What if she should die out there as had Mr. Beecher's other wife? And, besides, if some day a little, motherless child like the one Mr. Beecher had previously sent home to its grandmother in our town should come to Belvidere, who would care for that? Ah! but in that list of questions were wrapped up a thousand deep searchings of heart that have puzzled my mind, and multitudes more, until this day.

The upshot of this was that, although child as I was and almost a generation removed from Helen Roe Beecher, the whole matter of missions to the heathen and their implications for the church of God began from those days to burn themselves into my whole being. The letters she used to send home and which came to my ears in the days when, as a schoolboy, I was much

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an inmate of the parsonage, impressed me with a higher type of courage than mine. Later, when a chum in college of her brother, my interest became further augmented, and when my interest awoke in the youngest daughter of that same family, who eventually became my beloved, judicious and always helpful wife, I was bound to missionary relationships certain to be lifelong. In 1890 I found myself a guest on that same mission compound where the Beechers laid out their lives for the thousands of Christian Karens, since gathered into the churches of the Bassein district; and I thanked God for all that had brought me into relation to it, including that argosy from oversea, in 1851.

As illustrative of "Father Roe's" influence over me, both direct and indirect, I relate the following. In the spring of 1858 our pastor invited to aid him in a special meeting a gifted young minister from Peoria, Illinois, the Rev. Henry G. Weston, afterwards for forty years president of Crozer Theological Seminary. During Mr. Weston's labors in Belvidere, I, a lad of eleven years, was converted.

One evening I was one of a company of inquirers to go forward to the front seats for prayer. I was led to give some simple expression of my feelings and desires. Mr. Weston, who was sitting directly before me, felt impelled to kneel and pray particularly for me. He seemed to have a prophetic view of God's purpose for me, and, as I have long felt, ordained me on the spot. Doubtless this incident, which many in the church besides my parents heard with uncommon emotions, likewise impressed Mr. Roe, and led him henceforth to watch for every sign of the unfolding of God's plans for me.

One day also, when I was about fifteen years of age, I was on my way homeward from school through a grove of timber when suddenly I encountered Pastor Roe—"The Elder," as we called him—in hunting attire, out for rabbits. He was in a gray suit, with a tall white hat, stately, almost like the oaks among which he walked. He met me very genially, expressing interest



EDITH ROE MABIE

FROM ROMANCE TO REALITY

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in my studies. All at once a rabbit sprang out of a thicket and dashed down the path ahead of us. The Elder's quick whistle brought the little "cottontail" to a standstill, and in an instant his sure aim—for he was a dead-shot—laid low the game. I ran and picked it up, and we trudged on apace.

"By the way," said he, resuming the conversation, "it is time you began studying Greek in preparation for college." I replied that I had "little hope of ever going to college." "Oh, yes," said he, "you'll go. Your mother and I have talked about that. The next time you come down to the town, come around to the parsonage and I'll lend you a Greek grammar." He meant it, and there was nothing for me to do but go. Then he sent me over to the genial principal of the high school, Mr. Page, who afterwards encouraged my father not to let me settle down to too small undertakings, like "counting buttons or measuring tape in a dry-goods store" (to such a clerkship I was inclined), "but to look higher." So I was soon deep in the declension of Greek nouns and started on a line of preparatory study for college. About a year afterwards, wheat having brought "seventy cents a bushel," my father's condition of my making a beginning, I entered for a trial term in the old University of Chicago, a term which extended itself, I scarcely know how, to five consecutive years. As the course proceeded, I found myself evangelizing on Sundays, and often for days together, in a score of more of country churches in northern Illinois and southern Wisconsin. In such work my young but ardent efforts were surprisingly blessed. Most of it grew out of a pastor's skill in thrusting out a neophyte upon his own powers.

V

THE MINISTRY OF BOOKS

ONCE in my early ministry I was deploring to my former pastor the fewness of my books. "Oh," he responded, "be sure to make the most of those you have, and you'll not lack for more." I little dreamed, at the time of my complaint, what potency even a half-dozen books, embraced in my father's old farmhouse collection, held for me. Among those books, I best recall my grandfather's old family Bible with the dramatic picture, occurring near its end, of some archangel committing Satan to the bottomless pit through the massive trap-door which was ready to close upon him.

There was also a well-worn copy of Benedict's "History of the Baptists," on which the simple story in the third chapter of Matthew shed a flood of light. There was also a two-volume edition of the "Life and Sermons of Andrew Fuller," much of which I read as I grew older—even the controversial portions affecting sovereignty and free will; and his debate with Priestley respecting Socinianism and related errors. But among the strongest impressions Fuller ingrained into me were those which concerned the depth and reality of the grace of God, human responsibility, whatsoever were God's decrees, and the obligation to extend the missionary gospel to the ends of the earth. As he was the first secretary of the Baptist and oldest missionary society in Great Britain, and contemporary with Carey, John Foster, Robert Hall, William Knibb (of Jamaica), and among the rest William Steadman, the father of our English pastor's wife, he was one of my early religious heroes. Probably the fact that my father so sensed the significance of this man for theology and missions,

THE MINISTRY OF BOOKS

my father also having been all his life a great reader of books and men, had much to do with my growing, though then very immature, mind.

But there were five other books in our library, of great moment to me. These were Wayland's "Life of Judson," in two volumes; the "Life of Ann H. Judson"; the "Life of Sarah B. Judson," and a compilation by Prof. J. D. Knowles, of Newton Theological Institution, entitled "The Judson Offering." The latter book I read first. It had some oriental, attractive pictures, and of all pathetic books I ever knew that drew upon the sympathies, I think it was the most compelling. I not only read it, but I would at times go away into my chamber alone and read parts of it, crying as I read; and I wondered that I could not get some of my cousins who visited me betimes to read it also. Of course I did not dare tell them that I had often cried over parts of it as I read, probably the more because it abounded in tender references to family loves and bereavements, and was seasoned with choice little poems in memory of dead children early caught away, as had been my own brother and sisters. Probably few children, without early sorrows like mine, could have felt the book as I did, but it captured me.

With this beginning I was prepared to go on and read the heavier biographies which otherwise would not have so appealed to me. These accounts, however, threw a mystic halo over the far-away lands of palms and pagodas in the tropics; they warmed my sympathies for spots like Moulmein, old Ava and Amherst; for the grave under the Hopia-tree, and the lone isle of St. Helena. And they drew out my mind toward other missionaries and their relicts, like the children of the Boardmans, the Vintons, the Haswells and the Comstocks, the daughter of whom, Miss Lucy, was a member of the church in Brookline which I later served, as were also a daughter of Dr. E. A. Stevens and a sister of Mrs. Francis Mason. All this prepared me for the reading of other biographies of outstanding missionaries of other lands and of any denomination. I be-

FROM ROMANCE TO REALITY

came increasingly familiar with personalities like Kincaid and Jewett, Duff and Livingstone and Paton, and other heroes like the Bingham and Coans of the Hawaiian and other islands of the Polynesian Archipelago.

I admit that there was some romance in all this, but, even so, that simply means that the imagination became fired, that sentiment was awakened. What is life worth without imagination? A poet without sentiment? Wanting these, all life would wither at the root, and all power to inspire others would vanish at the birth. Reality is but the fruit of what is flower in romance. When missions are wanting in the imaginative—that is, the creative factor, on fire with God—they become nothing but a job or a tedious chore, like the work of a hod-carrier on a scaffolding. What God needs, and the world needs, is the artist that can first dream the building, architecturally conceive it. To get scores of mere laborers to construct it, brick upon brick, is an easy matter.

And so, long before I ever became a minister, even in my academic years, as a result of some romancing with missionary personalities, I became unconsciously prepared to participate in a missionary meeting, and at length to preach easily on missionary topics. On one occasion during my first pastorate, while on a visit to Chicago, I dropped in to the monthly missionary concert in the old University Place Church, of which Dr. William Hague was then pastor—the Hague of long identification with the management of the Missionary Union in Boston, and a contemporary of Dr. Judson's. In some remarks offered I alluded to some efforts we were making in Rockford to deepen missionary interest, referring in my words to a number of missionary characters whose lives we had been considering. As I sat down, Dr. Hague, who probably then saw me for the first time, sprang to his feet, and exclaimed: "That young man will be sure to have a missionary church, for he already has the names of missionary apostles graven on his breastplate, as did the high priest of old,

THE MINISTRY OF BOOKS

those of the tribes of Israel." His prophecy certainly was fulfilled, because every church I came to serve, early somehow understood that if they became intolerant of considering missions, even to the heathen, I was likely to find elsewhere a people more congenial to my ideals. But they usually followed me cordially, if I used the least tact in the development of these matters.

On one occasion I preached an annual missionary sermon while in Indianapolis, on the American Board's mission in the Hawaiian Islands, rather surprising my Baptist flock that I left the beaten path that morning. Following the sermon, a well-to-do member of my congregation astonished me by coming forward to remark: "Pastor, I have put several times more than my usual contribution into the basket this morning, because you took up another mission outside our own." The check was for five hundred dollars. Such checks would often come from our abler, brainy laymen, if their ministers would oftener master the form and genius of some great mission of which their parishioners had not found time to read, or to digest—say a missionary biography, like that of Coan, Duff or Paton—and give it out molten, on hearts that otherwise would remain frigidly indifferent. This would bring impulse from a new quarter and in unexpected form.

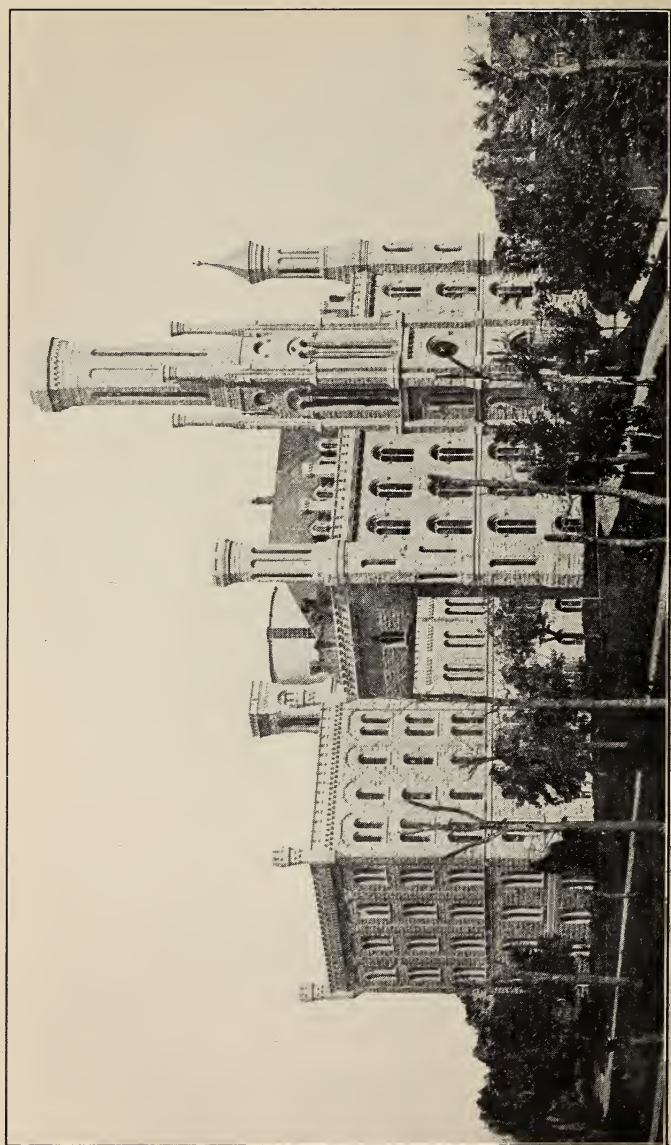
On my last trip across the Pacific, in May, 1914, I was asked, on the Sunday night after we left Honolulu, to give a *resume* of mission work in the Hawaiian Islands. A large company filled the saloon, more or less sympathetic; and some I supposed were quite apathetic. But I warmed to the subject with such data as I could command—I admit that I was a bit rusty on it; however, when I had finished, a sort of uncouth, aged rustic of a man, that I suspected was ready to attack me for not criticizing rather than praising some of those "meddlesome missionaries," surprised me by arising and saying:

"Well, friends, I have lived in the islands a good many years; I was getting rather tired of it; I thought perhaps California would suit me better, and so I bought

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a ticket and came aboard, but after what I've heard to-night about that paradise of a place, and all the good that's been done there, I'm going to take an early ship and go back; I'm going back to die there!"

Moral to young preachers: Before you attempt to preach a sermon on missions, know your field, but, in order to do this, you must read about it and read much and long.



VI

COLLEGE INSPIRATIONS

IT would be difficult for an ambitious boy to be reared up to sixteen years of age, amid such surroundings as environed me, and not have great stirrings of heart for college education. My father had since boyhood been a prodigious reader, one filled with miscellaneous information respecting men and affairs.

Then the stirring events of his young manhood prior to the Civil War brought him into love with great journals like the *New York Tribune*, the tri-weekly edition of which he took for years after he came West, so that he kept abreast with leading public discussions of the time. I remember also with what zest one winter he read aloud at our fireside the "Travelogues" in foreign parts of the celebrated Bayard Taylor, giving his observations concerning the principal parts of Continental Europe, including experiences in Lapland, where the only means of travel was by sledges drawn by reindeer.

My mother also had been reared in a reading family. She herself in her young womanhood taught in district schools, and was never friendly to any contempt for "book larnin'," which, on occasions, some people used to affect to berate.

Most of the teachers in our country school were taken into our home in board; and I was further stimulated by their long evening conversations with my parents respecting matters worth while. Withal, at later stages my father on two different occasions actually rented out his farm and moved from the town so as to give me better opportunity for schooling.

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THE OLD CHICAGO UNIVERSITY

VI

COLLEGE INSPIRATIONS

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verted under the persuasive preaching of Dr. Weston. One day, soon after this, my revered pastor and Pres. J. C. Burroughs, of Chicago University, came to our house in a round of calls on families in which conversions had occurred. I was greatly surprised by this manifestation of interest in me, a lad less than twelve years old. Dr. Burroughs, into whose mind I dare say the pastor, an active trustee of the new university, had whispered his hopes for me, boldly proposed that I keep the new university in mind, in my present high-school work. He expressed the hope that he would in time see me in Chicago.

Four years afterwards, in the fall of 1863, I duly arrived. This was a momentous change for me—my first experience away from home—and it was only at the cost of great economies on the part of my parents. After paying my first term bill and purchasing a few books, I awoke to realize that if I was to continue in that school I must find some way of helping myself far beyond anything my father could afford to do for me. Accordingly, I went to President Burroughs, and applied for any work he could provide for me about the college. He inquired whether I “really meant it” and whether I “would like to begin by helping him transplant some shade trees.” I replied, “Certainly.” That afternoon the president, gloved (as I was not), with tools in hand, proceeded with me to the job.

Next I undertook some carpenter work. I became in turn janitor of certain churches, librarian of the college, and bookseller, until at length I was invited here and there to preach, young as I was, much to the distress of some of my not over-religious teachers, who had, of course, a proper zeal that I should not slight my studies. One of these, though mentally a genius, was aggressively jealous of my ever-deepening evangelical faith. The power of new associations over me likewise in this new atmosphere was marked.

The sudden deaths of two of my fellow-students occurred. One of them had openly been a caviler at religion. The other was the handsome Harry Tucker,

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connected with one of the foremost families in Chicago, son of Col. Joseph Tucker, and grandson of Dr. Elisha Tucker. This young man, only a night or two before his death, came into my room and raised some earnest religious questions with me, and had, I hoped, got some help. A day or two afterwards, while toying with a loaded revolver in the room next to mine, he accidentally sent a fatal bullet through his own brain. All this served to deepen my sense of the need of early religion, and of the uncertainty of life. So I began to give time alone in my chamber to prayer for a deeper life.

For quite awhile no answer came. At length one evening, in a student's room where a few only were gathered to pray for a revival in the college, there came a great change. The room was No. 19 in old Jones Hall—Rowley's—our Christian leader's room. President Burroughs surprised us by coming. Dr. William Matthews, of national renown in literary circles, was there, as yet far from being an evangelical, but under deep sorrow from the recent death of his wife, seeking comfort. He came, as he told us, with "a prayer all written out in good rhetorical style" to offer. But when he tried to pray, it all went from him and he could simply cry the publican's prayer. Dr. Burroughs tried to pray, and broke down. Tutor G. Washington Thomas, brother of the late Jesse B. Thomas and one of the most brilliant men on our Faculty, rose and began to speak of the denial of our Lord by Peter, and he, too, collapsed with emotion. One student who was there was converted on his feet while asking for prayers, and as for myself, in my utter prostration of helplessness, the risen Lord who met Paul on the Damascus road uncovered himself to me in a form of glory indescribable, a vision that became the constraining and outstanding memory of my early religious life. About this time a case of smallpox occurred in our dormitory, which temporarily broke up the college and sent us to our homes. It sent me, particularly, into a marked revival.

On arrival in my home town I proceeded at once to the parsonage and gave to our Pastor Roe a pretty

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fervid account of my new Christian awakening. He took the deepest interest in my account, meanwhile writing down a list of names. Shortly he surprised me by saying:

"The Lord has sent you home to stir us up here in the old church. For some time our young people's prayer-meeting has been discontinued for lack of a leader." Then, handing me the note-book, he remarked:

"I have here a long list of names of young people of the town, mostly unconverted. Now take this list and see what you can do. Just go about and tell them what the Lord has done for your own soul."

Such work was new to me, but I dared not flinch. The first young woman I visited, a special friend of mine, was converted that very day. She ran to a friend of hers, and that night she yielded her heart to Christ. Then the two went to others, and within a week a whole class of young women in the Sunday school were brought in in a way that stirred the entire church and some in the other churches. Before the summer had passed, nearly all of the two hundred or more of these young people on my list, many of them my former associates in the high school, had made public profession of their faith in Christ.

Years afterwards I became pastor for a time of that old home church. One day I felt strangely moved to make a call on one of the old neighbors who lived on the road along which I used to ride on my way homeward from town, often praying aloud as I passed them, for the various households supposed to be sleeping thus late at night. After expressing my deep concern for this neighbor's salvation, he astonished me by remarking: "I have never doubted your interest in my soul since I heard you years ago praying aloud for me and my family as you rode past my cornfield on your pony. I was husking corn behind the shocks in the moonlight. You, of course, did not know I was there. I am ready now to respond to your interest. Come into the house and meet my family, and we will talk it all over." The result was that he and his

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wife, his daughter and son-in-law all decided for Christ and united with the church.

After the Belvidere revival I was led on occasions to spend a week-end with my college friends in some of their homes. On one occasion, however, the three days of absence were extended to three weeks. During this visit, in connection with the help of my chum and his youth-inspiring mother, Mrs. Savage, and backed up by the efforts of a sympathetic pastor, Rev. C. H. Remington, in Joliet, Illinois, nearly seventy people were converted and baptized into the church.

At this time I had no definite purpose to become a minister, but I had come into contact with such soul-winners among laymen as Dwight L. Moody, B. F. Jacobs, Maj. D. W. Whittle, and a whole galaxy of men as earnest as I have ever known, at the Young Men's Christian Association headquarters in the city of Chicago, and with city mission work.

My idea of Christian work for the love of it, apart from all professionalism—always the bane of the ministry—seized strong hold upon me and holds me still. But those were uncommon student days. Recreations we had, but in some sane proportions. I myself was on the "first nine" of the baseball team, a first baseman and a crack batter, accustomed to make many a "home run" and none the less buoyant in it all that I had time also for the students' prayer-meeting.

During the last two years of my college days the Civil War was on, and they were very stirring times. On the great, open plot of ground north of our buildings, Camp Douglas was located. This became a great drill station for new recruits, as well as a place of rendezvous for troops coming from various parts of the Northwest and passing on to the front. It was in part a hospital for hundreds of sick Union soldiers. Many were the visits which we students were permitted to make to the bedsides of these sick and wounded men for religious conversation, affording a good drill in such exercise for those of us who eventually found our way into the ministry.

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Opposite our college grounds was the park in which Judge Stephen A. Douglas had his home under the great oaks. As the war went on, great mass-meetings were held under the trees to listen to the rousing war speeches in which orators like Gov. Dick Yates and General Oglesby, of Illinois; Gov. Oliver P. Morton, of Indiana, and many others, were adepts. It was in one of these meetings that I heard Thomas Buchanan Read recite his thrilling verses on "Sheridan's Ride." The city of Chicago was, moreover, the general center of all things martial during that exciting time. It was in the Sherman House that many of us for the first time after the fall of Vicksburg got a sight of its victor, General Grant, and had a chance to shake his hand. I still recall with what a twinge he involuntarily twitched his arm as we grasped it, for, having shaken hands with so many thousands since the Vicksburg triumph, the nerves of his arm were sore from the exercise. There we first saw Generals Sherman, Sheridan, "Fighting Joe" Hooker, Logan, and many another hero of the fray. These sights put nerve and spirit into even our student life and made us all more heroic for the battles of life.

At length the day came when the war was over, and the nation was staggered to hear that Lincoln the Great had fallen from the assassin's bullet. The whole land was in its Gethsemane. Lincoln's body in its long last journey was brought to the "Prairie State" for burial, and, of course, it must rest for a little in Chicago, the city in which he had been nominated for the Presidency, and where many of his Western admirers and early associates had lived and wrought with him in ante-bellum days. What a morning was that when we saw stretched athwart the entrance to the old court-house, with which Lincoln was familiar, a large-lettered canvas with this moving sentiment: "Illinois clasps to her bosom her slain but glorified son."

President Burroughs, always keen to seize upon anything that would raise the self-respect of his students and strengthen sentiment respecting the college, had

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obtained permission for our student body to march at the head of the mammoth procession that escorted the remains of the martyred President. This procession, starting from where the body had been received at the Michigan Central Railway Station on Twelfth Street, marched down to Lake Street and to the court-house on Washington Street, where all that was mortal of Lincoln was laid in state. What excited thousands joined in that *cortege*, our student body at the front, in the place of honor! Gen. Joe Hooker, hatless, rode on a grand, draped charger at the head of all the troops and societies that were marshaled that day to do honor to the great war President and emancipator of millions of slaves. I think about the most awe-filled moment in my life was when it came my turn to file through that old court-house corridor to look upon the dark, sunken and sorrow-worn features of the great Abraham Lincoln.

Another moment of similar interest was at a later time, when six members from the Senior class of the university, of which I was a member, were summoned over to the lake front to lift from its earth entombment the body of Stephen A. Douglas, that it might be deposited in the crypt under the new monument prepared for its final sepulchre. Then also a few of us were permitted to gaze on the features of Lincoln's protagonist. They were seen under glass as the lid over the face was removed, and seemed as distinct after six years of interment as if just laid there. The lines which Lincoln was wont so often to quote came to us:

"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud."

It was the privilege of my father to hear in Freeport, Illinois, in 1856, the great and crucial debate so skillfully described by Winston Churchill in "The Crisis." In that debate Lincoln forced on Douglas the question, the answer to which, as Lincoln expected, lost him the election to the United States Senate. But,

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as Lincoln prophesied, the answer sent Douglas there "with a broken wing," an incident which resulted in placing Lincoln, rather than his rival, four years later, in the Presidency of the nation at the supreme crisis of its history. My privilege came later than my father's, but only to see both champions laid low in death, while what they in their several ways did for the advancement of the nation stands imperishable.

Among the foremost factors in the way of educational impress in my undergraduate days, both in college and seminary, was that received from Dr. George W. Northrup. He was a man of uncommon philosophical acumen and spiritual insight, combined with a power of expression, both in the classroom and the pulpit, of titanic strength. On the whole, I rate him as the foremost of all the teachers I have ever had. While in college, he took me through Mark Hopkins' "Evidences of Christianity and Moral Science," and I had the full three years' course in the theological seminary under him.

It was during this college period, also, that I began to come into touch with missionary people in a new way. Shall I ever forget the fervid eloquence with which the heroic Mrs. Justus H. Vinton, of Burma, on one occasion, together with her future son-in-law, Rev. R. M. Luther, addressed us, or the magnetic power with which, later, Rev. Edward Payson Scott, on his return from Assam, pictured to us a scene on the Mikir Hills, whither he had gone at great risk of life to tell the gospel story, accompanied only by his single native interpreter? The pith of the story was this: One of the wildest villages in the mountains, out of which streamed at his approach a company of war-like men lining up threateningly with spears in hand, was strangely cowed by the missionary's singing in Mikir an old gospel hymn:

"Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?"

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The missionary accompanied his song with a violin, which he sweetly played. It opened the way for negotiations and for gospel work, as probably nothing else could have done.

When, as secretary of the Missionary Union, I found myself at Gauhati, Assam, twenty-four years afterwards, there came to me a Mikir Christian from that very district with a formal appeal for more missionary teachers like Scott, whom they still remembered, and the beginnings of whose work had never been followed up as it deserved. Since that time, however, a Miss Laura Amy, a member of my own church in Minneapolis, who later became Mrs. Carvell, went with her husband to those hills. There she laid down her life and awaits the resurrection.

During this time a good deal of missionary interest was awakened among the students, and some became volunteers. We began to send to various missionaries for curios, and we had a cabinet made for their reception. Two of my fellow-students had been friends of John E. Clough in Burlington Institute, Iowa. As I heard through them of Clough's student days, his conversion and missionary call, my interest in him deepened. Besides, I had learned how my father's eldest brother in Iowa had been the first to win from the young surveyor student in Burlington his confidential confession that he would like to become a missionary. I began a correspondence with Mr. Clough. This correspondence ripened into a strong friendship which continued through the years until the missionary's death in Rochester in 1910.

In 1871, on Dr. Clough's first furlough, he visited me in Rockford, where I had my first pastorate, and besought me to go back with him to India. Although I never saw my way to comply with the exact terms of his request, the deepened acquaintanceship served to bind my heart and sentiment more and more closely to the Telugu field, and also to all other fields occupied by the Missionary Society.

VII

THE GRIP OF A GREAT CONVENTION

IN 1867 there occurred, in the city of Chicago, a great convention. This was the series of Anniversaries connected with our Northern Baptist missionary societies. There have been, of course, many such notable meetings. But this was the first representative one, on such a scale, that I had ever attended. I, myself, was then a stripling of less than twenty, but its novelty to my young mind was not alone what made this convention great: it was great in itself. It followed close upon the events of the Civil War. "Reconstruction" was under discussion, and the whole American mind was at full tension. The war itself had laid a great strain upon our foreign mission enterprises, divided as they had become between North and South. The home mission problem, with several millions of freedmen thrown precipitately upon the Northern churches, was demanding large consideration.

The invitation given by the Chicago churches was, like their own hospitable hearts, a "come one, come all," affair, with free entertainment thrown in. The Baptists of the city were fairly inundated with the rush of delegates. Six hundred and seventeen members and delegates of the Missionary Union alone, reported themselves. The First Baptist Church had just entered its new and elegant house of worship, one of the most up-to-date and commodious of modern buildings, in a first-class style of architectural construction; and there were many that desired to see it. This building, alas! was swept away by the great Chicago fire.

The propaganda of the denomination, as such, in

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respect of unanimity on most subjects, especially theological, was then probably without a fracture, as compared with the last twenty-five years. The attendance on the meetings was also very representative. The greatest American Baptist leaders I have known were there. Senator Ira Harris, of Albany, presided over the sessions of the Missionary Union, and the brilliant Hon. James M. Hoyt, of Cleveland, over those of the Home Mission Society. Presidents of our colleges and seminaries, like Martin B. Anderson, of Rochester; Dr. Geo. W. Eaton, of Hamilton; Dr. Loomis, of Bucknell; Pres. Henry G. Weston, of Crozer; Pres. Daniel Read, of Shurtleff, and Dr. J. C. Burroughs, of Chicago, all figured, and loomed large to our impressive minds.

The cultured Augustus H. Strong, who soon after succeeded Dr. E. G. Robinson as president of Rochester Seminary, attracted large attention, as did also A. J. F. Behrends, of Cleveland, who was the favorite of many for the same position.

Foremost in these notable meetings were the great secretaries of the time. The Nestor of them all was the prophet-like Jonah G. Warren, and the younger John N. Murdock, the new Home secretary of the Missionary Union. J. S. Backus, the polished E. E. L. Taylor, the young and fiery James B. Simmons, of the Home Mission Society, and Sec. Benjamin Griffith, of the Publication Society, directed the meetings of their respective Anniversaries. Dr. H. L. Morehouse, then a Michigan pastor, and who has since become for a generation, and still remains, a most commanding home mission secretary, was also present.

Among the giants was Dr. Thomas Armitage, in some respects the most fiery Roman of them all, with his impassioned argumentation for a purer version of the divine Word, and who on a Sunday afternoon delivered a sermon, two hours in length, on "Verbal Inspiration," as he saw it, which none who heard it can forget. Surely his trumpet gave a most certain sound, extreme as was his position.

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Here are the names of some of the other worthies: Edward Bright, of the lusty *Examiner*; Heman Lincoln Wayland, later of *National Baptist* fame; Dr. Lemuel Moss, philosopher, editorial writer and educator; and Drs. Reuben Jeffrey, Thomas D. Anderson and Henry C. Fish, of Newark, who were all three impressive platform orators; Drs. Rollin H. Neale, William Hague and J. C. Stockbridge, long outstanding lights of Boston pulpits—were with us. It was at this Anniversary meeting, also, that I heard Bartholomew T. Welch, “the old man eloquent” from Albany, criticizing the attempts at revision of the Scriptures. Besides these there also appeared the veteran Jacob Knapp, continental evangelist in his time; Dr. Robert E. Pattison, educator and theologian; George B. Ide, of Springfield, Massachusetts; Robert Turnbull, of Hartford; Daniel G. Corey, of Utica; Silas Tucker, the last of five gifted preachers in one family. That brilliant trio of rising stars of the first magnitude, George C. Lorimer, P. S. Henson and Wayland Hoyt, fired our imaginations and ambitions. Then, too, appeared, for the first time on a national Baptist platform, the young, glossy-haired, black-eyed, confident George F. Pentecost. His dashing, irrepressible, glowing style at this meeting led shortly to his call to the pulpit of the then prominent Hanson Place Church of Brooklyn.

That virile veteran of many a hard-fought battle over the rights of man, Websterian in presence and bearing, master of assemblies and of Calvinistic theology, the redoubtable Nathaniel Colver, was with us. It was he who, when the debate was on with Armitage, Wykoff and others, rose and said: “Brethren, they tell us that from this new version more light will break forth than from the old. But the light from the old is already so bright that it blinds my eyes.”

Although it was not a part of this meeting, it may be allowed here to say that, shortly before, the pre-eminent Richard Fuller, of Baltimore, had been brought on by Dr. Everts, in connection with the dedication exercises of his new church, to preach his matchless

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sermon on "The Cross." This sermon I heard, the finest piece of pure, heart-melting, Christian pathos to which I ever listened.

Great laymen also came to this feast of fat things. Among them were John D. Rockefeller, of Cleveland, just beginning to be denominationally known outside his own city; Gardner Colby, Samuel Crozer, George F. Davis, of Cincinnati, and Ebenezer Thresher, of Dayton; J. R. Osgood, he of Sunday-school fame and soul-winner of Indianapolis; James H. Duncan, G. W. Chipman, Miall Davis, always in evidence where there was any money to be raised for the kingdom, and a host of Western brethren, whom the time fails me to mention. There were indeed giants in those days among the Baptist fathers, and the giants thought it incumbent on them to be at such meetings, even though they had no set speech to make. In any case, these meetings went far to impress my young and ardent mind with the greatness of the interests under consideration, and the projectile power of great personalities to enforce them. All this marked a new era in my life thoughts: it gave concreteness to movements in the earth which previously were abstract and far away.

Perhaps the most impressive hour, to me at least, in the course of the Anniversaries, was when some of the returned missionaries, like Eugenio Kincaid, of Burma, or F. A. Douglass, of Teluguland, told of the inspirations on their fields, or when such new appointees as Josiah R. Goddard, A. V. Timpany, E. W. Clark and William Lisle, with their wives, and Miss Rosa Adams, a brilliant light of Indianapolis, stood before us for farewell words, with their all on the foreign mission altar. The heathen world was brought near: it came within my own touch, a touch which has become closer and closer as the years since have passed, and I have been privileged, on three different world tours, to mingle with them in missionary bungalows, schools, chapels, hospitals and in camps on jungle tours, for days, and even weeks, together.

How we boys who attended those Anniversaries dis-

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cussed them and the men who eloquently figured in them, after the meetings were over. There was aroused in us unusual public spirit. From those college days, we became attached to our national, international, denominational and Christian movements. We thereafter raised money among ourselves betimes, to send a student delegate to the Anniversaries, and at length, when some of us became pastors, we began to plan to take our little place among those who, on principle, attended the Anniversaries.

Nor was even that the end. When, in the course of our pastorates, plans were announced for world or ecumenical conferences, whether held abroad or in our own country, we felt called upon to attend. As John Wesley said of it: "The world" was becoming "our parish."

To that great Chicago convention, therefore, together with the environment in which it assembled, the writer feels he owes much, as a foremost inspirational agency in his life. What organization there was, came of life, rather than life expected from organization.

If one asks why our foremost men, whether ministers or laymen, rallied in such numbers and representative strength, as they did in that early meeting, I reply that it was because the nascent missionary movement, which began with the coming of Judson to our ranks, was in itself so *morally great*, and so manifestly *at the basis of our corporate life*. The root dynamic in it all was the new and high denominational consciousness thus engendered, one that lifted it clear away from any thought of essaying to be like some other ecclesiastical body, or in competition with it. The sense of a first-hand commission from the great Head of the church, to be *ourselves*, by His Spirit, and in His name, was what animated all. This consciousness was vastly more than narrowly denominational, partisan, or even national. It was Christly, ecumenical, cosmopolitan, eternal—this bold dynamic, so illustrated in Carey, Judson, Boardman, Vinton, Nathan Brown, Carpenter, Jewett, Ashmore, and others, "of whom the world was not worthy."

THE GRIP OF A GREAT CONVENTION

This most humanly unselfish movement embraced in it the great sacrificial and spiritual paradoxes of the Christian faith: it all seemed squarely in the teeth of naturalism or self-interest. Hence the sermons preached in such a time, and earlier, whether Carey's "Inquiry" at Leicester, Wayland's immortal production on "The Moral Dignity of the Missionary Enterprise," Andrew Fuller's "The Gospel Worthy of All Acceptation," or others by masters like Dr. Joseph Angus, of London, and Baron Stow, of Boston, were so transcendently great and timeless. It was an event of a lifetime to have heard one of these, or kindred discourses, amid the environments of the occasion. Our people knew, and sensed the fact, that what denominational life we had, had come to us from *second*, rather than *first*, intention; in short, that the Kingdom, like Christ's understanding of it, was immeasurably greater than the denomination, greater than all the denominations. It was a line of consideration like this that first brought, and then long held, us Baptists so strongly together in fellowship and doctrine. It was this that accounted for those great love-feasts of the fathers. These fathers were not mere "sectaries," as are those who conceive of missions as coterminous with some partisan issue, or marked by some divisional line, within or without the denomination. All depends on where the accent lies.

IN THE PASTORATE

VIII

MY NOVITIATE

AFTER the decided religious crisis through which I passed during my first term in college, and through contact with pronounced religious workers like D. L. Moody, B. F. Jacobs, Major Whittle and others, I began to apply myself actively to the winning of souls; and as I did so I began to feel my heart warming more and more to such work. I was in love with such efforts, for God seemed to bless them in a marked way. There is no form of incitement like the sense of divine blessing, and through it my call to the ministry came. So, also, I began to preach a little, being pressed into it. Often, to my surprise, churches around the country, needing supplies, began to seek my services. I doubt not that the president of the college, who was often applied to, called the attention of such churches to my availability, and I was too good-natured not to respond. Besides, I was sorely in need of the financial help this afforded to meet my term bills. These opportunities more and more increased, and it became increasingly evident that the churches, at least, felt called to hear me.

But what was to me more impressive was that conversions were frequent, if not under my very simple but earnest sermonettes, then from the conversations into which I easily fell wherever I went. The truth was I had so many real experiences of the Lord's grace in my heart, that it seemed second nature to converse on these things.

The result of this was, that by the time I was through college, I was several times approached with a view to taking the pastorate of a church. For a time

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I resisted, for I had not yet taken a theological course. All my wisest teachers were averse to this. Dr. George W. Northrup, who had been my valued instructor in certain studies, as Metaphysics, Logic, Moral Science and Evidences of Christianity, during my latter period in college, was particularly distressed at the thought of it. He had come to Chicago to open the new seminary, and, few as the students were, it troubled him sorely that, after only one year in the seminary, I married, and accepted a call to the State Street Church, Rockford, Illinois. However, when later I was ordained, he was gracious enough to come out and preach the sermon, and see me launched on the uncertain venture. I myself was strong in the conviction that the call was from the Lord, and I accepted it hoping the time would come later, as it did, when I could return to the seminary developed to a more efficient stage of work, and so I should get more out of it than if I had previously gone on with further theological studies.

The church to which I was called was but a few miles from my early home. Some of its members were my family relatives. One of my father's older brothers was a highly honored deacon, and proved a most helpful adviser and friend. Another prominent member, Mr. S. P. Crawford, had given me the benefit of his scholarship privilege while in college. He also heartily stood by me; and there were many others who, doubtless on account of my very youth, did their utmost to uphold with sympathy and prayer a young neophyte. There were, when I went there, some differences and asperities between some of the members of the church. But these shortly cleared away; and it was not long until a gracious revival of undoubted genuineness came on. A brother-in-law of mine, the Rev. Charles T. Roe, since deceased and much lamented, was of very great help to me as the meetings proceeded. Indeed, but for his maturer experience, uncommon preaching powers and practical counsel in administration, I do not know how I could have got on at all at this time. He was truly to me an elder brother.

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The meetings took on marked power. There occurred conversions of well-known people in the community, hitherto unthought of as likely to become Christians. One a former major in the army; one the principal of a small business college and an avowed atheist; one a foremost and very public-spirited business man; numerous farmer people in adjacent communities. One promising young bank clerk, just my own age,* became our Sunday-school superintendent and a great yokefellow in Christian service. Ere the special meetings were over, I had baptized about seventy converts into the membership of the church. So tense were the labors of Mr. Roe, that he brought on a serious breakdown of nerves. However, the start given me on the new field was full of encouragement, and I moved on with signs of unbroken prosperity in the church for a period of four years.

The revival I have been describing also took considerable effect upon the Young Women's Seminary of Rockford. This excellent school was under the fostering care of the Congregational churches of that region. The principal was Miss Anna P. Sill, an early pupil of the celebrated Mary Lyon, of Mt. Holyoke Seminary, in Massachusetts, and a woman of kindred spirit. She was highly evangelical, and deeply devoted to missions. She was always deeply solicitous, also, for the spiritual welfare of her students, so that when our meetings developed such quiet but deep power, she was herself forward to come to our meetings, and bring companies of young women of serious mind with her. A number of these were converted. This sympathetic relation between our church and the seminary was very congenial to me, as being in some sense a continuation of earlier relation to the student mind, which marked my connection with my own college.

One of the movements in this stage of service was of such a nature as lent courage to me in all the subsequent years. I found soon after I came to the pas-

* Mr. L. A. Trowbridge, now of Evanston, Illinois.

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torate that, as the result of the recent building of a pretty costly brick edifice, a debt of about fourteen thousand dollars yet remained to be paid, after all the heavy strain to which the congregation had previously been subjected. The annual interest on that indebtedness amounted to about as much per year as the parish contributed to the pastor's support. We all deeply felt the depression. To me the discovery that the amount of indebtedness was about four times that I had been led to suppose, was crushing. I at length set to work in a quiet way personally, to find the money needed to cancel the big obligation.

A few miles eastward of the town was a community of farmers, particularly well-to-do; many of them had for years known my father and my good uncle and deacon. One was a well-to-do brickmaker who was especially proud that his bricks had gone into so fine a building as our church. His son was the first candidate I ever baptized. But these people were generally non-church-goers. They, however, were known as money-saving "ten per-centers." I resolved to solicit them for help on our debt. Suffice it to say that my first day's work among these rustic but large-hearted people brought me several hundred dollars to the good. Probably most of them gave because they knew I was a farmer's son, brought up to all kinds of work like theirs, and could easily put myself on their level and sense the difficulty with which their money was acquired. One thing, however, haunted me after I had got their subscriptions; namely, that these people would think my interest was measured by the amount of money secured. I was resolved to disappoint that prejudice. So, not long after, when I had explained my purpose to my church advisers, I began a systematic visitation of that township of Guilford. First of all, I invited every family in the district to come to their own district schoolhouse where I preached nightly, for there were but two or three families within an area of six square miles, and yet near to town, that had any habit of going to religious meetings. There were young people that

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had grown to manhood, sons of previous church-members, who had never, on their own acknowledgment, been inside a church building in that town of Rockford, although they lived within sound of the church bells, until I got hold of them.

I began my canvass by announcing a series of nightly preaching services in their schoolhouse. Then I went about on foot through the snow and slush of that February and March, day after day, in a visitation of every home in the township, whether of any or no religion. Many, of course, were surprised to see me, for they were wont to think of us "town folk" as "stuck up" and indisposed to mix with "country people." I soon convinced them that I was not of that order. On occasions, I may say generally, I would pray in each home as I visited it, and wherever I was overtaken for the night, there, if invited, I would stay; and I took my meals with "the hands," or help, wherever asked. The truth is, I "boarded round," after the manner of the country schoolteachers I had known, and I thrived on it.

On occasions, while talking with the farmer's wife in the kitchen about her work, and drawing her out respecting the old times down East, where her father's family had church-going habits, I would take a hand at the churning; and in the evening I would help the head of the house by doing a turn at milking the cows, in all kinds of which work I served a long apprenticeship on the old farm. I could tell many a tale of the lug I made to get the secret out of these people, as to how they had been influenced to give up all thought of family religion. I was, on one very snowy day when we were all shut in, feeling my way cautiously with one of the strongest of these characters, a man of considerable means, but a victim of intemperate habits. He had a boundless heart. I finally got to a point where I asked him if a man with his deep nature had really never found himself, in time of accident or sorrow, in close relations with Him we call God. All at once he burst into a torrent of emotional

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expression, and rushing into the adjacent parlor, a well-furnished room, he tore down from its hanging-place on the wall a photograph of the only male child ever born to him, and exclaimed in a furious burst like a wail—part anger, part sorrow: "There, look at that! I once had a son; he was the joy of my heart, and the one hope of my old age. But he sickened and died. How could a good God take him?" In a moment his wife came into the room, wiping her eyes, and joined in the lament. There was then nothing to do but to kneel and pray. As I did, I tried to persuade this strong man also to pray.

My pleadings were unavailing; but I rejoice to say, after I had removed from that pastorate, it was told me that when this old man lay dying he called out for some one to be sent for, to come and pray with him. He said, "Send for Mabie." I was then a thousand miles away, but I dare to hope, at least, that in his extremity, with no human minister near to help, he may have turned, even at that last moment, to Him who hears even the need of the most despairing. It is a comfort, at least, to know that I had been permitted to lead this man as near to the wicket gate as he would permit, years before. On the night of my leave-taking from that church, the parish was getting together a little testimonial of appreciation of my services. This old man sent his wife and daughter with a ten-dollar bill, saying:

"Tell that young preacher to get himself a new pair of boots, to make good the waste of shoe leather he suffered wading around after us worthless old sinners here in Guilford."

Ah! but I never considered any such pains taken for the lost, as in any sense a "waste." God be praised for such privileges thrown in my way!

Suffice to say, I was rewarded for the three weeks of labor in that difficult district, by being permitted to baptize thirteen happy converts from the neighborhood into my church, and, among others, several characters of marked individuality and strength.

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Through these deep revivals, the parish gathered such courage and tone that I came to feel I must make a finish of the debt for which I had earlier sought subscriptions. But how to proceed, gave me much anxiety. The most well-to-do member of the parish had for some time been saying he would contribute "the last thousand dollars" needed, when the church was ready to pay the balance. But my people, I felt, had been under too heavy pressure from repeated giving, to be expected to contribute in large sums. So I finally hit upon a plan: first, myself to make a generous subscription, then to approach my young people and new converts, and not ask those of larger means to subscribe until I should have gotten assurances of over half the amount needed, in many small contributions. So I began figuring. I made up a list of people and estimates of amounts they would probably consent to assume, provided we could wipe out the entire deficit. I saw that, in order not to produce a scare, I must pledge each of these donors to secrecy, until I should give the word. I began with those who could give five dollars, then those who could give ten, twenty-five, fifty, and one hundred dollars each, and so on. I found twenty-seven persons who pledged one hundred dollars each.

By the time I had secured pledges of about eight thousand dollars, it leaked out that the sanguine young pastor was engaged in a very still, but important, hunt of some kind. Then my parishioner—he of the last thousand-dollar pledge—came to me, and insisted I should tell him what I was about. I simply told him I was raising the debt on the church. He answered: "You can't possibly do it."

I replied: "I can; I already have over half the amount promised, and you might as well get ready to pay in your conditional pledge."

I showed him my list of contributors; I showed him what an evidence it afforded of the unanimity of the church since the revival; how impolitic it would be now to discourage these new givers in moderate sums, and

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produced my estimates of what the abler givers were probably able to do, and what they must now do, or run the risk of greatly dispiriting the entire church. The brother from that moment co-operated nobly, and although there were some lapses in pledges, as there always are in such cases honestly enough given, the debt was provided for, and finally paid off to the joy of everybody.

It was during this pastorate, also, that I was so favored as to have a visit, continued for about a fortnight, from the Telugu missionary, John E. Clough, referred to in other chapters. He visited with me about the parish. One day Dr. Clough was one of a dinner party that was given to several of us out at the big farm of the evangelist Elder Knapp, in the new house just completed in his old age for his sons, an occasion which we all greatly enjoyed. We had roast pig—the traditional farm delicacy of those days—for dinner, and the old veteran Knapp and the young apostle to the heathen of India, between them, regaled us with incidents which had occurred in the respective forms of their life-work. This visit of Clough greatly increased the sympathy of my leading parishioners with my efforts to render the church more missionary, and brought me more fully into identification with the whole missionary movement of the time.

After four years of these interesting experiences, there came one day from Oak Park a proposal that greatly surprised me. It was nothing less than that I should come to the place and have an interview with respect to the starting of a Baptist church in the place. A few heroic souls assured me of a comfortable support. I could preach to them on Sundays, and have much of my time free to go into Chicago daily, as most of them did to business, and so complete my theological course, which had been for a time remitted. It didn't take me long to discover in this the fine hand of my former teacher, Dr. Northrup, the Goodspeeds, Dr. D. B. Cheney, and other friends of the new and now thriving seminary. Two-thirds of the members of

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this Oak Park band had been previously members of the great Second Church, Chicago, which I had known so well in my college days, a church that developed wonderfully under E. J. Goodspeed, and one in which that great, motherly soul, Aunt Lizzie Aiken, since her nursing-work in wartimes, had on occasions mothered fellows like Charlie Henderson, N. E. Wood, E. O. Taylor, E. P. Savage, L. T. Bush, Joe P. Phillips, J. T. Sunderland, John Gordon and myself. Several heroic Second Church fellows, lately married, and ready to establish new homes in the suburbs, led by Mr. C. J. Andrews, were ready to subscribe, clerks as they were, one hundred dollars and more each, towards the support of the new Oak Park interest. Three or four others, like Deacons Frank T. June, J. W. Middleton, Brother Whipple and a Brother Cook, were ready to do much more, and even to look forward to buying a lot and building a house of worship. There were only fifteen persons ready to enroll their names to support the new interest, but they were a Gideon's band. The whole matter was so surprising to me, and so fitted into my earlier hopes of completing my theological studies, that, even though it was heart-wrenching to leave the many dear friends in Rockford, a third of the church by this time being composed of converts I had baptized, I concluded to accept the offer. The following September found me settled in the new conditions. So, gayly, with my lunch-basket in hand, again like a schoolboy I made my daily pilgrimage, to and from the former site of our Chicago Seminary on Rhodes Avenue, back of the old university grounds, attending lectures with a zest I had never felt before in any classwork. Drs. Northrup, Arnold, Pattison, Mitchell, General Morgan, and others, were the teachers who wrought upon me.

An event connected with that pastorate of outstanding interest was the conversion of one of the foremost personages of our town. This was Capt. Ira H. Owen, a retired navigator of the great lakes, who was living a semi-retired life in Oak Park. From the

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commencement of my ministry, he, with his Christian wife, began to attend our services. It was not long until he felt moved to take an open and whole-hearted stand for Christ, and was baptized into membership with the church. From that hour, he began to assume one-third of all the expenses of the parish, of whatever kind. He stood by us in the purchase of an eligible lot for a new church, and then led the way for the building of a snug little parsonage for the minister's family. The church was from the start a growing interest, and soon after my time there, erected a fine edifice. This church has been served since I left it by so well-known and competent men as Alexander Blackburn, Frank H. Rowley, J. W. Conley, Theodore Soares and D. T. Denman. I suppose to-day the church membership exceeds five hundred. I shall never cease to be deeply grateful for the whole-hearted and generous way in which that handful of devoted brethren in 1874-75 drew me to them, and led me into ways of which neither they nor I at the time had much forecast. When I came to respond, after graduation from the seminary, to a call which reached me from Brookline, Massachusetts, in the fall of 1875, much as they loved me, they laid not a straw of hindrance in the way of my going to a yet larger service.

Thus ended my two brief pastorates which I have called my ministerial novitiate.

IX

INTRODUCTION TO NEW ENGLAND

AT the time of my graduation from the Theological Seminary in 1875, about the last thought that ever entered my mind was of going "down East" to assume a pastorate. I was emphatically a Western man, born there, in deep sympathy with its habits of mind, its characteristic enterprises and all else that belonged to it. There were at the time friends in one or two churches in Chicago, that, in case I would be persuaded to leave Oak Park, were ready to confer with me about serving a church in the city. Indeed, the very morning that the significant letter came from the East, inviting me on, I was on the point of committing myself. The mysterious stopping of my watch, meantime, threw me out of connection with a train I had planned to take, and, going back to my home rather than waiting at the station for a later train, there came into my hands a letter from Deacon George Brooks, of Brookline, Massachusetts, which checked the whole matter for some reflection, counsel and prayer. The result was that I went to Boston for the purpose of testing the import of the communication I had received.

On my way Eastward, I went via Philadelphia. I called on the friend of my child-conversion, President Weston, at Chester. He was one who I believed would give me disinterested counsel, and one who knew both East and West, as but few men in the East, of his position and prominence, did. Wise man that he was, he did not try to influence me in the least, though he was emphatic in his commendation of the Brookline Church, and trusted God would make plain my path.

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(Only once had I seen Dr. Weston since my conversion in boyhood, and he retained no memory whatever of the incident of his praying me into the ministry, on the night I came forward for prayer, as I thought he would have.) By this time, as the result of much contact with young student life, he had become accustomed to many disappointments respecting what is called "youthful promise," and he was pretty chary of any sanguine expressions.

However, as the years passed thereafter, we had many blessed meetings together; he was my wise counselor during all the eighteen years of my missionary secretaryship; on occasions, at much personal inconvenience, he served on programs of mission conferences I held, and he was often my household guest, and was a true father in Israel to my entire family.

On my way to Boston, I also called on Dr. Bright, of the *Examiner* in New York, who received me with surprising warmth, and who also upheld my hands in public service ever afterwards.

Arrived in Brookline, I became the guest of Deacon and Mrs. Brooks for a fortnight or more, while being introduced on all sides as the guest of the church. Of course I was not at all sure that the church would desire me. I was certainly a very different type of man from the veteran Dr. William Lamson, the former highly revered and conservative pastor, then retired and living in Salem. He had served them for seventeen years or more, but they avowed themselves ready for aggressive work, and at the end of my visit they gave me a hearty call, only one vote being in the negative, which, one good deacon said, made it "really unanimous." I then returned West for my family, and came again to be met by a deputation at the train, which conveyed us to our new home, which the church had, with amazing generosity, completely furnished for our convenience. There was even a cooked turkey dinner on the table, and a competent maid in the kitchen to do our bidding. Was that ever outdone in the treatment of a young pastor from the rustic West?

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On the Monday evening after my first arrival, I was taken by my Brookline host to the Baptist Social Union in old Tremont Temple, introduced to Pres. Benj. F. Cole, and even called on after the repast for a short speech. What strong laymen were there: Gardner Colby, J. Warren Merrill, J. M. S. Williams (the founder of the Union), Chester W. Kingsley, Henry A. Pevear, Deacon Hezekiah Chase, Deacon George Dexter, several from the Brookline Church, including Deacon Austin W. Benton and Lincoln Chase. John Carr, Deacon W. A. Bowdlear and Samuel Davis, of Dudley Street, also were among those who welcomed me.

The first sight of the Baptist ministers' meeting was most impressive. What a *personnel* these leaders constituted! President Hovey and Prof. Heman Lincoln, Prof. O. S. Stearns, Secs. Jonah G. Warren, J. N. Murdock and George W. Gardner, A. J. Gordon, Wayland Hoyt, the ardent and whole-souled Robert G. Seymour, D. W. Faunce, William Hague, Rollin H. Neale, Henry M. King, Franklin Johnson, and the winsome Charles L. Spaulding (the three latter, thank God, still with us)*; W. N. Clarke and the veteran William Howe, who lived to pass the hundredth-year milestone of his life. To call such a roll makes one almost homesick for heaven. Most of these are here no more. But a prospect of fellowship with such men was most alluring.

Some of these ministerial fellowships resulted in intimacies in a ministerial club where we had discussions of all sorts and kinds, respecting men, books and affairs. Then for a time a few of us—Gordon, Lorimer, Henry A. Cooke (of the Bethel), W. W. Everts and I—would, on Saturday afternoons, take “to horse.” We would meet in Brookline; there I would join them and we would take long horseback rides out through those stately avenues that adorn the region of the Newtons, Jamaica Plain and the one and only Brookline. None would ever have suspected that there were

* Dr. Johnson has since left us.

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such funds of humor locked up in Gordon, as he would bubble with on those Saturday afternoons. But the ozone we would take in was so invigorating. As horseman I rode a big sorrel animal, the property of my friend Lincoln Chase. To horsemanship I had been bred as a schoolboy in the West. The saddle I used was a fine military one, originally the property of my father-in-law during his brief experience as chaplain in the Civil War. It was once captured at Harper's Ferry, and then turned back again to its owner.

Among my older parishioners was one very interesting and venerable character—Deacon Thomas Griggs. He had been converted under the preaching of "Father Grafton," of Newton, of whose original characteristics he loved to speak. He, with one of his brothers (or cousins), and Deacons Elijah and Timothy Corey, well-to-do farmers of Brookline when it was mainly a neighborhood of farms, became the originators of the Brookline Church, bringing their letters from Dudley Street. This Deacon Thomas Griggs lived to a great age, dying in his ninety-eighth year. He remembered the time when, after the death of Washington, he, with other schoolchildren, marched in a memorial service held to the honor of Washington, each wearing in the lapel of his jacket a button, struck off to the memory of the great Revolutionary father. He was the head of a large and respected family. Great was his comfort when, under my ministry, one of these sons who bore his father's name, with his wife and two daughters, was converted, and baptized into the church. The son became successor to his father in the diaconate of the church, an office which he still holds and honors.

About the time I came to Boston, Joseph Cook began his famous Monday Lectures, seven or eight courses of which I was forward to hear. Such a stalwart, fearless and competent apologist, despite all the fun some poked at him for his idiosyncrasies, has never appeared in Boston since. He discoursed on Biology, Evolution, Immortality, Atonement, Current Questions and World Conditions. They proved im-

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mensely stimulating to the evangelical public of the time. In the light of "the latest and best scholarship" of the hour, whether German, English or American, he eloquently, in phrases singularly his own, exposed the fallacies of much current error, and in most constructive fashion put new courage into us.

This Brookline Church to which I had come had a good deal of foreign mission history behind it. From its ranks had gone forth to Asiatic fields Rev. Thomas Simons; Miss Sarah Davis, afterwards Mrs. Oliver C. Comstock; the first Mrs. Francis Mason, a member of the Griggs family, and Miss Sanderson, a daughter of one of the early deacons of the church, and who became the wife of Dr. William Ashmore, of China. The church naturally, therefore, through these connections alone, became deeply alive to the foreign situation. Various relatives of these missionary families were among my foremost parishioners. Dr. Wm. Shailer, their early pastor, a generation before my time, and, later, Dr. Lamson, as well as Deacon George Brooks, had served on the Executive Committee of the Missionary Union. The contributions of the church at times had risen to the amount of two or three thousand dollars per annum. The old monthly concert of prayer for Foreign Missions had been regularly observed from the origin of the church; and this all served yet more deeply to lead my mind in the direction of care for this important arm of Christian service. After a few months among them, the form of our second Sunday services was changed. The afternoon preaching service was given up. I preached on Sunday evenings and monthly on some form of the world-wide work, an effort for which my previous readings and lines of missionary thought stood me in good stead.

I presume it was largely on account of my special interest in these matters that the secretaries of the Missionary Union were led to bring me into the counsels of the administration, and to elect me to membership on the Executive Committee. I was the youngest member that had ever served in that important place.

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I shall not soon forget the emotions with which I first took my seat on that committee. Note the *personnel*: Alvah Hovey, J. Warren Merrill, E. C. Fitz, Chester W. Kingsley, Henry A. Pevear, Robert O. Fuller, George W. Chipman, J. W. Converse, A. J. Gordon and Henry M. King. Secretaries Murdock and Gardner, with Treas. Freeman A. Smith, completed the executive force. It was a tutelage, indeed, to sit with a body of men of that stamp, and to listen to their reasonings concerning the numerous and critical details of the great work. Of course we were ever having personal calls at "the rooms," from missionaries home on furlough, and so my acquaintance with these was ever widening. The Lord who so early put me into primary relations to the world-wide work was leading on to issues larger than I could foresee.

The broad views which the ample-minded and wealthy laymen I came to know in those rooms entertained of this work, and the example they afforded of regular and princely giving, also served to prepare me to expect large things of men of similar estate and resources, whom I came to meet in my later secretarial service involving the necessity of raising large sums of money. I had at one time nearly one thousand names of foremost laymen of the denomination at important centers in most of the States, with whom I was in warm personal touch, and these ever considered it a privilege to be shareholders, in generous amounts, in the great work of missions to the ends of the earth.

Those were indeed great fellowships, and they were educative in the largest sense to me. The benevolent giving in those days was so single-eyed and simple-hearted, without partisan feeling or jealous envyings, which sometimes enter to spoil the sweetness of things. Thanks be to God for it, and for my privileged, unsought relations thereto!

During the time of my residence in Brookline, Dwight L. Moody and Ira D. Sankey returned from England and Scotland, flushed with rare evangelistic triumphs, and began their great Tabernacle meetings

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in Boston. Into this movement I threw myself largely. As a student in Chicago I had known and felt Moody's great power. At this later period he had become in many ways a very different man from the bustling, brusque, impetuous Y. M. C. A. worker I had known. He evidently had passed through some great spiritual, even psychological, change. He was, in conversation especially, more reserved, more composed, although at the height of his preaching exercises he became most impassioned. As the work moved on, Mr. Moody started all sorts of meetings for groups of people that naturally consorted together; *e. g.*, for the leather men, for merchants, for bankers, for market-men, for inebriates, meetings for women, with the gifted Miss Frances E. Willard in charge. Into these various efforts, especially in the inquiry-room work, where thousands were pointed to Christ, I flung myself with my whole heart for a period of about three months; indeed, I went quite beyond my strength, and soon after brought on a breakdown that cost me dearly for several years.

I found my Brookline people rather opposed to anything like protracted meetings. This was partly accounted for by their habits of suburban life. Their homes were in the town, but their business was in Boston, to and from which they went and came with the precision of the railroad time-tables. Once home at night, in the comfortable family nest, it took a good deal of pressure to call them out to an extra evening service, although they would attend the weekly prayer-meetings with regularity. Besides, their manner of thought was of that even sort that they felt but little the need of any periodic arousalment, that human nature generally, in my conviction, needs. Notwithstanding all this, there came on a good deal of a revival while I was in Brookline, although extra meetings were few. I recall one occasion on a communion Sunday, when twenty-four persons, nearly all adult converts, came forward together to receive the right hand of fellowship. The row of persons stretched clear across the open space in front of the pews; and it represented

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additions largely from "the broad aisle." It was a touching occasion, most, if not all, of these persons having yielded their hearts to Christ under my own personal persuasion—"hand-picked fruit." These converts, alone, were of sufficient means and standing to have constituted the nucleus of a strong, new church of themselves. But I came to the time when I felt, in my state of health, that I needed the climate of the West, together with its freer habit of mind; I accepted a call to the First Baptist Church of Indianapolis, and removed thither.

X

REPLANTED IN THE MIDDLE WEST

LITTLE did I think, when my breakdown in health occurred, that the Lord was purposing to remove me again to the West. Least of all was I anticipating an invitation from the Hoosier capital, Indianapolis; but it now stands clear to my mind that that was in the plan. My friend and former teacher, Dr. Lemuel Moss, was at the time president of Indiana University, and often a much-appreciated pulpit-supply at the First Baptist Church in the capital city. One day came a letter from him, intimating that I might look for an invitation to visit the church as a possible candidate for its vacant pulpit. I confess I was not eager for the position, and at first I was indifferent to it. Later, however, I began to think that, even though the church was larger in membership than the one in Brookline, and the forms of work more varied, perhaps on that very account the change might be favorable to a more speedy recovery of health. The hinted invitation came. So I arranged to visit the church, with the result that I was heartily and unanimously called to the pastorate previously occupied by Dr. Warren Randolph.

The church itself was very composite in character, and highly cosmopolitan. It had been served with marked ability for about twenty years by Dr. Henry Day. In fact, he had put the stamp of his personality upon the church, having brought into it the greater portion of its constituency, as well as married into one of its foremost families, and he did much to make my pastorate agreeable. The church had also been deeply impressed by yet another personality, and he a

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layman; namely, Deacon J. R. Osgood, a manufacturer of large interests, but also one of the foremost men in Sunday-school work in all the West. I first met him in Chicago, when a boy of sixteen, and between him and B. F. Jacobs was taken one day to the old Methodist Church Block, and made acquainted with the daily noon prayer-meeting, in which at the time D. L. Moody so prominently figured. There I first saw this fiery, Peter-like man, shaking hands with all at the door as they left the meeting, and afterwards on his knees with a weeping penitent—an event which much impressed me, and which I have ever since associated with his personality. Mr. Osgood was the foremost layman in similar lines of work in Indiana—a great soul-winner. At his funeral, it was said, at a stage in the service, persons who had been led to Christ through his immediate influence were asked to manifest it, whereupon scores, even hundreds of persons, arose to their feet. The truth is, that practically all the deacons of that church were active soul-winners, a matter which went far to draw me to them. Deacons Sutton, Loomis, Woolen and Burns always had some one in leading, in connection with their several Bible classes, ripe for profession of faith.

An intelligent, calm evangelism was ever characteristic of the people who controlled the sentiment of the church. There was a great Sunday school, numbering five or six hundred, under the conduct of Deacon Wm. Smock, who was also our enthusiastic choirmaster. It was in that Sunday school that I first saw an orchestra, employed under the conduct of the ablest bandmaster of the city, to lead the wondrous singing of the school, and which also was available for various social and public functions in the society. The wave of enthusiasm which animated the great school, the first Sunday I appeared, was so assuring to my spirits that I felt sure here was the atmosphere in which I could best flourish; the current of activity was in itself so strong and spontaneous that one felt caught up and borne along by it.

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Then there were throngs of young men, just waiting for a magnetic touch, to be led along and into almost any form of aggressive work. It was not long until I had formed an organization of these whom we termed "The Yokefellows," that came to number one hundred and fifty or more active members. These became also a recruiting band for other men, some of them uncommon winners of their fellows to Christ. Once a month we had a simple evening dinner served in the vestry of the church, which became very popular and wholesome in its effects. Out of these growing numbers of young people I was always finding new material for various forms of service.

This church at that time was easily at the front in the State in all forms of religious enterprise. The State, for long, had a reputation for old-time notions of anti-missionism, an uneducated and unsalaried ministry, opposition to Sunday schools, and hyper-Calvinistic ideas in general. This church, however, stood in living unlikeness to all that. The church was one of the largest regular contributors to Foreign Missions in the West. Several of its members, including Rev. W. E. Clark and wife, had personally entered the service. Dr. Day himself had once been offered the secretaryship of the Missionary Union, and was on its Board of Managers. The brother of Deacon Osgood was the associate of Judson for years in Burma, and the practical workman who printed Judson's Burman Bible. The church also made much of the monthly missionary concert, and a host of strong women kept alive a woman's circle, auxiliary to the Woman's Missionary Society of the West.

During my stay, there came on one very marked revival. Scores believed and were added to the church. Probably the inciting human agent was the presence in the city of the so-called "Boy Evangelist," Rev. Thomas Harrison, a Methodist, who held a continuous meeting with the Rev. S. M. Vernon, D.D., one of the most solid and balanced of ministers, for fully three months. Two or three thousand people professed con-

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version. All the churches that took any kind of a sympathetic attitude received numerous additions. Great numbers came to our church. Dr. William Alvin Bartlett, of the Second Presbyterian Church, on one Sunday gave the hand of fellowship to over two hundred new members. The row of converts received reached entirely around the outside aisles and across both ends of the large audience-room. Such an occasion was never before witnessed in that church, which was probably the most conservative body, temperamentally, in the city. All the pastors were most deeply stirred. During this period, my brother-in-law, Rev. C. T. Roe, helped me efficiently in special meetings, during which my two eldest children were converted and baptized.

While this revival was in progress, the Baptist Anniversaries were held in our church. Numbers of the delegates attended various services which Mr. Harrison was conducting. His preaching, as Mr. Harrison often said, was not remarkable in itself. He would often say:

"I am well aware that numbers of you pastors can preach better than I can. God has called me to start people into action who all their lives have heard the best of preaching. I know just enough to presume on that." But God has his "times and seasons," do what we will.

I threw myself into very earnest study while I was in Indianapolis. Perhaps I studied too hard. Prof. Wm. R. Harper, in Chicago, was just then stirring the country with his wide travels, and his correspondence courses in Hebrew. I joined in one of these courses, and gave months to work in these lines. I even worked out in manuscript an elementary Hebrew grammar. Together with this work, I one winter entered an extended course of Sunday evening lectures on "Old Testament Times and Heroes," and they drew the people wonderfully, especially many intelligent Jewish people, merchants and traders. They expressed themselves as surprised that a Christian preacher could find

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so much to admire and exploit in their Old Testament saints. One of these, in particular, would walk home with me on occasions, and in my study would kneel and pray with me to "the Eternal" in his own way, mainly, of course, in Hebraic thought. This man wanted to take me with him to Palestine on a trip, could I have gone.

At all events, despite some narrow prejudices felt by a few in my congregation against the Jews as a race, the experience of that winter went far to assure me that if there were a little more—nay, a good deal more—love for the Jews, instead of the bitter, prejudiced ill will that often characterizes so-called Christians, towards God's ancient people, "the veil upon their face" would the sooner be removed and we should see them recognizing their real and only Messiah.

Indianapolis, as a city, afforded a rare location, also, to one who welcomes a large relation to the churches and interests, including a college like Franklin, throughout a whole State. The "Convention work," from this point of view, for me took on a fresh interest while here. Brethren from the smaller cities and towns were always dropping into our services in a way that kept one on tiptoe of interest for friendly offices.

It was while I was there that there came one day to my door a former Hoosier boy, a native of the town of Seymour, with his wife. He had a rare story to tell. He had run away from home when a fifteen-year-old boy and gone to Canada. He soon after enlisted in the army. He was finally sent to India. He was stationed in the great cantonment in Secunderabad, in the heart of our Telugu mission, where he fell in with our missionary, Rev. W. W. Campbell, and he and his wife were converted. I refer to Mr. and Mrs. John Newcomb. When Mr. Newcomb's term of enlistment was up, he was returned by the authorities to his American home. This couple came to me to apply for Christian baptism, which they had never received. The case occasioned much interest in the church, which welcomed them with great warmth.

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They soon after removed to Des Moines, Iowa, where, in a religious awakening, these friends received a gracious and marked visitation of the Divine Spirit. Shortly thereafter, they applied to the Executive Committee of the Missionary Union in Boston, were accepted and sent as missionaries to the Telugus in India.

They have now been serving the cause successfully for about thirty years. I visited them at their station in 1891, particulars of which visit will be given in a later chapter. Enough now to say, here was another of those vital links, together with others previously referred to, binding me to the cause of missions to the heathen, a link directly related to the providential sphere of my later toils.

But, during the greater period of my residence in Indianapolis, I was far from being in good health. The climate was disappointing and the cares were heavy. I wondered that the people put up with my labors as considerably as they did. They kindly gave me one long furlough for a trip to Europe of four months' duration. But I was in no fit condition for seeing endless new sights, visiting art galleries and the like. I returned little, if any, improved, and finally resolved to resign my charge and go to my father's old farm in Illinois, for the sake of a very quiet life, such as I saw was indispensable, if I was ever to recover my lost health.

The church tried to prevail upon me to reconsider my decision, even offering me a year of furlough for entire rest. But I dared not accept such generosity, which I was sure would be disadvantageous for a church located and conditioned as they were.

I had, however, passed through an experience, before I resigned, that gave me an entirely new and hopeful outlook on God's gracious purposes in my behalf, so that I resigned the pastorate for a much less conspicuous one, but one which I was confident would prove a veritable Elim to me. And so I found it, leaving Indianapolis with the sweetest of relationships all round.

XI

MY JABBOK AND PENIEL

I HAVE before referred to the breakdown in health which overtook me in Brookline, and continued like a nightmare to haunt me until near the end of my stay in Indianapolis. The trouble was in the nature of nervous dyspepsia, accompanied by the most perplexing of head troubles, almost incessant vertigo, and creeping sensations in the brain cells. It was the dreadful uncertainty of what it all meant, that proved so trying. Medicines were of no value; long periods of rest did not relieve me more than temporarily; and even changes of field of labor did not serve to eliminate the difficulty.

Doubtless, however, the intense and often exciting manner of my Boston life had exhausted my nerve force. The strain put upon me in an exacting pastorate, the attendance every Monday on ministers' meetings, and upon Joseph Cook's Monday noon lectures, with an afternoon put in on the long sessions of the Executive Committee of the Missionary Union, and once-a-month attendance on a Ministers' Club, left me by Monday night of each week clean exhausted. Then, much reading, to which I was on all sides stimulated, finished me. Suddenly, one morning, I found I could scarcely read at all, and for nearly two years I could not read a book. Nor could I write, except with the greatest nervous distress.

Not until the return from my first long vacation in Europe, after six years of suffering, was I brought to a realization of the deeper seat of the trouble than anything I have yet indicated. In the interval of my absence in Europe, I found that my church was show-

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ing signs of suffering in several ways. A famous new preacher, Dr. Arthur T. Pierson, had meantime come into the city, and was arresting wide attention. His night services, which for lack of accommodations in his own church building were now transferred to the Grand Opera-house of the city, were thronged. My own congregation, only a block away from his, was immensely depleted thereby, beyond anything it had before shown. Of course this also acted further to depress me.

For weeks together, however, I was in a helpless sort of brown study as to what this all meant for me and for my parish. At length a movement was instituted for bringing to the city the noted evangelist, Maj. D. W. Whittle, of Chicago, for a campaign among us. Now, I had known this devoted man in my student days, from the time when he came home from the war and began his evangelistic career, and as the close friend of Mr. Moody. These meetings were also to start in our house of worship. At the first meeting, the Major opened up with a close-fitting demonstration of the seriousness of the loss of "the witness" of the Holy Spirit on the part of Christians. In the course of his thought he pictured some typical cases, and described certain ineffectual efforts to regain the lost blessing. One would try this expedient, and then that, but no "witness" came. At length the Major made the point that, in case this blessing is lost, if one will examine himself, he will find that at some point, perhaps unconsciously, he has been resisting or denying outright some plain truth taught in the Scriptures, and he would never regain "the witness of the Spirit until he first accepted the witness *plainly written in the divine Word.*" Instantly the query arose in my mind, "What truth have I been thus denying?" I at once recalled that not long before, in an hour of repining at my trials, I had spoken outright to one dearer to me than life, that that utterance of Paul in the eighth of Romans, "that all things work together for good to them that love God," could not be true, because

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demonstrably all things in my life were working for ill, and everybody seemed to know it. Suffice to say that I soon felt assured that my difficulty at bottom was more spiritual than physical.

On the second evening I went early to the meeting. As I entered the door I observed that the Major had his throat muffled up. As I greeted him he explained, speaking with great difficulty:

"Brother Mabie, I shall not be able to preach to-night. I have an attack from my old enemy, the quinsy, and I must take a midnight train for home and get the malady doctored up, else I shall have very serious trouble."

"Well," said I, "Major, whether you go or stay, I think I should tell you your address last night opened my eyes to my own state, so your service, short as it has been, has not been wholly fruitless." He thanked me, and as the people gathered he rose and explained his condition, and added: "I shall have to call on some of these pastors to carry on the meeting to-night."

A prayer or two having been offered, the Major called on me first to speak. Having acknowledged to him so much of enlightenment from the previous meeting, I felt I must be equally frank with that congregation. So, rising from my seat in the front row, I proceeded to repeat what I had just said to the evangelist. But I further said: "The fact is, my friends, I have been for a long time destitute of that witnessing Spirit of God in my heart which I have previously known, and more, although preaching very orthodox sermons, I have been very sadly losing my faith, and, unless I soon get relief, I fear it is all over with me and my value for the ministry." With that I broke down, sank into my seat like lead, and was heart-broken with grief.

In a moment three or four brethren were on their knees—among them Dr. Pierson, who sat with the singers. How he prayed for me—telling the Lord all about me and my needs, and even my unspoken distresses. As he prayed, the Spirit whispered: "Now,

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go to-morrow morning to the study of that brother and ask him to pray with you alone."

I went home to a night of restless heart-searching, and in the morning I was in as deep darkness as ever. I was, however, fixed in my purpose to go to my brother minister, who, I knew, understood far more of spiritual things than I did. I made my way to his study in the Second Presbyterian Church. I explained that I must have extra strength for the task before me the next Sunday morning, when I intended to resign my pastorate and go to farming, for it was no use trying longer, with my poor health, to sustain myself and family in the ministry.

"Oh, my brother," exclaimed he, "God will take care of you. Let me tell you a little of my experience." And he spoke of a certain crisis, though full of self-humiliation to him, that he had passed through a few years before, that was the beginning of days to him.

After we had talked for an hour, I remarked:

"Well, I came to beg your prayers."

He surprised me my saying: "After you."

How could I pray? The heavens were like brass over me, but we knelt. All I could do was to tell the Lord my distress. I shortly came to the point where I must give up all, accept God's ultimatum, and (as I thought) renounce the ministry forever. I had been for twenty years laboring hard to prepare for it, 'twas true, but now I must give it all up—lay my very Isaac upon the altar, and crawl away into obscurity to die. It seemed very hard; could there be anything in the goodness of God to require all that?

But there was no escape. I must take the leap in the dark. So I surrendered all, simply collapsed, and cried like a child. That moment it seemed to me as if the crust of the earth just opened and I went plunging through, down, down, towards the bottomless depths, but the surprising thing was, that the deeper down I sank, the more blessed it was, till I sank, surprisingly, into—the *bosom of God!*

As I found myself there, the Lord seemed to ask:

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"Did you think I had forsaken you? Do you not know that my love for you and your life-course is immeasurably deeper than any interest you yourself have? Now, commit all to me, and 'I will make of thee' that better product than you yourself can make."

The fact is, the Lord had a different plan of life for me than the one I conscientiously, but ambitiously, in a self-centered way, was bent on working out, and the only way in which he could realize his plan was to allow my craft to go upon the rocks in utter shipwreck, and then fit me out with a better craft. I have already lived long enough to see the wisdom and grace of his plan vindicated beyond anything I earlier hoped for, or could otherwise have reached.

This disclosure was the greatest surprise of my whole life. But I arose in a new world, and to an entirely new conception of the ministry. I went home and to my study, to turn, with a zest I never before knew, to my Bible—my much-neglected Bible, minister though I was—and I began to look up the matter of faith—faith as a manner of life—not for the sake of an *orthodoxy*, but for *certainities to go by*. I fell upon Heb. 11:6: "Without faith [faith as a habit of life], it is impossible to be well-pleasing to him." As I pondered it and applied it in a new way to my recent habits of thought and life, even my religious and theological habits, I saw, as I had not seen before, many, many things—among them this: that one might be ever so *orthodox in head*, and yet be deeply *heterodox in will*. That one who allows himself as I had, and as people all around us are doing, to depend on mere *second causes*, is practically shutting God himself out of immediate relation to life altogether. In short, I saw that orthodox evangelical as I was, I might have been a rank materialist, and yet have had as much comfort out of a long period of my past life as I had gotten.

This awful practical heresy of the life—and of the ministerial life—which had unwittingly taken possession of me, and which, but for this providential interference

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in my self-chosen plan of conducting my life, would have led on to the certain ruin of all, stood out shockingly, as *dreadful unbelief*.

For days together, thereafter, I simply lay on my couch, and let roll over me, like the billows of the sea, that word, "And Abraham believed God," "And Abraham believed God." I could do naught else. My sin was that I had ceased to believe God when sight failed. I could believe in *circumstances* when they appeared promising, but not even God when the appearances seemed against me. The fact is, I was converted in a new way into faith in the divine providence. I took back my horrid infidel utterance, that "all things [do not] work together for good" (to the filial-hearted) "to those who [in this sense] love God." The fact that I could not always trace the form or method of the providence had absolutely nothing to do with the reality of it.

Thus receiving once more, in the light of deeper experience, the "witness" once for all written in the Word, and asking nothing else, I regained the first-hand and immediate witness of the personal Holy Spirit of God I had by degrees lost.

I was at peace with everybody and everything. How different the Bible looked to me now! What did I care for a thousand and one speculations and opinions *about* the Bible, in this or that school of criticism? I had found my own Bible, and it spoke even from between the lines to my spirit, as I had never before thought possible, and I began to preach it. My people at once discovered that they had a new minister, and my public services and prayer-meetings immediately took on new life.

Then the gradual—not immediate—restoration to health, to nerve-balance, with sufficient vigor, at least, to enable me with abounding joy to prosecute my very laborious and widely extended toils since, is evidence that the very Author of my being had taken my case freshly in hand.

One may inquire: "Does the matter which you are

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emphasizing imply the necessary experience after conversion of what some call 'the second blessing'? Does it imply the 'higher Christian life'? Well, whether a crisis such as this be the second, or twenty-second, does not matter. The main thing is, that it is divine blessing, with or without any type of hard-and-fast phenomena, and it is simply Christian life, neither "higher" nor "lower"—simply spiritual as opposed to carnal.

When Jacob of old, after his night of wrestling at the ford of the Jabbok, had his thigh disjointed, he passed over a line between the old and the new; the sun rose upon him, and he called the place "Peniel," "Face of God," "for," said he, "I have seen God face to face and I am preserved alive." But it was the life preserved, as of one risen from the dead, that caught the vision. His name also was changed, from "sup-planter" to "prince of God." So may it be with us. Not an *experience* once for all realized, but a *principle* once for all accepted—that is the norm of the habitual and moment-by-moment living. I would not claim that any mortal ever did or can live uniformly, without slip or lapse, such life perfectly. I only hold that such is the norm of the new life, *per se*, from the moment of conversion.

But it makes all difference in the joy and power of our lives, whether we hold ourselves by habitual resolve to that kind of living, or fall into the careless way of justifying ourselves in very easy-going compromises, or fleshly self-will, and become, in the very habit of our lives, miserable and lean backsliders, needing as frequent renewals. This is only representative of what occurs sooner or later, probably, in the lives of most ministers and missionaries who ever become particularly effective as soul-winners, or in other religious achievements of much moment. Thus it has been with the Finneys, the Moodys, the Judsons, the Morgans, the Meyers and the Truets. These all have had in one form or another the sort of experience of which I am testifying. Said Jesus to Simon Peter, even though already doubtless a

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renewed man: "Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired to have thee, that he may sift thee as wheat; but I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not; and when thou art converted [*turned again* in this deep sense], strengthen thy brethren."

XII

FIRST VISIT TO EUROPE

MY imagination was early kindled, through contact with my English pastor and his family, to a sentiment for what lay beyond the seas. At length, after a period of broken health in pastoral service, I was enabled, in 1882, to sail away on the Cunard ship "Parthia," from Boston to Liverpool.

Among my companions on the voyage were the brilliant judge of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr.—now associate justice on the United States Supreme bench—and Hon. Robert Treat Paine, a close friend of my revered former college teacher, Dr. William Mathews. Mr. Paine, especially, became extremely cordial, and entered with enthusiasm into my anticipations of this, my first visit to the Old World, which he had visited many times.

Once in Liverpool, I made it a first duty to attend a mid-week service in the Myrtle Street Baptist Church, of which Hugh Stowell Brown, one of the foremost Baptists in England, was pastor. I was much impressed with his strong personality. On the Saturday following, I took train for Manchester in order on Sunday to hear the famous Dr. Alexander Maclaren preach. His sermon, an interpretation of the Lord's Supper, was remarkable both for its simplicity and its depth.

After the sermon, I sought out Dr. Maclaren in his retiring-room. As I entered, seeing the Doctor was looking worn and exhausted, I half apologized for obtruding on his privacy. He answered he had been suffering from nervous exhaustion for some time, and was preaching but once a day.

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"Oh," said he, "I can still convey the charge, but the effort *burns the wire*."

I further explained to him that, while I had letters of introduction from Dr. Murdock and Dr. Lorimer to Mr. Spurgeon, I regretted I had no letter to him. But I said, "I venture to mention a name you may recall—Dr. Charles H. Roe."

At this his countenance lighted up, and he inquired, "What! Roe of Birmingham?" "The same," I answered. He then added: "I was among those who, when Roe left us for America with a family of ten children, on a sailing-vessel, in 1851, went to the dock in Liverpool to see him off. I particularly recall his tall figure as he walked through the crowds on the dock, carrying the baby of the family on his shoulder."

I remarked: "That baby is my wife."

At that he threw up his hands in surprise, and said: "Do be seated. Now, I do not have to preach this evening, and I am giving you my street number, with directions. So, at four o'clock, please come to my house to tea and spend the evening. I want to know what became of that large family of children."

I went, and it proved to me a great evening, as our conversation ranged widely over things English and American.

In respect to his sermonic habits, I was surprised to hear Dr. Maclaren say that he never wrote a sermon before preaching it, although he had trouble enough to make sense out of what his stenographer brought to him for revision. However, all the world knows what a close student he was, especially of the Scriptures themselves in the original tongues; and how uncommon were his endowments for the most felicitous phrasing of his thoughts on his feet.

This memorable visit was the beginning of cordial mutual relations with that gifted preacher, which continued till his death. While in attendance on the Baptist Congress in London in 1895, I was invited by Mr. Roberts, the successor of Dr. Maclaren in the Union Church at Manchester, to occupy that pulpit for

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a couple of Sundays. And I also had the pleasure in London of presenting to Dr. Maclaren my wife, whom he had last seen as a child on her father's shoulder.

After Manchester, I also spent a Sunday in my father-in-law's old church in Birmingham, in Heneage Street. Sitting in the old family pew under the side gallery, I heard the pastor, one Mr. Hailstone, preach. After the sermon I made myself known and was asked to preach in the evening, which I did, and at the close of the service I had quite a reception from many in the congregation who remembered with great affection their former pastor, and inquired tenderly after various members of the family.

Thence I went northward to the beautiful Yorkshire village of Middleton-in-Teesdale. This was the place of Father Roe's first pastorate, and there several members of his family were born. I was welcomed with exceeding cordiality by Robert Bainbridge, Esq., the principal personage of the place, and the general superintendent of the London & Yorkshire Lead Mining Company, a position he held for forty consecutive years, successor to his father-in-law, Mr. Robert Stagg, who also served in his position for the same length of time. Mr. Bainbridge occupied the great mansion owned by the corporation, and the wonderful English gardens which surrounded it were full of charm to me. At the time of my visit my host very kindly drove me about the country, which abounded with magnificent views of the distant hills of Cumberland and Northumberland. My wife, in the latter sixties, had spent several weeks as the guest of the family, out of which sprang a warm friendship with one of the daughters, afterwards married to Rev. T. Harwood Pattison, first a pastor in Middleton, then removing to this country and holding pastorates in New Haven and Albany, and finally a professorship in Rochester Theological Seminary.

Next I proceeded to Scotland, visiting Edinburgh, Glasgow and Stirling. At Edinburgh I met and heard for the first time the finished preacher, Dr. William

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Landells, pastor of Dublin Street Church, and earlier of Regent's Park Church, London.

My first touch with Scotland was overwhelmingly impressive. The massive architecture which covers the heights of the city, as seen from Prince's Street, is like that of an immense medieval castle. Carlton hill, Arthur's seat, the university, St. Giles Cathedral, Knox's house, and the old Holyrood castle, with many relics of Mary Queen of Scots' time, Roslyn Chapel and Hawthornden—a great retreat of the persecuted Covenanters—were alive with historic suggestion and interest. In Glasgow I met American friends—Dr. Frank M. Ellis and wife, then of Boston, and Rev. Geo. Thomas Dowling and wife, of Cleveland. With them, joined also later by Dr. Henry E. Robins, I journeyed afterwards to interesting points in England, and also on the Continent.

Nothing in all England is more charming than the lake district. We came down by coach from Penrith to Windermere. The ride through the mountains that hem in the pretty lakes is entrancing. As we came suddenly within sight of beautiful Grasmere, there was a thin mist over the whole valley, through which the westering sun shot its rays with transfiguring beauty. We whirled past Rydal Mount, the home of Wordsworth, and by the former homes of De Quincey, Coleridge, Thomas Arnold and Mrs. Hemans, delighted with the intermingling of fine scenery and literary associations. At Bowness, Windermere and Coniston we had touches of real English country life that have been with us through all the years that have intervened. Ruskin's cottage at Coniston we were charmed to see.

On the way "up" to London, our party stopped over at Kettering, to visit the church in which Andrew Fuller preached, and to see his grave in the yard at the rear, and also to look upon the Widow Wallis' house in which the English Baptist Foreign Mission Society was born, following the resistless appeal of Carey. A day at Bedford also was enjoyed, taking in the Bunyan memorial church, known as the "Bunyan

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Meeting," and the adjoining village of Elstow, where, in a little, thatched cottage, Bunyan's wife and his blind daughter Mary lived and made lace for a sustenance, during the long imprisonment of the author of the immortal "Pilgrim's Progress," "The Holy War" and "Grace Abounding."

The evening I arrived in London I was met with a summons from my friend Dowling: "Hurry up and get your supper. Spurgeon is to preach to-night, and I already have the necessary tickets for the Tabernacle." To see and hear the great Spurgeon was one of the cherished ambitions of my life. The meeting to which we went was the mid-week prayer-meeting. Spurgeon, having spent the day at the orphanage, came in a little late, but the deacons, all seated on the platform, started things off.

In a few moments Spurgeon tiptoed in, while some one was engaged in prayer. Instantly we all realized that a great presence was among us. In a moment he rose and said: "Brethren, the atmosphere seems a little heavy here to-night: let us look to our Father for his blessing." In reality, there was a thunder-storm on. This was his opening sentence: "O our Father! we need thee. The thunders without are rolling and the lightning is flashing, but we, thy children, nestle beneath thy wings, O our Father." Instantly all were in a different frame. Spurgeon was always keen to observe strangers in his audience, and especially those from America. He soon discovered four or five of us sitting together. While some one was praying he sent a deacon, who touched me on the shoulder and softly inquired if I had a card: the pastor might call on me to pray. A little later Spurgeon called me out. I wondered if the man of God was reading my heart, but I rose and tried to pray, trembling with emotion.

At the close of this meeting, Spurgeon called us to him and asked us to come to the upstairs larger meeting, and also to tarry after the sermon and meet him in his anteroom to make arrangements for an afternoon at the Stockwell Orphanage. The sermon that then

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came on was from the text: "With Jacob it is a day of trouble, but he shall be saved out of it." That sermon, as I told him afterwards, certainly was intended for me. It brought such illumination respecting the goodness of God's providence, despite all trials through which we are called to pass. After the sermon we all met him and received the directions for meeting him at the orphanage next day. He himself, prompt to the moment, was at the gate to meet us, clad in a linen duster and a soft hat, and called out:

"How are you all, Doctors? All Americans are Doctors, so I make no mistake." In any case, at that moment we felt pretty small, whether we had academic titles or not. Spurgeon himself escorted us through department after department. As we would enter a classroom, the lads would break out with a hearty cheer, and "Hurrah! Welcome!" Spurgeon would reply:

"How are you all to-day, my lads?"

"Pretty well, thank you, sir" (in unison).

"Thank God for that, my boys: it is He that gives you health."

We also visited the new swimming-pool. Some boys were attired for the sport, and while we looked on Spurgeon would count off, "One, two, three," and with a great splash all the boys would dash in and pull for the opposite end of the tank, and Spurgeon, with us, would cheer for the winner.

We came to the great dining-hall, and saw the hundreds of boys at mess. Spurgeon gave them a short talk. We were taken to a small side room and served by Deacon Charlesworth, the superintendent, with a simple tea; and while we partook, Spurgeon told us of how the orphanage had come to him. "You know," said he, "God has given me this orphanage as a shield against wicked and jealous criticisms that attended my early ministry. Besides, 'the offence of the cross is not ceased:' men still hate our gospel, and any man who preaches it fearlessly. But no one can find fault with caring for orphaned children, and so

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latterly the critics have given me some rest." He told us of wondrous answers to prayer, "often when we had come to about the bottom of the meal-barrel."

One of our party inquired: "Well, now, Mr. Spurgeon, shall we all go home and proceed to start orphanages?"

"Oh, by no means; but if, in the providence of God, you feel forced to begin such a work, then woe be to you if you don't start an orphanage."

He further told us this: "Once a party of London ministers, Dr. Wm. Brock among them, were sitting at this table as you are, and I was telling them of some of God's marked interpositions in our behalf at very critical junctures, when Dr. Brock, in his great, gruff voice, spoke up:

"Now, Bro. Spurgeon, our hearts are deeply touched by these incidents you have been telling us. But I am questioning if it is altogether wise to tell them too publicly, for one of these days you may find yourself badly in the lurch, and then the cause may correspondingly suffer.'

"Just then there came a knock at that door and a messenger handed in a note asking me to present a claim for £2,000, at a certain bank, and it would be honored.

"Listen to this,' said I, and read the note.

"Brock instantly rose, and, with choking voice, said: 'Brethren, all knives and forks aside; I stand rebuked; let us thank God for his wonderful care of his servant, and that he has founded this orphanage.'"

Passing over to the Continent through Holland and Belgium to Cologne, our party kept together for a trip up the Rhine. Then at Lucerne Dr. Robins and I began a month of tramping over several of the passes of the Alps, and returned to America in the autumn following.

XIII

TWO DECISIVE CHAPTERS IN A LIFE-COURSE

AS I have previously intimated, the hour came when, in connection with my five years' labor in Indianapolis, and in the light of the transitional crisis I have already referred to, I became assured it would be wise for me to retire for a season to some less strenuous form of service: I needed to unstring the bow, and to have more outdoor life in a more bracing climate. When my thought became known, I was invited, to the surprise of many, to Belvidere, Illinois, to take charge of the old church of my childhood. The church was extremely cordial in its invitation, and practically gave me *carte blanche* respecting my form of labor and use of time. They were content to have one preaching service on the Sabbath, and left me free to do such pastoral work as I felt equal to. My father was still living on a farm three miles from town, and for more than a year my family and I made our home with him. This took me back to the really simple life. The whole community, in town and country, was open to me, and I was soon renewing acquaintances of former years and making many new ones. My congregations immediately began to grow. During the weektime, I read and wrote but little; my studies were mostly confined to the Greek New Testament, and in my line of preaching I went back to the most elementary forms. I adapted my thought to the simpler minds, which was in the way of reinterpretation of the very things which had come into my life years before, in that same environment. It seemed to please the farmer folk in the surrounding district, in which I had been reared, that I had come back to

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them; and in my wide visitation of the homes, I found everywhere a respect for my religion. I was but a poor prophet; perhaps it was on that account that I certainly was "not without honor" among them; they surprised me by their devotion and response to my messages. My native air, together with light forms of exercise on the farm, began to renew my youth and freshness. Sense of public responsibility was much lightened, and I soon began to sleep and eat like a lusty boy. There was no little exchange of thought among the "natives" respecting the reasons of my return to these old haunts of my youth, and this, for some reason, was so uncommonly sympathetic, that it also became a contributing factor to returning strength. I soon began to plan for certain neighborhood devotional meetings, held once a week only, in the farm-houses of a wide area surrounding the town, and it was not long until it was easy, even in midsummer, to gather anywhere from fifty to a hundred people in a neighborhood for a religious meeting of an informal sort. To some of my old-time acquaintances, there soon came on a marked renewal of religious life. Some of them, indeed, were moved openly to make acknowledgments among themselves of their former lapses and indifferences, of their habits of evil speaking, etc., and they began heartily to second my endeavors. Among the converts were my sister Helen and my second daughter Florence, at nine years of age, who until this day has been an unusual Christian worker, and now the wife of Deacon George A. Morse, of Melrose, Massachusetts.

There was an addition of about one hundred members to the church. These were, in many cases, heads of families, and previously far from religious; indeed, these new additions were drawn from classes hitherto unthought of as likely material for church life and service. The work deeply impressed the whole countryside, and the old church took on new heart and hope. I found that the antecedent life and work of the English pastor, Roe, previously described in these pages, had been a subsoil preparation for all

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that I was now called to plant and cultivate. The traditions respecting the "Old Man Eloquent," his preaching power, and the corroborative living of his rare family, were assets of great value to reinforce my labors. I often felt I had but to refer to typical achievements of the earlier era, to find a basis, without more said, to close a case. I baptized people in that community who frankly said to me, and confessed before the church, that the regenerating work had been performed in their hearts under that remarkable ministry of "Elder Roe," a half-generation earlier. In all this, I found a remarkable fulfillment of that Scripture, "Other men labored and ye are entered into their labors."

At length the interest became so great in these quiet efforts, that I was obliged to open the church, and preach twice on Sunday, and once, at least, during the week, in country neighborhoods surrounding, and I also found that I could do it without strain and with ever-increasing fervor, and even a sense of returning strength. I was everywhere among the people, praying with them in cornfields, or behind a haystack, or in the kitchen with the housewives, inviting to church and pressing the claims of the gospel. Some were converted while in their fields or by the roadside. In the midst of all this there came to my help one of the veterans in evangelistic services, widely known in New York State and throughout Illinois as one of the truest and most winning of the old-time evangelists. This was the Rev. Lewis Raymond, of Chicago. He himself in early life had been profoundly influenced by Rev. Jabez Swan, one of the foremost of Connecticut's evangelists, and a man that also wrought widely in New York and other Eastern States. Raymond often quoted him, and described situations with which the man dealt in his own unique fashion. Raymond also had been a chaplain in the Civil War, and was full of the heroic terminology of the camp and the battlefield. One morning, he and I drove up to see General Fuller, an old appointee of President Lincoln, as adjutant-

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general of the Illinois troops in our Civil War. As we drove up to the entrance to the stately home, the General appeared at the gate.

"Good-morning, General!" shouted the evangelist; "we are out this morning reviewing the Silver Greys."

"Indeed," replied the General; "I haven't seen you since the war, or heard you were here."

"Why, General," responded Raymond, "I've been shelling the woods here for ten days; strange you haven't heard it."

Well, in this tactful way, the old gentleman would open up a conversation, and many and happy were the results. He became greatly interested in the sheriff of the county, whose wife had been converted, and how he would pray for him.

"O Lord, put the sheriff under arrest: send us out with a search-warrant: handcuff him, if necessary, but bring him in, anyhow."

His quaintness was an exceedingly attractive feature. He won the love of the whole community, and greatly strengthened my younger hands. Father Raymond, also, later helped me in special meetings in St. Paul.

But this Belvidere revival was one of the sweetest and profoundest in my entire ministry. A friend once remarked to me:

"I have been wondering if this revival is not in answer to your dear mother's prayers."

I replied, "Doubtless," and so I believe.

It certainly served as a marked tonic to me in many ways, and put the finishing touches on God's process of recovering to me "the years that the locust, the caterpillar and the palmer-worm had eaten," in my several preceding long years of a rather barren state. How gracious were God's dealings with me!

At length the time came when I one day observed driving through the town my former acquaintance, Deacon D. D. Merrill, of St. Paul, Minnesota, and with him Deacon T. S. Tompkins, of the same church. The truth is, they had come to lay before me a proposal to consider a call to the pastorate of the First

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Church of St. Paul. I had once, many years before, on a summer trip after graduating from college, preached a single sermon in that church. It had been remembered by several leading members of the congregation, during all the interval that had elapsed; and they were some way moved to approach me respecting my availability for a pastorate among them. I was wholly averse to it, at first. I was deep in the unique campaign in the Belvidere field, which, by this time, awakened in the church great expectations, and many observant friends, East and West, were felicitating me on the returning evidences of a fruitful ministry. My wife said, "It's no use their coming here after you at this time. You can't leave this people right in the midst of this revival," and I dared not, at first, think of disappointing the people, many of whom felt I belonged to them, as one born in their midst, and acquainted, as no stranger could ever be, with their habits and types of life. Meanwhile, however, my health, almost unawares, had come again, and I hoped the bracing Minnesota climate would confirm me in that, and add years to my service. The appeal of the St. Paul people was so insistent, that I finally consented to visit them. The result was that, after some hesitation, I fell in with their urgent request and removed to Minnesota. The Belvidere people, although at first disappointed, were very kind and considerate, and did not strenuously oppose the removal. It was not long until I found myself in the capital city of Minnesota, face to face with an entirely different situation. The new and vigorous Northwestern State had, for years, held a great fascination for my mind. Its bracing and electric air, and its fine scenery in many parts, studded with beautiful lakes, were congenial. The thronging populations that had migrated thither from all parts of the East and the Middle West and from Scandinavia gave it a rare promise, and the type of character was most virile. I had not a few personal acquaintances in the "Twin Cities." The church itself had suffered a great trial, owing to circumstances I

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need not describe, and sentiment in the community had been divided over issues that had arisen. My first great difficulty was to find some sort of common ground, on which the really best people in the parish would lay aside all differences and unite with the pastor in new undertakings, utterly regardless of previous unpleasantness. After some struggle, they cordially rallied to my support. It was not long until an enterprise led by Deacons Merrill and Van Duzee, for building a chapel addition to the noble Gothic edifice, an imposing building, was taken up. About \$25,000 was raised, and the new chapel, with its various appointments for prayer-meetings, Sunday school and other devotional purposes, was erected. This had a wholesome influence to re-cement the old bonds and awaken new hope. A gracious ingathering of seventy-five or eighty new converts greatly cheered all our hearts. The church had been, from its inception, prominently identified with the two outstanding forms of mission work, home and foreign. The State convention idea ran high, and naturally so in view of the position and rare possibilities of the new State. The appeal it made with respect to church extension, on every side, with the incoming populations from the East, besides the uncommon type of Europeans from the Scandinavian states, was very constraining. Into all this I entered with great heartiness, but this was not all. There were people in St. Paul, and Minnesota generally, of equal strength, who stood very strongly for mission work also to the ends of the earth. From rare familiarity with foreign mission history, from contact with its literature, and with their contagious influence to enlist new candidates for this work, they had become a great power throughout the entire State. Among these was a highly endowed woman, Mrs. J. H. Randall, for a full generation a commanding personality, always recruiting and stimulating volunteers for foreign service, and high in the counsels of the women's foreign societies. Her home was ever a hospice for returned missionaries from many lands;

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her zeal was quenchless, and, I fear, sometimes misunderstood. But she was a power, even if sometimes apparently one-sided. And there were men, also, of similar devotion to world-wide missions, although their applied efforts took different directions. Sometimes, indeed, pretty sharp issues, apparent in church and convention, were drawn respecting the proportions in which movements at home and abroad were to be emphasized and advocated. For myself, I felt equally related to both, and found ample sphere for active effort in stimulating both. Perhaps the most trying ordeal for me while I was in St. Paul was the atmosphere which, during the two successive winters, was engendered by the "carnival" spirit, stimulated by the building of two great ice-palaces, with corresponding sports and amusements, greatly preoccupying the minds of the people. All this made it difficult to enforce the high, but real, type of spiritual interpretation and application of a Scriptural line of preaching which had characterized me following my long period of spiritual gloom, and which had so fruited in the Belvidere revival. However, I did not antagonize, but simply trusted and waited.

I did the best I could to interpret and keep alive Christly ideals, amid the swirl of worldiness, which, at times, ran high. I ought to say that, even during this same period, there were held, at several points in the State, as well as in my own church, and in Minneapolis, a type of "Bible and Prayer Conference," which took mighty hold of the heart and conscience of the ministry throughout that entire region. The foremost and best ministers of the leading cities were sympathetic and co-operative, and, despite the high tides that ran the other way, there was much spiritual forward movement in the general denominational life of Minnesota..

Later, following a visit to England and attendance upon the great ecumenical missionary conference of 1888, held in London, I was called to the Central Church of Minneapolis. Of that conference, I speak elsewhere. This church had been formerly served, with

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uncommon efficiency, by Rev. F. T. Gates. Mr. Gates had invited me, at a time of great nervous tension, succeeding a period of deep and concentrated study of the works and mission of Jonathan Edwards, to come over and help him. I went and preached for him nightly for three weeks. Mr. Gates continued the work afterwards. The result was a large addition, of, I think, about ninety members. Not long after Mr. Gates entered upon a campaign, in connection with Mr. Geo. A. Pillsbury's offer to endow the academy at Owatonna. Later, he went to Chicago to join Dr. T. W. Goodspeed in meeting the conditional offer of Mr. Rockefeller to found the new university in Chicago. Later still, he became secretary of the new Educational Society, and finally special adviser to Mr. Rockefeller's benevolent work, a position in which he showed marked efficiency.

It was probably through a cordial remembrance of the service I had rendered the pastor in the Central Church revival, after Mr. Gates' retirement, that led that people to invite me to the pastorate. I had been but three years in St. Paul. I had become, meanwhile, identified with all the State work, was a member of the Board of Managers of the Convention, a trustee of Pillsbury Academy, and, in every way possible, was trying to further the interests of Christian work in the State. Yet, notwithstanding all, my heart and imagination were ever reaching out more widely. Indeed, on my return from the great conference in London, I undertook several new lines of service in missionary directions.

This Central Church was highly *en rapport* with me in my enlarging ideas. Their contributions for missions—home and foreign—increased. They were always friendly to the Missionary Concert idea, a matter of which I always made much. The fact is, these monthly meetings came to have so popular and impressive a form that they were often frequented by members of outside churches. The mid-week meetings were often as large as the Sunday congregations. I had there a

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body of seven deacons of the rarest quality. Good judgment and harmony of feeling actuated them, and there was no limit to their practical co-operation. When I first went round the world, after resigning that pastorate, these deacons had taken a photographic group of themselves encircling their pastor, and bade me take it with me and exhibit it in every mission I visited, as a token of their sympathy with the world-wide cause. So deep was their sympathy with the evident divine plan of life for me, and so ready were they to identify themselves, heart and soul, with it. But they were men of rare devotion to the interests of Christ's kingdom, and they were proud to contribute to it unstintingly.

For quite a period preceding, despite all the efficiency of the Boston administration of the Missionary Union, and the stimulating movements that had occurred, one after another, there was much talk throughout the denomination of inability to secure candidates for foreign mission service. I had been for several years on the Board of Managers of the Union, and had often publicly spoken in Boston, at Saratoga and throughout the West, and on their platforms at annual Anniversaries. I felt deeply moved to inquire what more I could do, as a simple individual pastor and member of the Board, to help the situation. I had been in close correspondence and fellowship with personages like Drs. Ashmore, Jewett, Clough, and others, in India and China, respecting the ever-growing need.

About this time Dr. H. Grattan Guinness, of London, made repeated visits, once with Mrs. Guinness, to America. He was full of enthusiasm for the Congo. He gave thrilling accounts of the China Inland and other missions, not to mention his own training-school in East London, which had then sent out about twelve hundred missionaries to different parts of the world. He came to Minnesota. He was my guest, off and on, for weeks, even months. His public addresses, his conversation and prayers, took a deep hold upon me. This was reinforced by the accounts of what Dr. A. J.

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Gordon, in Boston, was doing in the way of recruiting and training candidates. I also felt drawn out to do something in the way of establishing a similar agency. The Student Volunteer Movement, now grown so strong, was, at that time, only in its incipency, and had been largely stimulated by the influence of Drs. Ashmore, Pierson and Guinness, with all of whom I also had close personal relations. I, with others, finally started a small recruiting and training institute in Minneapolis.

This effort, on my part, was much misunderstood. I was more concerned for the recruiting than I was for the educating of candidates, a work for which the theological schools were, of course, better equipped. It was charged that efforts like mine gave license to "short-cut methods" of preparation for the ministry. Some of the seminary leaders were particularly distressed. The editors of the *Examiner* used their columns to castigate Gordon and myself for such endeavors.

Had the efforts which I, at least, in Minneapolis, was making to call attention to a truer method of arousing volunteers been understood, there need have been no hysteria on the subject, and still more candidates would have come forward. The principles which I emphasized were these three:

1. More concrete presentation in all our publications of the specific needs on particular fields. "Look on the fields, white to harvest."

2. An arousement to corporate prayer in the churches, schools, conventions, associations, and even at the Anniversary meetings, for the needed candidates. "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest."

3. Less stress on the financial side of things, as such, instead of ever more keeping this subordinate matter at the front, thus transposing the emphasis, and so completely reversing the divine order and method.

It was my belief that by pursuing such a course, as a denomination, we would revive our churches, secure a better volunteer product, and that the money needs

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would be better met, if put in their secondary place. It is true, this would call for a great advanced step in faith, on the part of our churches, schools and associated movements; but that was precisely what was needed.

In default of this line of things—this distribution of emphasis—I confess I felt then, and still feel, grave concern, lest our institutions of every sort and grade will become devitalized, and in the end will greatly disappoint the churches, respecting both the numbers and the quality of their missionary product, for the best work at home or abroad, as well as result in default of missionary contributions.

At all events, I soon had a school enrollment of over thirty embryonic missionaries, several of whom—Miss Mead, Mrs. Carvell, Miss Bergman and others—I afterwards met, actual appointees on the foreign fields. Several others occupy, to-day, important pastorates at home,

XIV

FIRST ECUMENICAL CONFERENCE

IN the third year of my pastorate in St. Paul came the announcement of a World Missionary Conference, to be held in London in 1888. It made a tremendous appeal to me. It was the first really representative meeting, on such a scale, that had been called during the first century of the modern missionary era. The foremost missionaries of the world, from all lands, had been summoned to attend. In the early summer, accompanied by my wife, I sailed for England on the steamship "Furnessia," from Boston to Glasgow. After a run through the Trossachs, from Glasgow to Edinburgh, I made a pilgrimage to St. Andrew's. This had been the seat, not only of a great university for some centuries, but it was also one of the historic centers of the ancient Culdee Church.

The great apostolate of Columba had radiated influence from the original central monastery, on the island of Iona, to this place, as well as to Melrose and other centers. The time of the Culdees was prior to the prevalence of Romanism in Scotland, and was a period in church history of vast moment. My interest in this piece of history was awakened by Stanley's "Lectures on the Scottish Church," affording illuminating matter respecting the period.

Arrived in St. Andrew's, the foundation of an ancient abbey, planted by the Culdee missionaries and still undisturbed by time, the university buildings, and the monuments erected to the memory of certain martyrs of the earlier period, like Wishart and Patrick Hamilton, were very kindling to my imagination. These personages were very potent in affecting the move-

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ments of the ongoing church. From Edinburgh, we went by stages through England to London, stopping for a Sunday in Birmingham, my wife's birthplace, and visiting once more the scenes of her father's labors in that city. In London we were entertained in the "West End," at the home of Mr. J. Kynaston Studd, formerly a famous Cambridge man, as were also two of his brothers, and a great cricketer. Charles had already entered on mission work in China, with the famous Cambridge band, under the China Inland Mission. In this home, together with L. D. Wishard and wife, from America, we were made absolutely at home during the ten days of the conference. The supposed hostess of this home was the daughter of Lady Beauchamp, sister of Lord Radstock. After the manner of many titled English Christians, however, she, taking along her nursemaid and infant, had gone to a remote village, to conduct a mission among factory girls. This was rather a new form of things to us, but we soon discovered, to our great admiration, how common this was among a multitude of even titled people in the Church of England, who had arrived at a stage in their religious thought and habit wherein they cared far more for getting spiritual work done than they did for ecclesiastical or social conventions. Morning after morning we found our mail laden with exquisitely prepared invitations, from Lord this and Lady that, and from societies almost without number, to come to "early prayers," "missionary breakfasts," "Bible readings," etc. This was a new phase of Christian activity in the great world metropolis, not common in the New World. It was a marked revelation to us, of how the powers of a new vitality—really reactionary from the ecclesiastical stiffness and formalism of state churches in Europe, and of return to the devotional form of the "upper chamber"—develop new impetus.

The conference meetings themselves were held in old Exeter Hall, now displaced by the crowding commercial life of London. Together with Secretary Mur-

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dock, Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Gordon, and a few others, I had been appointed as a delegate. This was my second visit to England, and I had already come into heart touch with men like Spurgeon, Maclaren and the officials of our Baptist Missionary Society, at 19 Furnival Street. But I was then, and later, brought into a broader acquaintance with many a personage outside the circles previously familiar to me. Among these were several titled people—Lord Radstock and his son Granville Waldegrave, Lord Kinnaird, Lady Beauchamp, Lord Aberdeen and the Countess, Lord Pontypridd of Wales and the Countess of Tankerville.

Among the most impressive speakers from our side of the Atlantic were Drs. Murdock, Gordon, John Hall, Pierson, Noble, Ellenwood, and Dr. Sutherland, of Canada, who, in addition to their deep missionary spirit, greatly impressed the British public by their commanding style of public address, which, of course, greatly delighted us Americans. The Earl of Aberdeen was the honorary chairman of the conference. The Countess also sat beside him as he presided. Lord Aberdeen, although so prominent in political matters, one of Gladstone's chief lieutenants in the Government, and, afterwards, the most highly respected Government functionary in Ireland, was, none the less, a whole-hearted Christian and philanthropist. Among the very interesting incidents connected with the conference was the invitation of these worthies to their country estate at Dollis Hill, a few miles out of London. To this garden party we were all borne, one thousand or more, on a special train, and had an afternoon of phenomenal interest. In the receiving-line with the Count and Countess were Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Parker and Henry Drummond, at that time the most fascinating personage on the platform in all Great Britain, and, perhaps, in the Christian world. We were all disappointed not to have a speech from Gladstone, though we were permitted to shake his hand. The Emperor Frederick of Germany, and son-in-law of Her Majesty, Queen

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Victoria, lay dead in Berlin. For state reasons, Gladstone's lips were sealed for a period, although, later, I was permitted to hear his memorial address in the House of Commons, on this same beloved and revered emperor. Alas! how altered the situation at this writing, as between the two realms of Germany and England and their great capitals.

As the conference progressed, there were also similar gatherings, at Harley House, in East London, the site of the East London Missionary Training Institute, conducted by Dr. and Mrs. Henry Grattan Guinness; at Doric Lodge School for Women, and at other prominent centers. I recall with special interest a Sunday afternoon meeting in the private theatrical hall in the grand palace of the Duke of Westminster, at which Drummond gave us one of his matchless sermons on "We all with face unveiled, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." The fragrance of Drummond's influence in the universities of Scotland and England was phenomenal. It had rapidly grown ever since Moody first impressed him into work among the students in his own greatest campaign in Britain. Drummond had an immense hold on the public mind and imagination. His was a figure which, once to have seen, faultlessly dressed, princely in bearing and his heart throbbing to the world's need, was never to forget.

Succeeding the general conference, there came on, almost at once, the annual gathering of the long-famous Mildmay Conferences. Here we saw, I might say, segregated, typical forms of the more intense pietistic life of England, engaged in many lines of mission work throughout the world. Some of those who figured prominently in addresses were Dr. Guinness, Rev. F. B. Meyer, then in the thirties of his life and just rising like a new prophet in the realm, and who was heard with exceptional interest, as were also Drs. A. J. Gordon and A. T. Pierson. Here Hudson Taylor and many China Inland missionaries also appeared. The

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Rev. John Wilkinson, practical director of the most effective form of modern work for the Jew that has yet appeared and a speaker of rare impressiveness, was in the foreground. This particular conference occurred shortly after the conversion on the Mount of Olives of the celebrated Rabinowitz, who afterwards lived and wrought in Bessarabia, South Russia. There were several representatives from this section of Russia, who gave graphic accounts of the movements of the Jews there towards Christianity. There were also present prominent men sent from Berlin and other parts of Germany, whose interest in this work had long been fostered by the celebrated Dr. Friedrich Delitzsch. Delitzsch, himself of Jewish origin, was, throughout his life, ever enlisting the interest of students to love, pray and work for the "remnant" in Israel, wheresoever on earth they were found. Accordingly, the accent of Mildmay, that year, was very strong upon this movement. Copies of Wilkinson's book, "Israel My Glory," were freely distributed to delegates. It was in connection with Mildmay that the remarkable spiritual personality of Frances Ridley Havergal was developed. Her life and hymns have deeply impressed the church, and will permanently live.

One of our finest outings was a visit for an afternoon to Spurgeon's great Stockwell Orphanage. It was the celebration of the founder's birthday. Ten thousand people were present. All sorts of bazaars, illustrating things Oriental and colonial, were displayed for the entertainment of the orphans and the guests. Spurgeon himself was presiding in a central hall, where his boy bell-ringers were the attraction. Drs. Pierson and F. M. Ellis went over in my company. We, of course, wished to meet Spurgeon, but there was a surging crowd all about the entrance and we were about to despair of getting near him. Just then Deacon Charlesworth appeared at one of the exits of the building. Recognizing him, I called out: "Charlesworth, there are several Americans here who want to get in."

Charlesworth exclaimed: "Make way there, please,

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for our American guests." The crowd opened and we triumphantly passed through. We were escorted to the platform and Spurgeon arose to greet us. On meeting me he astonished me by remarking, "How much better you are looking than when I saw you here six years ago, when you were so ill!"

Such was his acuteness of memory and sympathy. I then presented to him Dr. Pierson, who came in behind me. This meeting *vis a vis* with the great preacher led to later intimate relations and to a prolonged period of preaching in Metropolitan Tabernacle after Spurgeon's decease, on the part of Dr. Pierson, with which all are familiar.

From London several of us went to Paris, by invitation of Dr. McAll, Rev. Reuben Sailens, Theodore Monod and other evangelical workers in that land. Accordingly, my wife and I, in company with Drs. Murdock, Pierson, Gordon and others, were for several days in the French capital. We attended McAll meetings in the several "salles," in which convocations assembled. We each had our turn in addresses. The chief impression made upon my mind through this Paris visitation and experience was of the unconquerable power of a spiritual gospel, if it is only spoken through the lips of messengers who, like McAll, are themselves the incarnation of their message. It may be remembered that Mr. McAll's first sense of obligation to begin work in Paris arose from an incident occurring shortly after the great disorders ensuing upon the capture of Paris in 1871 and the uprising of the *commune*. Mr. McAll, having casually met some one on the street in a state of frenzied despair, attempted to speak of the power of God's love to comfort, under whatever trials or distresses.

He was met by the reply: "We in France are tired of empty formalism and meaningless religious phrases, but if you know of any one who will talk to us about the realities of the Christian religion, I will find you thousands who will listen to you."

McAll could not resist the appeal. He, with his

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wife, began at once a movement in Paris that has continued until this day.

It may be readily surmised that, in the light of this retrospect, when I found myself on shipboard, headed for New York and the home land, I was, in thought, imagination and heart, living in a new world. That which at earlier stages had been romance and sentiment now began to take form in reality. I had gained from contact with these foreign workers a new conception of the responsibilities and possibilities of the individual, quite irrespective of corporate relations to a denomination. In the American conception, it is too often a merely perfunctory matter. I came home with a new sense of my individual accountability, and of the possibility of impressing others with a deeper sense of responsibility for world mission conditions.

On the return, after spending a few days among friends and parishioners in my former charge in St. Paul, I went immediately to the Central Church in Minneapolis, whose call I had accepted during my absence.

The people were so hearty and open-minded, so ready to conform to my presentations of truth, and the city itself was in many features so attractive, that I entered upon my work with great exhilaration and delight. For weeks I occupied my Sunday evenings with accounts of my Old World experiences, and the vital spiritual lessons which it had borne in upon me. I also found my method of expository preaching, into which I had been gradually led, was more than congenial to my constituents. The truth is, I was through with mere theorizing, with mere orations or essays; I felt with each service, whether on Sabbath or in mid-week, that I was holding what the surgeons call a "clinic." I began to deal with vital processes, and I began to lead my parishioners into new habits of thought involving more vital dealings with those they could influence for Christ. The result was that during the two years of my settlement in Minneapolis our church came to a state of continued revival, with many additions.

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In a course of special lectures on "Phases of Religion in the Old World," I gave four on historic Romanism. They were analytical rather than controversial. They attracted some attention in the Twin Cities; so much so in St. Paul that Archbishop Ireland felt called upon to attack me in a cathedral discourse, published in the columns of the *Pioneer Press*. In the usual fashion, I was charged with "falsifying history." After some reflection, I felt it important to write the archbishop an open letter, which was published in the same paper, giving him a bill of particulars respecting some historical matters, and presenting a list of questions for him to answer. The answer, however, never came, although eagerly looked for by many.

This was my one experience, in the pulpit, in the line of disputation on matters of ecclesiastical controversy, and it filled my church with curiosity-mongers, particularly with Orangemen. But, believing it to be profitless, I did not pursue it.

I have already referred to the marked character of our monthly missionary concerts, which began to take so world-wide a turn. The local interest also, respecting mission work in Minnesota itself, took on a new reality. People from adjoining towns were always dropping into our meetings, and the impulses acquired were carried over the State. Some of my best workers, led by our devoted deacon, Jason Hidden, began to visit communities where churches had been closed for several successive years, and in two instances at least, namely, in Monticello and Farmington, these churches were revived and started on a new course, with converts of uncommon influence and standing won in the community, so that ere long both of these churches mentioned opened their houses and called pastors. One of them put in a new baptistery, the other bought a new church property outright, and all this without one dollar of outlay from our State Convention treasury. These achievements were regarded as little short of miraculous on the part of that modest Central Church and its more modest, but devoted, layman who engineered it all.

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While in these Minnesota pastorates I had cordial fellowship with such brethren as Drs. H. C. Woods, Wm. T. Chase, Revs. F. T. Gates, T. G. Field, Frank Peterson, James Sunderland, "Uncle Boston" Smith, D. D. MacLaurin, and other loyal souls, who have lent inspirations to my life.

There were also great deacons in those cities to uphold our hands, and there were generous givers, also, too numerous to mention. These constituted a staff of immense power amid the throbbing life of the new Northwest.

IN A SECRETARIAL SPHERE

XV

A NEW FUNCTION

IN May, 1890, the Baptist Anniversaries met in Chicago. Having been accustomed for some years to attend these meetings, I made it a point to be present. For five years I had held important pastorates in Minnesota: three years in the First Church, St. Paul, and two years in the Central Church, Minneapolis. Having been also for quite a period a member of the Board of Managers of the Missionary Union, I was far from listless when the difficulty of securing candidates for missionary service abroad was widely announced. In view of this need I felt constrained to make use of my liberty, in the free air of Minnesota, to take a hand at recruiting possible candidates. Under the stimulation incident to a prolonged visitation in our region of Dr. H. Grattan Guinness, of London, and of the widespread zeal of the rising Student Volunteer Movement, I had felt moved to establish a Missionary Institute in Minneapolis, referred to in an earlier chapter. I was aware that the legitimacy, even of this kind of work, was likely to be challenged, formally or informally, at the Chicago meetings, although I was never aware that any form of Baptist organization was warranted in expressing such a challenge. I knew I had a host of sympathizers with the general aim to increase the emphasis in all our schools of the claims of Foreign Missions on students.

The course of studies that I had outlined was Biblical, experiential and vital; indeed, it had for one of its chief aims to save the student from secularizing, worldly and non-spiritual standards so undermining to piety in many colleges.

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At the Chicago meetings I found the atmosphere rather electric and quizzical on the subject, while some were highly sympathetic. The meetings were largely attended. Pres. George W. Northrup was in the chair of the Missionary Union. It seems also that, all unknown to me, beforehand a letter, signed by several missionaries of our Telugu field, had been sent to this Anniversary with request that it be read in open meeting, and that I should be asked to speak on the question raised relative to the supply of missionaries. Meanwhile, Deacon Chipman, of Boston, long a leading member of the Executive Committee of the Missionary Union, had hinted to me that I was likely to be elected as a new secretary of the Union at the meeting of the Board on the Monday following, and he admonished me not to decline.

When the communication from the Telugu mission came up for reading on Saturday afternoon, I was called out, and responded briefly respecting the significance of the appeal from India, and carried the sympathies of the meeting with me. On Saturday night Brother B. F. Jacobs and others of the Prudential Committee had projected an overflow meeting to be held in an adjoining church. Although the principal assembly itself was packed to the doors, yet the overflow meeting also filled the large Centenary M. E. Church. Drs. A. J. Gordon, Russell H. Conwell, Thos. K. Dixon and I were put up to speak. The headlines in the papers next morning sensationally reported the meeting. The whole drift of this meeting was a plea for larger things mission-wise for our denomination, and I was thrown back afresh upon God and sought isolation as far as possible. On Sunday morning I took a car and went out to the site of the old university, where the Lord had appeared to me in signal form in previous years. I crept into a clump of lilac-bushes, still standing on a portion of the grounds, and had a season of prayer alone with the Lord. I then went to hear Dr. Gunsaulus preach in the Plymouth Church, and heard a remarkable sermon, which seemed just

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suiting to my need. The afternoon of Sunday was set apart for a consecration service in connection with the outgoing company of perhaps a half-dozen candidates under appointment. At the conclusion of the addresses, President Northrup called on me to offer the prayer which usually followed such addresses. Coming forward from my seat in the side gallery, I remarked:

"If I could first speak a few words, I think I could pray with more confidence."

The privilege was granted and I proceeded. I begged that the denomination rouse itself to more advanced methods for securing more such candidates, in view of so overwhelming demands as our needy fields, and especially the Telugu field, pleaded for. I urged that mere occasional announcements through the denominational press were wholly inadequate; that meetings in representative places over the country, in which corporate prayer could be poured out to the Lord of the harvest, were essential; and I was rash enough to say that if no one else would undertake such a campaign, I believed my own devoted church would release me for a few weeks to personally lead in such a movement. I then broke forth in prayer. The whole meeting seemed to be with me, and numbers of individuals so expressed themselves to me afterwards.

At the Board meeting on Monday Dr. L. C. Barnes was chosen to the Foreign secretaryship, and I to the Home secretaryship, of the Union. My first thought was of my Minneapolis church. They were counting on me for a long and fruitful pastorate. This call meant that I must leave them soon and finally. It involved much for my family also. There was, however, linked to the call, a formal proposal on the part of the Board that we new secretaries should be dispatched before the coming autumn on a round-the-world tour, to visit the several missions of the Union. Friends on every side, before the meeting adjourned, said to us appointees: "This matter is of the Lord's doing, and must not be refused." Telegrams went here and there to my family, and to prominent members of my church,

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so by the time I had reached home, and met my family and the deacons of my church, I felt assured, trying as it was to think of severing my connections with that loved people, that it was inevitable. A telegram reached me from my old friend, Dr. Guinness, from San Francisco, saying, "By all means, accept the call." However, I did not at first accept. I must first go to Boston for an extended consultation with Dr. Murdock and the Executive Committee, and also with my newly appointed colleague, Dr. Barnes, then pastor at Newton Centre. I went over the ground with these brethren, day after day, in much detail. To my great disappointment, Dr. Barnes felt constrained to decline the call, and so, although Dr. Murdock, who had occupied the office with distinction for full thirty years, wished to lay down his burdens, he was compelled to retain charge of the foreign department for another year, even two years. He was, however, very friendly and sympathetic with my election, and took great interest in my proposed visit to the missions, and was, to the very end of his life, cordial and helpful to my new line of duties, and fraternal in the highest degree. I returned to Minneapolis and shortly resigned, and made preparations for the future Eastern tour. Early in the following August I started on my long journey, via San Francisco and the Pacific to the Orient.

Radical as the change was, I have never doubted the call was from the Lord, nor regretted my decision. I had long cherished the hope that, even as an individual, I might some day be permitted to visit the missionaries in the midst of their work, to see heathenism face to face, to get my own first-hand impressions respecting its character, and to see the triumphs of Christian grace in the character of the native church. I was deeply attached to many missionaries, some of them old schoolmates, and a full dozen of them former parishioners, who had opened their hearts to me in the days when they were pondering the Lord's call. I was also confident that, with some aptitude for picturesque description of scenes and situations observed in foreign

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lands, I could reproduce to imagination and faith at least, the situations impressed on my own soul, and cause others to see and feel their significance.

The visions caught as I visited, in rotation, land after land, I reserve for later chapters, avoiding repetition as far as possible of such events and situations as I described years ago in my book, "In Brightest Asia."

XVI

OFF TO THE MISSION FIELDS

THE secretarial Deputation to Asia was not for official investigation, much less for critical inquiry: it was rather for friendly visitation to gain first-hand vision of the situation, needs and promise of the fields, and withal to acquire fresh inspirations. I was expected, on my return, to advocate widely the cause at home. Accordingly, an eager interest on the part of the missionaries awaited my coming.

I had long felt that I could never ask a candidate to go to a mission land to which I myself was unwilling to go if God called me. In short, I had to undergo in my own soul, in principle, all that any missionary might incur in the way of risk, if I were to be a true missionary helper.

From my student days I had possessed an ever-growing desire to see distant mission lands. Former classmates and friends had long been working in those regions. Besides, the growing conviction of the power of the gospel to work its miracles of transformation on heathen peoples, as well as among those of the home land, created in me a desire to see these products. But I had been habituated for twenty-one years to the pastoral relation, and it was no trifle to sever that bond.

The countries traversed in order were Japan, China, Malaysia, Burma, Assam and India, briefly touching Egypt, Palestine, Italy, France and England. About two hundred of our own missionaries and many of other boards were visited.

It was a never-to-be-forgotten experience, and it afforded me a great amount of local coloring for the

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description of missionary lands and scenes of inestimable worth.

People generally, in home lands, are always eager to hear descriptions of distant lands by first-hand observers. One, therefore, who can paint these scenes to the imagination, will never want for hearers.

For twenty-five years, and in eight transcontinental tours from Boston to Los Angeles, and repeatedly in Canada and in the Southern States to Florida, I have found the people ever eager for descriptions and concrete representations of my contact with mission lands and peoples, and it has been a living joy to share these scenes with them.

Soon after my return from this round-the-world tour I was invited by the Southern Baptist Convention to address them in Atlanta, and during the last eight years I have been very warmly received in principal institutions through Texas, Arkansas, large parts of the South and in Canada.

Two missionaries under appointment, namely, Miss Mead, of Minnesota, and Miss Blunt, of Kansas City, were to journey with me. An old fellow-townsmen and friend of my youth, Rev. H. B. Waterman, volunteered his companionship at individual expense. Brother Ernest Gordon, son of Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, also joined us at San Francisco.

After a Sunday spent with our First Church in Denver, in which several services in our honor were held, we started on our mountain journey, over the old Marshall Pas route, rising several thousands of feet in height. Sublime was the view as we reached the summit on the continental watershed, between two lofty horns, or peaks—Mount Ouray and Mount Sniffel. The train halted, and we all rushed out for observations. The outlook extended westward toward the Pacific one hundred miles or so. We made a stop at Salt Lake City, and attended the service at the big Tabernacle on Sunday afternoon, and heard a characteristic Mormon sermon and also the great organ. The day following, we crossed the Sierra Nevada Mountains, following the

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picturesque course of the Truckee River. Lumbering-camps began to appear, and then, in the glowing afternoon, as we passed over the divide to the California side, we were zigzagging about through the one-time famous gold diggings, marked by numerous disused water flumes and ditches. Vast yellow surfaces on the mountain-side showed where the hydraulic processes had washed down parts of even the everlasting hills.

On arrival in San Francisco, the good Dr. J. B. Hartwell, who had served as a missionary for seventeen years in China, and was now in charge of Chinese mission work in San Francisco, met us and quartered us at the old Occidental Hotel, under the management of the most genial host, Major Gordon. On the next day delegations representing the Ministers' Meeting and the Woman's Society of this coast called upon us, proffering service of every kind, leading up to a grand send-off, on the part of all the Baptist churches, when the time for sailing should come. Rev. J. Q. A. Henry, D.D., was then pastor of the First Church, and he, with many others, did everything possible to show us in what affection the Baptists of the coast hold the great cause of Foreign Missions. A throng of San Francisco friends were on the wharf. They filled our staterooms with flowers and fruits. About a dozen missionaries of various societies were on board. Fifty other saloon passengers and numberless Chinese composed the ship's company.

"Haul in the gang-plank!" was heard from the bridge, announcing the moment when we were to say good-by to native land. Farewell songs were sung, and many an eye was moistened as we swung out into the stream and headed for the Golden Gate, opening out into the broad Pacific. I have since had three other experiences of passing out or in through that gateway, but none that were quite so searching and impressive as this first one. It involved on my part a profound experience of the risks to person and health, of a new crisis affecting everything dearest in earthly life. God only knew whether we should ever again meet the dear

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ones nested in the little plain parsonage at Minneapolis. From this time on, we were to see and have fellowship with the missionaries, sharing their risks, isolation and trials. But we endeavored to meet it bravely, and, with a new surrender of our all to the living Christ, our prow was set toward the Orient.

From that moment until now I have felt, and still realize, that I was in all essentials a foreign missionary—not a mere globe-trotter, out to see sights, nor to be, as I once heard a competent foreign missionary describe some reputed missionaries who never get very deeply into their work, as “merely Americans residing abroad at the expense of a missionary society.” I knew that I was classed with that so-called “fanatical cult,” going out to “meddle” with the religion and institutions of Asiatics. Accordingly, I did not feel called to obtrude my religion on the ship’s company, from the captain and purser down. Indeed, instead of proposing a religious service on Sunday to the captain. I thought it wiser to wait until I was asked, as I indeed was, and by the captain himself, by the time the second Sunday arrived, to conduct a religious service in my own way.

The moment I set foot in Japan I felt peculiar responsibility for the impression my very personal bearing would make. The fact that I was a foreigner, I knew, invited scrutiny of everything about me. If I had had a questionable habit, I should have felt it should never be indulged, especially in sight of a pagan, or even of the weak Christians. The very *jinriksha* men knew instinctively the sort of a being I was. And should I do an inconsistent thing, it would be charged up against both my country and my religion. And I soon found many an opportunity to enter into conversation respecting religion and the deepest things in every land visited, and among many whose language I could not speak.

XVII

IN THE SUNRISE KINGDOM

ON Wednesday morning, September 10, after a sail of seventeen days, there arose a shout from some of our fellow-passengers:

"Oh, there is Fujiyama! I have caught the first view of Fujiyama!"

Peering through a porthole, I saw, many miles away, the conically shaped mount, white at the top, the Hermon of the empire, twelve thousand feet high. It is sixty miles distant and yet in full view. A large coast town with low, tiled roofs soon appears.

We are now passing the little village of Uraga, at which Commodore Perry first landed when about to negotiate his treaty with Japan. Our engines stop, and we are soon making fast to the steamer buoy. Several launches are approaching. Among them is one from the United States flagship "Omaha," which lies here, and Lieutenant—now Rear Admiral—Murdock steps on board. I recognize him from his resemblance to his revered father. A few minutes later and three of our Yokohama missionaries, Brothers Dearing, Harrington and Hamblen, approach with a steam launch to take us off. Our baggage through the customs, we each take a jinriksha and our "kurumen" trot us off in a procession through the town and up the hill to the "Foreign Concession," the picturesque "Bluff" embowered in trees and adorned with the loveliest of flowers. We are soon lodged in Miss Britton's comfortable missionary boarding-house. How strange, quaint and interesting everything about us is! As if we had landed on a new planet! A scene of bewildering beauty spreads itself on the descending terraces on every side.

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On these are large and small gardens, cultivated to the highest pitch. Residences, half European, half Japanese, relieve, in part, the strangeness. It is like enchanted ground. But we are in a land of idols. What is that deep booming repeated every few moments, that rolls out and echoes on many sides? It is the sounding of the "tom-toms," or the huge temple gongs, by superstitious priests, to keep off the ghosts of the cholera plague just now devastating Japan and east China. It was said that twenty thousand victims died during the period of about two months that we were passing through these two lands. The disease, however, was almost wholly confined to natives, and resulted from eating tainted food, mostly in the form of dried fish.

Japan was then, and still is, a land of heathen temples. Probably not less than seventy-five thousand of these—Buddhist alone—are still in use, and as we visited them we soon began to see the rank superstition that fills the minds of the people. In the temple of Asakasu in Tokyo alone, there are more than ten thousand visitors daily. We saw mothers with infants in arms, crying from inflamed gums, result of the teething process, teaching the little innocents to imitate the mother in rubbing the cheek of a wooden idol, and then the corresponding place on its own face, implying that thus the pain might be relieved. There were deep grooves in the cheeks of the image thus used. In one of the great new temples of the Shin Shiu sect of Buddhists in Kyoto, built at a cost of a half-million dollars or more, we saw later the three great coils of cable braided from the hair of devout women, which had been consecrated to the uses of erecting the temple. They lay in several masses the size of large hog-heads, and weighed several thousand pounds.

For beauties of natural mountain scenery, with dashing streams and numerous waterfalls, and for the artistic products and quality of its skillful and cunning crafts, all most exquisitely wrought, the country can not be surpassed. The impressive beauty of Nikko, often called their Westminster Abbey, with

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its manifold temples on different levels, rising terrace above terrace, and wonderfully lacquered in various colors, are, in their way, impressive. A long avenue of cryptomeria trees, one of the historic and noteworthy approaches to these sacred shrines, we traversed in "rikshas" for twenty-seven miles. The trees are gigantic. The roadway between in many places had been washed down from four to six feet below the original grade, and in places rivulets from the mountains on each side the way rendered the atmosphere most cool and refreshing. The symmetrical, sacred mountain Nantaisan, with the beautiful lake Chiu Senji at its foot, both approached by a bridlepath up the dashing Daiyagawa stream, and Yumoto beyond, constitute a series of charming pictures. The scenery in and about Sendai, also, which I visited later, with its bewitching archipelagoes of islands, not only there, but everywhere about the coasts, brings wonderful charm to the visitor.

The Japan Inland Sea, studded with hundreds of islands rising like little, picturesque mountains, often to a considerable height, and frequently terraced for the growing of rice, wheat and other grains, affords views never to be forgotten. The uncommon skill in landscape gardening, and of rendering fertile every valley and bit of lowland, marks the Jap as a master of his art. Indeed, the whole land is as charming as a museum, with unique, natural and historic features.

While acknowledging the wonderful endowments and cleverness of some of Japan's people, and her many outstanding men of the recent past, such as Neesima, Bishop Honda, Counts Ito, Okuma, the late Premier; her numerous army and navy commanders of recent wars, such as Nogi, Kuroki, Oyama and Togo, besides many literary and university men, of which President Harada, Professor Nitobe and others are examples, I yet believe that the romancing of some writers of the Lafcadio Hearn type has been excessive. The Japanese are, and have been for centuries, unquestionably a nation of tenacious fighters. They go into battle with the desperation of the fatalist, with the abandon of a

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Mohammedan, and for similar reasons: their heaven (and one of a material sort) depends on it. Their form of patriotism is largely their religion. They have from earliest times—since Jimmo Tenno, their first Mikado, said to have sprung from heaven to earth by miracle, full armed for command and authority—been Mikado worshipers. And here is one of their serious handicaps. That mythical unreality is directly in the way of a true Theism. So far as it prevails, there is no ground for either philosophy or theology. Revelation and miracle and every fundamental of the Christian religion are precluded in the cult of the Emperor worship. The effect of this single error upon the mentality, conscience and character of the people has been well-nigh fatal. Philosophically, they have no room for personality, either in God or man. They are Pantheists, certainly naturalists, and, in the case of most of their public men, practical atheists. Their patriotism is not grounded, as Christian patriotism is, in the very being of God, the Author of all governments, and in man's relation to him as personal. There is a cheap estimate placed upon the sanctity of human life. Suicide and infanticide are every-day occurrences. One of the customs attaching to the old and false romantic system, which in certain circumstances called upon the retainers of the lord or daimio to commit *hara-kiri*, has done much to foster a morbid view of the heroic. All this grows out of the lack of a proper sense of the soul's immortality. Indeed, the custom of *hara-kiri* is a logical part of their morbid notion of patriotism and human honor. The sense of proportion between this life and the next is thus radically destroyed, and the notion of Deity and responsibility to Him is quite ignored. All this tends to a wretched pessimism, which is enhanced by forms of Buddhistic teaching. It is true that there prevails in Japan one of the higher forms of Buddhism, represented by the Shin Shiu sect. Their highest deity is Kwan Yin, the goddess of mercy. This form of Buddhism has a most interesting history. It is traceable back to China, and to a very early century.

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It is believed by some students of the subject to have originated in Bible lands, and as far back as the beginning of the Christian era. It has in it so close a resemblance to facts in the life and being of Christ that some have thought it was of really Christian origin, but for reasons modified. It has even a doctrine of justification by faith apart from works. It has also had remarkable Luther-like reformers from time to time, who have sought to recover it from certain abuses. For further light on this subject, see an article by me in my "In Brightest Asia," Chapter IV. It is also true that present-day Buddhism, on the part of some of its leaders influenced by our Christian propagandism, has begun to read Christianity into its own system, and on occasions it is found preaching the doctrines of Jesus. Nevertheless, it is not too much to say that the Buddhism of Japan, as a whole, has been a great blight, and rendered it far more difficult, than among peoples purely Animistic, to introduce the gospel. There has been little, even in forms of Bushido sentiment, now decidedly waning, to save the people from dreadful conditions of joylessness and gross immoralities.

But, on the other hand, Japan has always appeared to me to have within it and its people great incitement to Christian effort. First of all, they are a cleanly people; exceptionally so among Orientals. The members of the ordinary Japanese family are put through a well-nigh scalding hot bath every night, which goes far to prepare the way for things decent the coming day. The people are also, as I have intimated, highly æsthetic, artistic and polite; and while a coarse-minded type of missionary among them would be regarded as an offense to their sensibilities, yet, for men and women of sufficient æsthetic temperament, and endowed with the gifts of politeness and tactful personal approach, they hold a large promise. Their zeal for education is something quite phenomenal, and the progress made in their universal system of public education has relatively surpassed everything in recent times; and while, for the time being, this education has departed from the

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standards introduced by the early missionaries, Verbeck, Brown and Hepburn, and has tended towards German rationalism and agnosticism, it affords, let us hope, after all, a promise for something permanent and solid in the time to come.

That Japan, also, by its geographical position, its linguistic connection with China and its great aggressiveness in everything modern, occupies a position of strategic importance in the Far East, is beyond doubt; its political, industrial and military ability largely to dominate China has of late been thought to constitute a menace to that land and even to India; and it certainly may be a real peril in the near future, unless China, at least, wakes up and turns to seek such guidance as is available to it from higher sources. But as goes Japan religiously and educationally, so will go at least Korea, China, Formosa and the Philippine Islands. Another thing has always impressed me, not only as a result of my three visits to Japan, but from contact with her people on occasions in America and Europe, and that is the great capacity of the Japanese for friendliness. They seem uncommonly open-hearted and susceptible—the very kind of material on which human tact and a brotherly feeling seem to take easy effect.

With respect to missionary work in Japan, the Congregational, Presbyterian, Methodist, Episcopal and Dutch Reformed Church missions among Protestants have done conspicuously efficient work. I wish as much could be said in behalf of American Baptists. No more devoted workers could a country have had than Nathan Brown, C. H. Carpenter, J. L. Dearing, Mrs. Brand, Miss Kidder, A. A. Bennet, and others yet living, gifted and earnest souls, whom I need not name. But our entrance on the work in that land was late. True, we were long before preoccupied almost to the limit of our resources in the older work in other lands, but we have never had a settled, persistent and uniform policy, such as it would seem the missionaries and officials at home might have reached. But, worse than all, our inadequate ideas respecting education as

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the handmaid of evangelization, and the lack of financial support on the part of Baptist laymen, have, unfortunately, been a great handicap. Had we planned a generation ago to put a million dollars, more or less, by installments into a good college, with a theological seminary attached, how different the situation now would be. Business men visiting Japan at this time are often mortified at our backward place, but the ample funds of some of these same visitors have never been forthcoming to rescue us from discredit. The denomination, as a whole, has never measured up to the situation and promise of things in Japan.

A notable thing has been done in Tokyo in the building and, recently, in the rebuilding of the Central Tabernacle. The Woman's Society in Japan has made a worthy record. There are five creditable girls' schools in Tokyo, Yokohama, Himeiji, Osaka and Sendai. The Inland Sea work, projected by Mr. Robert Allan, of Glasgow, was taken up by the society, and a notable work has been carried on under Captain Bickel.

In the year 1890, when I was first in Japan, the guest of Rev. R. A. Thomsen, I found him full of zeal to have something special done for the half-million or more dwellers on the charming Inland Sea. Encouraged by me, he sought a boat-builder of some skill, and had drawn a simple design for a houseboat, which we thought would be suitable for a missionary's abode while touring about among the hundreds of islets in that remarkable archipelago. That plan I brought home with me, and showed it to our committee. Meanwhile, Mr. Thomsen kept mulling over his hopes. It seems that Madam Allan, of Glasgow, mother of several of the owners of the great steamship line of that name, some time before, had been navigating through the China and Japan Seas, in a tour of the world, and she had become interested in the Loo Choo Islands, in which no mission work had ever yet been done. She had met Mr. Thomsen in Kobe, and expressed to him her desire, if it ever became feasible, to begin work there through him, if he would undertake it. Mr.

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Thomsen later entered into correspondence with Madam Allan, and one day we were surprised by a receipt of an English check for £700, to be applied to Mr. Thomsen's undertaking, under the oversight of our Board. Soon after, taking a native Japanese evangelist with him, Mr. Thomsen visited the islands and instituted a work which has greatly prospered until now.

Not long after Madam Allan passed away, her son, Mr. Robert Allan, communicated with Mr. Thomsen, desiring to continue his mother's work, and, besides, he wished, also, on his own account, to institute work on the islands of the Inland Sea. He also shortly sent a draft for £2,000 for the purpose.

Not long after, my colleague, Dr. Duncan, one day burst into my room, exclaiming:

"Oh, Mabie, Mabie, I have just received a letter from one Luke Bickel, an experienced seaman, as well as Bible colporteur in England, who has heard of the Allan project, asking that he be permitted to take charge of the new line of work! God has sent the man!"

This has proved to have been a part of one of the most clearly providential series of incidents in the history of our work.

Mr. Bickel, encouraged by Dr. Duncan, went to Glasgow for extended conferences with Mr. Allan. Ere many days, Mr. Bickel appeared at our rooms with elaborate plans for the new mission ship, all furnished by the munificence, nautical experience and money of this Presbyterian friend, Mr. Allan. Mr. Bickel—now Captain Bickel—shortly proceeded to Yokohama, engaged a builder and in time turned out his trim ship, the "Fukuin Maru," navigated her round to Kobe, and made his first venture among the islanders. The people at first were shy enough towards the stranger, but the captain's tact, indomitable perseverance and speedy command of the language soon won him friends, and now, after a period of about two decades, and thousands of miles of travel over the islands and of navigating among their channels, there are scores of

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preaching centers, the nuclei of many churches, and the captain is received everywhere as a veritable apostle. He can find an improvised chapel in the adjustable, partitionless homes of almost any of the villages where he appears. In short, what Dr. Grenfell has become to the peoples of Labrador, that the genial, self-obliterating Captain Bickel has become to these islanders. He now has a much better style of ship—the “Fukuin Maru, No. 2”—fitted with auxiliary steam-power, for more rapid and effective service than the pioneer ship. To the building and upkeep of both vessels, Mr. Allan has always been the foremost contributor. It was my pleasure in 1907 to spend several days with Captain Bickel on the first ship, and in cruising about amid the charming bays of the region. On this occasion I came into acquaintance, also, with another good captain, a Government officer in charge of one of Japan's naval academies, near to which the “Fukuin Maru” finds a most convenient home anchorage. This Japanese—Captain Kobayashi—has become one of Captain Bickel's best friends and sympathizers. The deep, heart-to-heart talks I had with this English-speaking Japanese officer remain as one of the most satisfying points of contact I was ever permitted to establish with an Oriental. As the result of three friendly calls, accompanied by his beautiful Christian wife, a close bond of friendship was established which abides to this day. How the man venerates the missionary captain and his wife always resident on the ship with her husband. It has become the custom long since for numbers of the little bluejackets in the naval school to come evenings and on Sundays to this Bethel, to learn to play the organ and sing gospel songs. Doubtless the place has proved to be the very gate of heaven to many of these susceptible young souls. The Japanese captain has frequently said that the influence of Captain Bickel was his main reliance in the simplification of problems of discipline occurring in the academy.

What the line of work done by Captain Janes and Guido Verbeck in Kumamoto was in the very early

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days of Japan's awakening, that the work of the devoted Captain Bickel has been in this section of the Sunrise Kingdom. I shall ever be thankful for the little part I, almost unwittingly, had in the promotion of the "Fukuin Maru" enterprise. Were not these regions among those of whom the prophet long ago said, "And the isles shall wait for his law"? How blest the messenger that can even help to bear it to them.

XVIII

IN THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE

THERE were several things which gave zest to my visit to China: first, my long-time admiration of, and some intimacy of relations with, Dr. William Ashmore, who devoted a half-century to work in that land. Dr. Ashmore had written vigorously, as well as given very notable platform addresses before the denomination.

At the Minneapolis meeting, as chairman of the committee on China, which, according to custom in those days, was given an entire year in which to prepare its report, I read a paper on the China mission, which awakened a good deal of interest. It pleaded for a much larger proportion of attention than our denomination had previously given to this part of the world. Dr. Ashmore was greatly cheered by this report, and he followed it with one of his greatest addresses. I think it is not too much to claim that, from that day, China began to loom larger on the Baptist horizon. The mission to West China and the general expansion inland were among the things really initiated and strongly advocated under Dr. Ashmore's administration as corresponding secretary of the Union. The mission to Hanyang, in particular, really a part of Hankow, sprang out of my own suggestion, and was the important advance movement initiated in 1891, growing out of my visits to the place the year previous. It was really the most signal step forward projected in connection with the "Carey Centenary." In that year, 1892, the society for the first time in its history raised a total from all sources of more than one million dollars. The Board voted to open work in Hanyang, and desig-

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nated Rev. J. S. Adams and wife, formerly of Kinhwa, to inaugurate the work. This movement was most cordially invited by the veteran Dr. Griffith John, of the London Society. He had been in the region for nearly fifty years, and he and his associates, uniformly, until Mr. Adams' death in 1912, stood in most cordial relations to this Baptist work. This was true, also, of the English Wesleyans, the American Episcopalians, the Scottish Bible Society, and others. The mission grew to have three outstations apart from Hanyang, with a total membership of about six hundred souls. A strong hospital had also been added to the mission. By agreement with the other missions, the whole section of the land lying between the Yangtsekiang and the Han Rivers was assigned to the American Baptists. Until the decease of Mr. Adams, and as aided by a fair staff of several devoted coworkers, the mission made steady progress. Hanyang is situated at the head of navigation, in the most strategic center in all China, at the point where the Peking-Canton-Central China Railway is to cross the river. As the total population in the three cities is more than one million people, it seems to the writer to be a center of foremost importance in the empire. It has astonished me that there should ever have arisen counsels which have resulted in the practical extinction of the station as a center for Baptist work.

Again, my attendance on the first great Ecumenical Conference in London, in 1888, had rolled upon me a new sense of the immense moment of China as a mission field. A most prominent figure in the London meeting was Rev. Hudson Taylor, general director of the China Inland Mission. He was a man of most apostolic mold. I later came to know him well, and I have twice visited his grave at Ching Kiang. I had also been deeply impressed by a book entitled "In the Far East," letters written by Miss Geraldine Guinness. This book is the most ideally impressive thing for foreign missionary candidates to read that I have ever seen. This gifted woman has since, in collaboration

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with her husband, Dr. J. Howard Taylor, become the historian of the China Inland Mission, and they have jointly written an uncommon biography of the founder.

The evidences of a new awakening in China were numerous. While, therefore, my interest to see for myself that firstborn of our Baptist foreign missions in Burma, and also in the Telugu land, which had so powerfully appealed to me in student days, was paramount, yet my interest in visiting China was scarcely less marked. Arrived in this latter country, my interest greatly deepened. The large group of missionaries in Shanghai was a most impressive body to meet. Indeed, many of them were on the wharf at the landing as our steamer, the "Yokohama Maru," from Japan, drew alongside, and foremost to welcome me was Rev. D. W. Herring, of the Southern Baptist Board, in Chinese costume. He afforded me hospitality for about three weeks, in the old mission house built by Dr. Matthew T. Yates, the pioneer of a number of missionaries in China from North Carolina. I was invited to lead the large weekly prayer-meeting of the missionary representatives, on Saturday afternoon. I recall among these stalwarts Dr. Timothy Richard, our English Baptist sage; Dr. Young J. Allen, of the Southern Methodist Board, and editor of a special magazine for the literati of China; Dr. Edkin and Dr. Morehead, of the London Society; several medical and China Inland missionaries, not to mention the names of those of a dozen other denominations. They were a strong and impressive body. I was repeatedly a guest of Mr. Stevenson, superintendent of the spacious China Inland headquarters, the most complete establishment of its kind, and the most businesslike that I have seen in any mission land, unless I except our own press in Rangoon. It was virtually a settlement, built in quadrangular form about a lovely lawn. It was at once a temporary boarding establishment, a supply depot, a chapel, a series of business offices, and on one side a row of accommodations for native Chinese preachers, when they should visit the headquarters. It cost about eighty

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thousand dollars, and was the gift of one man in England, the devoted Mr. Orr-Ewing, who, in addition, himself came to China, donned Chinese dress, and devoted quite a period to personal missionary service. Accompanied by a Mr. J. R. Liddiard, of the board of the London Society, I took a trip up the river to Nanking, under escort of Miss Butler, of the American Friends' Mission, and another Presbyterian lady. Arriving at Hankow, we were met by Dr. Griffith John and became his guests for several days, including a Sabbath. I was greatly impressed with the large native congregations. This friendship with Griffith John ripened into a permanent one, which continued until his death, in 1910. This great man, with his coworkers, had been the means of gathering, within a period of forty years, a native Chinese church in and about this great central station of nearly eight thousand Christians. He was virtually the man who providentially, through much tribulation, won entrance for missions into the hostile province of Hunan. On one occasion afterwards he was given almost a state entrance into its capital city, Changsha. Dr. John was also the long-time and much-appreciated foreign friend of the Viceroy, Chang Chi Tung, of Wuchang, the walled city across the river. It was this great Viceroy who wrote "China's Only Hope," who employed his fortune in educating the Chinese abroad, and who built the great rolling-mills and gun factories in Hanyang, which have since become so famous. In many lines of manufacture it resembles a part of our own Pittsburgh. Dr. John himself tramped with me all over the slopes of the Hanyang Hill, and laid out in glowing colors the prospect for the Baptist mission, which he waited to forward so fraternally, when his former friend, Mr. Adams, should arrive. I here also met Mr. Arnold Foster, virtual successor of Dr. John in the London mission, still living, and the genial Dr. Gillison, in charge of the London Society Hospital. Here, also, I heard much about the saintly David Hill, of the Wesleyan Society. He was, however, away in the

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country at the time, but the story of his great power over the Chinese enchanted me. Mrs. Howard Taylor has told, perhaps, the principal story connected with his apostolic work. It is an account of one "Pastor Hsi, one of China's scholars," and yet for years a confirmed opium eater. On meeting him, Mr. Hill fairly magnetized him into confidence, and the man himself not only was recovered from the opium habit, but became the means of establishing more than forty refuges for other victims of the drug. Dr. Gillison's tales of the manner in which God blessed the medical work, fairly opening the way for the foreigner's gospel message in remote quarters, moved me deeply. At Hankow, also, I was more than pleased to meet Mr. Warner, of our West China mission, who had come all the way down the river from Sui-Fu to meet me and confer with reference to the expansion of work opened by him and others in the mountain province of Sze-Chuan.

On the way up the river, as intimated, I visited the historic city of Nanking, and was the guest of many societies—the Presbyterian, the American Methodist, the Friends' Society, etc. With Dr. Beebe, in charge of the Philander Smith Memorial Hospital, I went out to see the celebrated tombs of the Ming Dynasty, which ruled three or four hundred years before. We encountered a singular procession sent by royalty from Peking to pray at this shrine for rain, of which the whole country was in dire need. The day after, while waiting on the wharf at Nanking nearly a whole day for a steamer stranded somewhere on a sandbank of the lower river, Mr. Liddiard and I had unique experiences with the native Chinese, who, like ourselves, were awaiting the delayed steamer. I grew tired and went over under the shade of a "landing hulk" on the riverbank, and, throwing down my overcoat for a rug and my grip for a pillow, I prepared for a nap. But what was my surprise to see a young man approach, who, by mere signs, made me understand I was to come with him. I rose and followed, and this kindly man led me around to a retired sort of private landing and showed

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me inside his own houseboat. There he fixed up for me a sort of couch, and made me understand I could rest there unmolested. After I had slept, this same man came a second time, bringing a friend with him, and signified to me that, as a boat was coming up the river which he must now meet, his friend would take me to his houseboat, and there I could continue my rest. Later, another man brought to my friend and myself some fresh-boiled eggs and a large plate of the cleanest, white cooked rice, and bade us eat. When we offered him pay for the same he quite spiritedly declined any payment. I made some effort to make some of these friendly folk understand the sort of people we really were. Taking out of my pocket my little diamond edition of the Scriptures, I gathered a group around me, and by signs alone, I caused them to understand that this book, unlike their books, read horizontally, from left to right, and then, pointing upward to the skies, I indicated that it spoke of the God of heaven, and then, clasping it to my breast, made them see that the book was very dear to me, and that between my heart and the Being above there was fellowship. Is there not a language of the heart so that by signs he who will may be a real missionary, even while transiently passing through an unknown land and ignorant of the language? "One touch of [grace] makes the whole world kin."

On the return to Shanghai we also touched at Ching Kiang. We met Brethren Bryan and Bostick, of the Southern Baptist mission, and by the time we were at the coast again we felt quite naturalized; at least, to missionary China.

I also went to Ningpo, visited Dr. and Mrs. Goddard, Dr. and Mrs. Grant and the young women of the mission. I had most interesting sessions with Dr. Goddard's staff of a dozen or more native preachers, including a representative from the island of Chusan, Dr. Goddard interpreting. I visited the graves of a number of missionaries who had laid down their lives on this field—among them Dr. Lord and Rev. M. J.

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Knowlton. I also visited the Presbyterian mission, across the river from ours, and, with Dr. Goddard, took a foot-boat trip a hundred miles up the Tsung River to visit Dr. Jenkins and wife. There, also, for the first time I met Rev. J. S. Adams and his twelve-year-old son Arthur, now a missionary himself at Hopo, on the Swatow field, and there began a valuable friendship, and an appreciation of Mr. Adams as an experienced missionary to the Chinese, and among the foremost, which time will not efface.

Next, we went down to Hongkong and Canton. At Canton we became the guests of Dr. and Mrs. R. S. Graves and their *confreres*, who had much to show us of the fruits of nearly half a century of work under the auspices of the Richmond Board. There we found about four thousand Christians, a series of good schools, the beginning of a good seminary for ministerial training, a printing establishment, etc. In Canton, also, I met representatives of numbers of societies, and chief among them was the very uncommon medical and surgical veteran, Dr. J. G. Kerr, in charge of the large Presbyterian hospital. He had established, also, a full-fledged medical school of instruction for the native Chinese. Some of these men were adepts as lecturers on anatomy and surgery. Some were very skillful in delicate operations on the eye, as in removal of cataract and for the excision of huge tumors. Dr. Kerr told me that he himself had performed more than twenty-five thousand major operations for lithotomy alone since being in that hospital. In such cases, abounding in China, he was probably the greatest specialist of his time, in any country. We were dined by the Hon. Mr. Seymour, our United States Consul, at his home on the island of Shameen. At this table we were also favored to meet the veteran Dr. Happer, of the American Presbyterian mission, and founder of the college now known as the American Christian College. I preached in the large parlors of the hospital on Sunday night to the missionary colony.

But what a mass of heathenism in the raw, what

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squalor and filth, with ditches running green and foul with slime, from which the common people fill their very teakettles, is Canton! Some advocates of the relative worth of all types of "ethnic religions" I occasionally hear of ought to have an enforced residence in Canton—the native city—for six months (if they could survive so long); it would help their theoretic views.

From Canton we went to Macao to visit the grave of the immortal Morrison, located in a secluded and beautiful cemetery on the side of the city. Dr. Morrison, his wife Mary, and their infant son, J. R., all here sleep side by side. It was this man who, when on his way to China on an American ship, being asked by the captain if he "supposed he could change conservative, rock-bound old China?" answered, "No, I can not but my God can do it." And hasn't he done it, especially within the last generation? In fifty years scarcely fifty reliable converts; in the next thirty years perhaps thirty thousand, but in the last twenty-five years nearly three hundred thousand. What hath God wrought!

We reserved till the last our visit to Swatow and to the Ashmores. Bro. J. W. Foster met us on arrival of the steamer and took us in one of the mission boats a mile or so to the mission landing at Kah Chieh. The compound, once a mass of bare, uneven, sponge-like rock, has been terraced, planted and cultivated to a high pitch of Oriental perfection. Beautiful banyan-trees prevail, and as they extend their lacework formation of roots over some of the embankments with rocky sides, they are very picturesque. Flowers and potted plants, especially chrysanthemums, under the skill of native gardeners, have made this once desolate place a rare garden of delights. A half-dozen mission-houses, a hospital embracing two or three buildings, a commodious chapel and school buildings for both sexes are disposed about the compound. Dr. Scott, Dr. Foster, Dr. and Mrs. Carlin, Rev. George Campbell and wife and Mr. and Mrs. Norvell composed the missionary colony.

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We took an extended houseboat trip up the river to the Kityang district, and saw several meetings of natives in the open country. On this trip we had our first sight of lepers, so abounding in the Orient. One of Dr. Ashmore's principal preaching-points was across the bay, in the city of Swatow. Here we saw and heard the missionaries preaching to the natives. In Swatow City, also, we had delightful fellowship with the now veteran English Presbyterian missionary, Dr. J. C. Gibson, a man of very uncommon abilities. We also met Dr. Lyle, the very capable head of the Presbyterian hospital, and Mrs. Lyle. This mission just across the bay from ours has had an equal, if not even superior, prosperity to our own, each mission having in its constituency about four thousand actual members, and with numerous stations through the backlying country. We also went with Dr. Ashmore and Mr. Foster to Chao Chao Fu, beautifully situated forty miles above Swatow on a river which empties into the Swatow Bay. There is here a remarkably picturesque antique bridge. The sides of the several spans of the bridge are peopled with a veritable village of dwellers. We visited a quaint old Buddhist temple, located on the Golden Pagoda Hill, from which, looking across the country to a vast, expanding hillside, we saw what appeared to be several square miles, long occupied as a cemetery. Many thousands, through the generations, have been buried there, and, as Dr. Ashmore said, "they lie in those graves three and four deep, one upon another." The fact is, large areas in China are one vast burial-place, where, for four thousand years, the poor pagan generations, one after another, have laid them down to die, with no certain light on the future. And yet for two thousand years Christianity has had its doctrine of the resurrection and the living Christ. In Dr. Ashmore's home, and on those boat trips up and down the river, we discussed everything connected with missionary policy, and for the various lands in which Dr. Ashmore, far more than most men of his time, had traveled and observed closely. And for him and his

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matured wisdom, not to mention his uncommon insight into the Christian Scriptures, the writer came to have a great veneration.

When Dr. Ashmore passed, the Baptists of America lost a master missionary and a world statesman. Since Judson, it is doubtful if American Baptists have had so commanding a missionary personality. He read, marked and digested more papers and periodicals, daily, than any man I ever knew. There was nothing in history, statecraft, philosophy, or theology, with which he was not familiar, and he wrote enough matter relating to missions in all its forms, and in the most piquant style, to have filled a score of volumes, and yet the public has no single book from his pen, nor has any biography of him ever yet been written. To this great personage I confess a debt beyond estimate, for my profound and fixed interest in the character and promise of China, as a prime missionary asset for Christians of every name in this twentieth century.

The concluding impressions of China that were throughout cumulative, on this first missionary journey, were derived from a week's visit to Singapore, the metropolis of the Straits Settlement. Hither great numbers of the more enterprising of the Chinese have migrated, being the leading merchants, ship-owners, artisans, and commission men of the city. Many of them have grown very rich. They have also learned well the English language, and they are often public-spirited and benevolent. They have done the greater part, with funds and patronage, to found and support the great Anglo-Chinese school established by the American Methodists under Bishop Thoburn and the no less able Dr. Oldham. Chinese of similar spirit to those in Singapore have also in great numbers gone to the Philippines, to Java, and other islands of Polynesia, and they are filling Burma and India proper.

XIX

IN THE LAND OF JUDSON

BY whatever geographical or other name Burma is described, to American Baptists it will always be best known as the land of Judson, and the three noble women who became successively the sharers of his toils and sufferings. The great new era that came to our people denominationally began with the interest and public spirit that were aroused for the support of the Judsons. Not only was a new accent given to the New Testament faith as held by Baptists, by Judson's avowal of it under peculiarly trying circumstances, but they began to entertain new and deeper views of life and being than before had seemed possible. Even children, to whom the story was told of what these heroic souls had encountered in facing particularly the imprisonments at Ava and Aungbingleh, were powerfully affected by those events.

Accordingly, when I found myself sailing up the muddy waters of the Rangoon River, and caught the first glint of the sunrise on the great Shweydagong pagoda, towering above the city, the sensation was most exciting. I was met at the landing and escorted to the home of Dr. and Mrs. Rose for entertainment. Here also Rev. D. L. Brayton, the father of Mrs. Rose, had his home. His devoted and much-beloved wife had passed away only three days before. The first religious service I attended in this interesting land was for the celebration of the Lord's Supper in the little Pwo Karen chapel. I also there heard Father Brayton himself speak on the triumphant home-going of his dear wife, who had for long been so much to the large company of Karen women and girls present. The calm, unshaken faith of

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the old missionary, who had already served sixty-two years in Burma, was beautiful to behold. Mrs. Brayton was the cherished sister of the mother of my chum in college and for years after, Mrs. Edward Savage, of Joliet, Illinois, referred to in an earlier chapter. She, next to my dear mother, had done most to foster in me the sense of the great honor that comes to the really called Christian minister. The traditions treasured in the Savage home, respecting the work of the Braytons, were quite familiar to me. I had also come to know in his student days in America the Karen, Thanbyah, now secretary of the native Baptist convention of Burma, a *protege* of the Braytons.

I found Rangoon a very beehive of religious and Baptist activity. The missionary colony numbered nearly a score of families. In addition to those already named, the chief one of interest to me was "Mamma Bennett," the senior of them all, wife of the former mission printer, Rev. Cephas Bennett. She had been the contemporary of the Judsons. In the period of Judson's bereavement after the death of his second wife, she had made a home for him in Moulmein. There were Mrs. Brainerd Vinton and her children, Dr. J. N. Cushing and Mrs. Seagrave, and others, connected with various departments of the work, living in Rangoon. At Insein, the pleasing suburb where is located our Theological Institution, was "Mamma Stevens," also a contemporary of the Judsons, and the mother of Mrs. D. A. W. Smith, whose husband is at this writing a veteran of more than fifty years' standing among the Karen missionaries and the most efficient president of the seminary. In Rangoon was the great mission press, printing in a score of dialects, not only the beginnings of a Christian literature, but also school-books for the Government, in the further development of its new citizenship—a truly remarkable institution. Here were schools beginning with the college started by Dr. J. G. Binney; schools for both boys and girls of various races, Sgau Karens, Burmans, Pwo Karens, Eurasians, Telugus and Tamils. Here also was a large English-speaking church com-

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posed of the missionary families and Anglo-Indians, before whom I preached one Sunday evening.

Rangoon is practically an English city, numbering then about one hundred and fifty thousand souls, now many more. It is a large seaport, and has among its population many thousands of Chinese, plying a great variety of trades or practising the manual arts. So, in visiting these many centers of activity, I was kept very busy throughout all the time I could give to this *entrepot* of the country. Later I visited in succession Moulmein, Maubin, Bassein, Toungoo, Pegu, Mandalay and Sagaing. I was accompanied on all these visits by one or more of the missionary brothers or sisters, and in all these places we had the most interesting of meetings in the missionary homes and in the native chapels or schools.

Dr. Brayton proposed to be my companion on the trip to Moulmein. He had himself resided there in the early years, in charge of the Pwo Karen work. I could not have been more favored in my guide to this historic spot. We took passage on the day steamer from Rangoon, crossing over the Gulf of Martaban and up the bay of the Salwen River, a sail of about ten hours. The dear old veteran, though recently so sorely bereaved, was full of praise of the divine goodness which had brought him and his dear wife to live and labor in this land for so long a period. He was full of memories of the beginnings of the work. He vividly retraced for me the pages of its progress, and tenderly described the personages who had been his companions. The ship which had brought him, the bark "Rosabella," from Boston in 1837, was a vessel of only three hundred tons. It was a voyage of five months' duration. They had for companions the Stevenses and Stillsons. The ship also brought the paper for the first edition of Judson's Burman Bible. They landed at Amherst, and were met, first by Brother Haswell, and soon after by Judson and Osgood, the missionary printer. Speaking of missionary trials, he remarked:

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"Talk not of trials; speak of privileges. Think of what it is to see the dark countenance of a heathen light up at your message—a joy worldlings know nothing about. Don't mention sacrifices; they are not worth talking about. I was associated with Judson for thirteen years, but I never heard him say a word about suffering, unless drawn out, and then he would check and rebuke himself."

Dr. Brayton's account of his country tours, accompanied by his devoted wife, often carried by natives in an American rocking-chair through the jungles, and the eagerness with which the poor people would cluster about their boat, or a *zayat*, was most touching. This was the time when the Karens were divulging their cherished traditions respecting a "paradise" and a "sacred book" which their ancestors had lost, and this Book of the white messenger from afar was full of interest to them. They would ask, "Does the white book contain anything that can cure the sorrows of the heart?"

"For thirty-five years," said the veteran, "our life was filled up with such experiences;" and his eagerness for more was unabated.

He had latterly been revising the Pwo Karen Bible, rising daily at four o'clock in the morning to toil upon it. Ah! that was a great day I had with the old veteran, keen for the battle still as a disciplined war-horse.

At about 2 P. M. the long, low shore on which Amherst was situated appeared. Just in line with the pagoda, dimly seen rising on the horizon, rest the ashes of Ann Hasseltine Judson and the infant Maria. Finding them sleeping together in that grave constituted one of the severest shocks that came to Judson on his return from Ava, in the early days. We steam on twenty-five miles farther up the river. Rice and timber mills appear, with huge elephants piling lumber in the yards along the bank. Majestic cocoa palms adorn the slopes. Mammoth pagodas, gold-covered, often streaked with green or gray growths of herbage in the crevices, crowned the principal heights, and flashed back upon

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us the westering sunlight. All was picturesque and historic. The place is also hallowed as the sanctuary where the Burman Bible was translated and printed, and whence issued those letters recording personal bereavements and fiery disciplines, but, withal, with those high ideals for the heathen which for three generations have thrilled the church with a power scarcely less than the Epistles of St. Paul.

About 4 P. M. we reach Moulmein, and our vessel is made fast to her moorings. The docks are crowded with a motley group of Orientals—red-skirted Burmans; white-turbaned Tamils, Telugus and Klings from India proper; the Bengali; the omnipresent pig-tailed Chinaman; the shy, wild Shan; the Talign, the Arab and the Sikh. Pressing through the clamorous crowd we see two missionary figures, Revs. E. O. Stevens and W. F. Armstrong, coming to welcome us.

I was shown to a garry, or cab, and left sitting for a few minutes while the brethren were disposing of some baggage. I soon espied, just across the narrow way, the figure of an aged woman, with wrinkled features, eyeing me closely. I politely salaamed to her, whereupon she approached the garry and, through the open door, extended her long, lean hand, and muttered something in Burmese. I clasped her hand warmly and looked into the beaming face. Just then Brother Stevens came up, and explained that this was one of the four or five old believers still living who had been won to Christ and baptized by Dr. Judson in the long ago. And we shook hands again the more eagerly, while Brother Stevens conveyed the thanks she was speaking for all that American friends had done for her and her poor people. A new realization of the old hymn, "Blest Be the Tie that Binds," came over me.

I need not here describe all the interesting spots I was keen to visit at this wondrous shrine: the old press building; the now vacant Judson compound, marked only by four frangipani-trees, planted by Judson himself; the Boardman place; the Burman church building, remodeled since Judson's time; the splendid Morton

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Lane Girls' School, of which the Woman's Society in Boston is so justly proud; the Eurasian and the Burman Boys' Schools; the large Karen boarding-school and chapel; the cemetery, where sleep so many of the saintly men and women, and not a few of their children; the native bazaars, etc.

At the Karen schoolbuilding, in a part of which the Bulkleys had their home, a large reception was given us in the evening. I preached one evening to the English-speaking people. I made it a special duty, as well as pleasure, to call on Dr. Moungh Shawloo and family, a Burman of high standing and usefulness as a physician in Moulmein. He was educated in Bucknell University and in some leading American medical institution. I once had seen him in my student days, at the Chicago meeting of the Anniversaries, and I was delighted again to meet him here, and to find that he was pursuing so useful a career.

Among the events of thrilling interest I shared in and about Moulmein was the side trip taken by Dr. Edward O. Stevens and myself to Amherst, to visit the grave of Mrs. Ann H. Judson. The trip was taken by night, in a Bengalee boat rowed by four strong oarsmen, who stood as they rowed. Brother Stevens charmed me on the way with his reminiscences of Judson, especially of his regretful last embarkation, which, as a boy, Stevens had witnessed. We arrived at seven in the morning. We were met at the simple landing by one of the Christian disciples, husband of Ma-Theh-Oo, who, under the conduct of Miss Susie Haswell, had spent three years in America. They had breakfast waiting for us, and shortly thereafter we made our way to the sacred spot under the once historic hopia-tree, now gone, where lay the mortal remains of Mrs. Judson and her infant child.

There were with us a few Burman sympathizers. The graves were overgrown with the shrub called *lantana*. We stood and reverently read the inscription on the plain slab within the plain, wooden enclosure, which was erected by an appreciative Christian English

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sea captain, James Hague, father of the distinguished Dr. William Hague, of Boston fame. It was with hallowed interest that I stood by this martyr grave, and entered anew into lifelong fellowship with all that those great lives stand for in the kingdom of Christ.

Since my visit, the grave, on account of the encroachments of the sea upon the place, has been removed to a safe spot, many yards distant from the shore, and a neat iron fence erected about it. In Amherst, also, I met another veteran disciple of Judson's, the Burman woman Ko-Lake, eighty-two years of age. The next night we returned by the same boat to Moulmein, and the day after we were on our way back to Rangoon, much enriched with interest in all the sublime events connected with American Baptist mission history wrought out in Moulmein.

I had a special joy in visiting the Bassein mission. For ten years it was the home of Mrs. Helen L. Beecher, the daughter of my early pastor, Roe, in Belvidere, and the eldest sister of my dear wife. She went to Burma in 1856 as the second wife of Rev. John S. Beecher, one of the underground workers in industrial lines, yet, withal, an uncommon Christian teacher in the mission. I had read with absorbing interest Carpenter's "Self-support in Bassein," which was the best preparation for understanding the situation in this ripest center of self-supporting, self-administering work in any of our Baptist foreign fields. Three generations of missionaries, in charge of the large Sgau Karen portion of the Bassein work, have each been wise and unselfish enough to build upon the foundations so well laid by the pioneer, Elisha L. Abbott, one of the greatest of all the Karen missionaries. First came Abbott, then Beecher, then Dr. C. H. Carpenter, and the last and present incumbent is Rev. C. A. Nichols, D.D.

The industrial features of the work are very prominent, and in the development of these Dr. Nichols has played the most prominent part. I found a large lumber-mill running, with approved types of American

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machinery, like Rogers planers and Diston saws. They also carry on an important steam launch and boat building industry. They have an ice factory and large rice-mills, the whole country round about being one of the most productive rice-growing regions in the entire East. And all these establishments are conducted and worked exclusively by native Karens. The superintendents, directors, bookkeepers and all employes are natives. From the profits of these industries the support of the Ko-Thah-Byu memorial school is derived. The Karens are naturally musicians. Practice on brass and wind instruments has long entered into the course of instruction, and on every school day of the year one may hear the classic compositions of Western masters rendered. Efficient choral societies exist in the Bassein schools, and their productions have long awakened the admiration of the foremost British officials and foreign visitors. Moreover, the large force of native preachers are men of originality, spirituality and power.

In Bassein there has long been carried on, also, a very successful work among the Pwo Karens, some thousands of them having been gathered into churches and schools. Both the boys' and girls' schools in Bassein City have thriven under devoted workers. Dr. L. W. Cronkhite, assisted by Miss Sarah Higby and Miss Louise Tschirch, has been long the skillful director in general of the Pwo Karen work in the district.

A most worthy work, also, has been carried on among the Burmans, superintended by such workers as Melvin Jameson, Rev. E. Tribolet and Rev. W. L. Soper, now in charge.

One of the outstanding events in my tour of Burma was the visit to Toungoo and to the associational gatherings of the B'ghai Christians. Toungoo has long been one of our foremost Burman centers. Dr. Francis Mason there early pioneered the way. Dr. E. B. Cross, also, lived and labored there for sixty-one years, among a branch of the Karens known as the Pakus. He passed away in 1905, and his son B. P. and his son-in-

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law, A. V. B. Crumb, have succeeded to his labors. On one of the Sundays I was in Toungoo I went over to the Paku Karen compound, two or three miles away from Dr. Bunker's, to dine with Dr. Cross. I found him pretty hale, considering that he came out in 1844, and had survived long enough to round out more than a half-century, putting him in the class of Father Brayton, Mamma Bennett and Mrs. E. A. Stevens. We had high converse respecting the early days in his career.

After dinner I was favored with a call from a character I was quite surprised to see, a Karen woman, La-eu, the nurse-girl to my four nieces—the Beecher girls—when they were children in Bassein. She was now the wife of one Pah Hah, a Government school inspector, as well as a trusted deacon in the native church at Toungoo.

In Toungoo, other well-known workers, like M. H. Bixby, J. N. Cushing, J. E. Cochrane, Dr. Bunker and Dr. Truman Johnson, with various heroic women, have also labored. There are four departments of work; viz., for Burmans, for Shans, and for the two divisions of the Karens above named. There are good mission houses and several strongly equipped schools.

Dr. Alonzo Bunker was the missionary in charge of the B'ghai Karen work, who had arranged for my attendance on the association above referred to. It was to be held in the mountains many miles away to the eastward. There was quite a party of us—Drs. Cushing and Johnson; Rev. W. W. Cochrane, just arrived from home; several Karen preachers, fourteen coolies, Mr. Waterman and myself, and Peter, the genial Telugu cook. We had four ponies and two elephants bearing our camping outfit, tents and provisions. We were quite a caravan, Dr. Bunker in command. It was a weird journey, fording a river; then through tall tiger-grass on the river flats; then across shallow but dashing mountain streams; through majestic forests filled with towering trees and broad, spreading banyans, with the rough-barked rattan often festooning the treetops

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together, alive with chattering monkeys; through clumps of bamboos, in scores of species; through Government preserves of teak, and amid many forms of palms.

Anon we climb lofty hills, along narrow, winding bridle-paths, wondering betimes how the elephants could ever make their way, but they skipped up like goats. At one point we met a procession of nine great "Jumbos," each mounted by a lusty Karen, coming down with baskets of mountain-grown rice for market. They are told that the secretary of the American Society, that has done so much for the Karens, is in our party, and wishes to photograph their menagerie, whereupon, in a few moments, the whole procession stands at attention and the snapshot is taken.

The next day at about 4 P. M. we arrived at the lofty eminence, on which a large bamboo tabernacle for the meetings and several guest-sheds had been made ready for our use. Another party, composed of Brother Crumb and several of his assistants, American and native, arrived, some on elephants, some on ponies, and several on foot. They had come in from the Paku district, and would join us in the meetings. There were over six hundred delegates in attendance, forty or more native pastors, several teachers of schools, and individual choirs from a half-dozen native villages, who sang wondrously as the meetings progressed. A Karen moderator presided; Karen clerks read the reports from the churches; lists of amounts contributed by the churches, whether in rupees, rice, fowls, pigs or eggs, were reported; Karens preached, and morning prayer-meetings were held daily before sunrise, and attended by crowds. Of course, the visitors from America were introduced; gave their greetings; told of the deep interest felt in far-off America in all their doings; and the missionaries exhorted and held up the standards for the year to come. It was altogether a rare privilege. Such an experience I covet for executive officers of every existing foreign missionary society: it seems to me indispensable; they need it for their own sakes, for the sake of the increased sympathy they will have

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forever after with their force of workers at the front, and for inspirational purposes at home. No theories built on abstractions will suffice.

On the day we broke camp we witnessed this scene: Dr. Crumb and party were preparing to plunge out again into the jungle, touring their Paku churches. We saw an elephant-driver bringing around his big "Jumbo" to the tent of Miss Simons, a lady missionary from Wisconsin, who stood on the elevated portico of her tent, prepared for touring. The great, but friendly, beast lowered his head. The missionary girl put her dainty foot on his tusk and then on the shoulder of her mount, and then with one deft spring she landed in the houda. The beast wheeled him about, and began ambling down the mountain-side like a moving earthquake, while the delicate girl threw back her farewell and salaams for the woman's society in Chicago, with a plea that they send on more workers, for the harvest was truly great.

"It takes pluck to do that," was the remark of a new missionary, Brother Cochrane, as he stood beside me, watching the brave proceeding.

"Yes, pluck; and grace also," I added, "and particularly the latter." But that young missionary, with her loving, Christian girls riding beside her, wouldn't have exchanged her lot with any young "society belle" in all America, and take the risk. She simply pleaded for our prayers, and for real, hearty co-operation. Among the "red-letter days" of a lifetime, these days were recorded.

On the way back to Toungoo, we spent the night in the teak chapel of a Christian village, and early in the evening the villagers—apparently the whole of them—assembled, as is their wont, for evening worship. It was touching to hear them sing the hymn so commonly sung at evening prayers in my boyhood home.

"Thus far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days,
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial to his praise."

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And it was sung to the old, familiar tune of "Hebron," to which our American ears were wont. What wouldn't I have given to have had the seven Christian sons and two daughters of my sainted old grandfather hear that song which he passed on as a family evening hymn to his descendants and now sung by redeemed Karens in the wilds of Burma? What religion in the world, outside of the Christian, can present such evidence of the universality of Christianity for mankind?

Upper Burma, centering about Mandalay, the northern capital, has a character of its own. It is the very stronghold of Burman Buddhism. Literally, thousands of pagodas, marks of a past devoteeism, can be seen in and about Mandalay. In other cities farther down the Irriwadi, like Pagan, there are at present in evidence not less than six thousand of these monuments. In fact, all upper Burma, on all high places and along the prominent river-courses, is filled with them. True, many of them are in process of decay. But that does not always signify, because these piles, made mostly of bricks and mortar, and only whitewashed, were erected as works of merit by monarchs or other prominent persons, and, once built, they are left to the tooth of time—as in China, also—to do what it will with them. It is only a few of the more prominent and artistic ones that are kept in repair. Some of these are, from time to time, regilded with pure gold leaf, at great expense.

The chief thing of historic and public interest in Mandalay is the extensive quadrangular city wall, a mile square. Inside of this is the palace and spacious park of the last native Burman monarch, Thibaw. The old palace was supposed to be very fine, built of rare timbers, mostly in their native, unsawn state, although gold-covered, and the chambers of the areas are gaudily adorned with Oriental extravagance, and yet tawdry and cheap to the eye of any real taste. The throne balcony was of interest to me, as being the place beneath which some of our missionaries, since Judson's time, have been obliged to appear on their faces, if they

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had anything of moment to lay before the monarch for his sanction.

The environs of Mandalay, especially at old Ava, now almost completely obliterated, have their interest to one who knows what occurred there in Judson's day. The bell-tower of the old royal palace, a dismantled monastery, and a few native huts still remain. The place is shown on which stood the old stockade of a prison pen, where Judson, amid filth intolerable and a stifling heat, was first confined.

Aungbinleh is a mere squalid little village, containing a few huts and a very poor sort of monastery, peopled by a priest or two of wretched appearance. Dr. Packer, of Meiktila; Dr. Kelley, Misses Slater and Whitehead, of Moulmein, who had accompanied me up the country, and a few Burman schoolgirls made up our party. We held a little meeting on the spot. I cut from the hedge near by a walking-stick, to take home as a souvenir to Dr. Edward Judson.

On the afternoon of the day when, with Mr. Kelley, I visited Ava, a reception was tendered me by the missionary families and native Christians, Burmans and Karens, in the memorial chapel. A large crowd gathered, and greetings were spoken and returned. In the midst of the exercises a band of music and marching feet were heard, and shortly several platoons of well-drilled, soldier-like Karens, in uniform, wheeled into the compound and were seated in a reserved portion of the chapel. It was explained to me that these were representatives of the native police force of the city, a fine body of young men brought on from Dr. Bunker's schools in Toungoo, to serve the Government for a period in this capacity.

In the address I gave, I referred to the high feelings which had possessed me in the morning's visit to Ava, and proceeded to moralize on the cross-principle in the Christian gospel, which underlay all that Judson was and did, the high interest of American Christianity in sending out its missionaries to Burma and other parts, and that this must ever be the inspiration of the native

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church in Burma. Mr. Kelley interpreted for me with deepest tenderness. The Holy Spirit was there in power, and when, at the close, I invited all who were prepared to give themselves up with a new devotedness to the crucified and risen Jesus, to come forward for a special season of prayer, the whole area in front of the pulpit was crowded with souls upon their knees, among whom were several of the uniformed policemen. Some of them prayed with tearful eyes. One sobbing fellow came to me at the close, saying he meant to "be faithful even unto death." The prayers, of course, were in several languages, but they were understood by the Spirit. Oh, what a privilege to have had a little hand in the actual preaching of the gospel to such, and to help heavenward some of these swarthy, but beloved, disciples of the cross!

XX

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FROM Burma we took steamer to Calcutta. Our sail up the Hoogly River to Calcutta had its own impressiveness. The channel is narrow and the quicksands are most treacherous. Many a steamer has been swallowed up, when once aground. Approaching the landing, we passed many extensive jute-mills. The shipping, which filled the river, was on a large scale. We were met at the steamer by our society's agent, Mr. Sykes, and taken to his home. Within a few moments, I was surprised by a call from an English cousin of my wife's, one of the Aldis family, who, with her husband, Prof. William Trego Webb, was residing in Calcutta, and holding an important educational position in the Martini College. Through his kind offices I found *entree* to various circles, including a great annual convocation of the University of Calcutta. This was held in a large hall, accommodating probably two thousand people.

About forty colleges of India were represented. Men were up for degrees, at least five hundred of them, in cap and gown, awaiting their diplomas and medals. Several native Rajahs of great wealth, with uniformed retinues, were present. The Rajahs wore their regalia of distinction. Lord Landsdowne, the Governor General, in his robes of office, presided. Beside him sat the native Vice-Chancellor of the University, a leading judge of the High Court, Hon. Mr. Das Banerjee. He gave in faultless English an address on education. In the front seats were a half-dozen women in English costumes, who had won distinction in their respective colleges for scholastic or literary attainments; and, at

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the end of the address, these women were invited to the platform, and given diplomas for their well-won honors; one for special attainments in mathematics; another received "double first-class honors" for proficiency in Latin. The building rang with applause as these honors were conferred upon them, and this in India, and for native Indian women, who, in common esteem have, from time immemorial, been so degraded, and the possession of souls denied them. But things are mightily changing in India.

I was much pleased to meet and dine in Calcutta with Dr. George F. Pentecost, a long-time acquaintance at home. I attended some of his public services, heard him preach a great sermon on the incarnation, such as he still can preach, and I remained for conversation with certain English-speaking Brahmans and "Babus" at the close of the service.

One of the objects of interest which I early sought out was Carey's old preaching-place, the "Lal-Bazaar" Baptist chapel. Here is to be seen the baptistery where Adoniram Judson and wife, and Luther Rice, were baptized a century ago by Rev. William Ward, one of the Serampore triumvirate. We, of course, went out to old Serampore, up the river thirteen miles above Calcutta. No missionary shrine in the world, in its way, is quite so impressive as this. The stately old college building erected by Carey, Marshman and Ward, out of the profits from their publications, and especially from their indigo factory, is the most prominent object commanding attention. Its site, on the high banks of the Hoogly, or Ganges, just facing the aristocratic suburb Barrackpore, across the river, where many Government officers reside, is superb. Several of the old mission houses still remain, and the general headquarters of Dr. Carey, embracing within the building a pretty chapel. This is just opposite one of the "ghats," or broad stone steps, leading down to the water of the Ganges. At this place, many historic baptisms have occurred, including that of Krishna Pal, the first Brahman convert at Serampore, and that of

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Gen. William Henry Havelock, the British military hero, who married a daughter of Dr. Marshman. Here, also, within the last few years, Bishop Azariah, the first Indian native ever made bishop by the Anglican church, just after his consecration immersed three candidates.

The English cemetery, a mile or so from the college, was also a place of great interest to me. Here are the brick, stucco-covered tombs of the three worthies* whose names give undying interest to the spot, and several relatives are interred beside them.

Serampore is a monument to the sublime faith and enterprise, as well as business skill, of that great triumvirate. They translated main portions of the Bible into thirty-six different languages of the East, and one bookcase of the library, I should say about eight by ten feet in size, was filled exclusively with translations, dictionaries, grammars and commentaries, in the many languages in which these great missionaries wrought. Such monumental faith and industry, on the part of these heroes, put to shame the generations that have succeeded them, but which have so feebly followed the path blazed for them. One other object of interest is to be seen at Serampore; namely, the shrine rebuilt from a part of an old temple to the memory of Henry Martyn, where he used to resort for retirement and prayer while he pondered the great problems of Indian Christianization.

From Calcutta, we took the great Northwestern Overland for Benares. Benares, while majestic in its site and architecture, is a scene of horror to even the moralist. It is the Mecca, or Holy of Holies, of Hinduism, but for filth, superstition, the prevalence of fakirs and all that expresses the degradation of heathen fanaticism, it is without an equal. It is said that ten thousand pilgrims, from many parts, every morning pass down the broad stone steps, to bathe in the sacred waters of the Ganges. But these waters are putrid with the decomposing carcasses of the dead, that have been half burnt on the daily funeral pyres. I saw an

* Carey, Marshman and Ward.

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old fakir sitting in the dust and ashes, with matted hair several feet in length, which probably had not been combed or washed in forty years, the body so lean from fasting that it barely hung together, a framework of skin and bones, and yet he was alive. I saw another, stayed up by ropes of hay, between poles in the market-place, who they said had not sat down in forty years. The more severe forms of self-torture have long since been forbidden under penalty by the Government. I went to the "Golden Temple of Heaven," so called, with its famous "Well of Knowledge," into which the devotees were throwing, day after day, bouquets of flowers, and from this vile sink drawing water to drink. Standing about the court were the "sacred cattle," with dying devotees literally clinging to their tails in the death hour, as a substitute for Deity. The day I spent there was, I think, the most nerve-racking of my entire life. As I left the place, I think it could have been said of me, as was said of the melancholy Dante, passing along the streets of Florence, "There goes the man that has been in hell."

We drove out a few miles to old Sarnath, where are ancient shrines, and a temple of the religionists called "Jains." It is said that it was here that Prince Siddartha Gautama began his preaching, after he had his vision under the Bo tree.

At Cawnpore we also had a nerve-racking day. This was the site of some of the horrible occurrences of the Indian Sepoy mutiny in 1858. Here the foreign colony of English residents and missionaries was beleaguered for days, by those who had risen against the Government. We were shown the embanked enclosure within which a few hundreds of people, under General Wheeler, sought to defend themselves against attack; also the great well, into which scores of wounded and dying victims were cast for burial. A fine memorial has been built by England over the spot, and on the walls of the beautiful English chapel near by are, inscribed in bronze, the names of many victims. An old man, one Major Lee, who, it was said, had been a

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witness to some of these atrocities, was our guide for the day, and the scenes he portrayed to us as we went from spot to spot were blood-curdling.

We next went on to Agra. The first thing that impressed us was the great fortress, embracing some acres, with lofty crenelated walls and parapets. Passing into the interior, we were shown remains of the gorgeous palaces of the Mohammedan princes, their audience halls, balconies and baths. For this is the heart of the "Dominions of the Moguls"—those great Mohammedan rulers that invaded India, and there built the most elaborate and costly marble palaces and tombs, temple-like in size and proportions. The tomb of Akbar the Great rose in crystal whiteness away on the city's edge. But the greatest existing monument still complete is the peerless Taj Mahal. We first saw it glinting in the wondrous soft Indian moonlight, on the railway, as we passed the evening before. In the morning we drove to the Taj itself, about three miles from the town. It is situated within a magnificent Oriental garden on the banks of the Jumna River. There are three imposing marble entrances. Here we found the loveliest of cypresses, orange and lemon trees, and a great variety of shrubs and flowering plants. The view from the main entrance is over a long lagoon, enclosed in marble; from which jets of water play into the air. Just before the Taj itself is an elevated marble dais, or platform, from which pretty views in four directions are seen. The Taj itself, who shall describe? It is all of purest white marble, and the arches over doorways and the sides are richly set with jewels. Under the dome, and within a lace-like, chiseled screen, rest, side by side, the two sarcophagi of the Emperor Shah Jehan and that of his Empress Mumtaz, in devotion to whose memory the mausoleum was built. Its cost was fabulous; some say twenty million dollars, and that it was twenty years in building, with thousands of workmen employed on it, the design being that of a famous French architect. One of the most mystic, fascinating features is the exquisite, soaring dome. The echoes

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producible, when one with a clear voice can strike the thirds of an octave, are wonderful, both for richness of tone and for prolonged continuance.

We went on to Bombay, being hurried on to the Telugu missionary conference. To reach it promptly, we took a train on over the Western Ghats Mountains. On arriving at Wadi Junction, in the morning, we were met by my former friends and *proteges*, Mr. and Mrs. John Newcomb, and their faithful servant, Jonah, and Mr. and Mrs. Maplesden, who, inasmuch as I could not go to the Deccan stations on this trip, had come to Wadi to spend a Sunday with us, and lay before me the needs of that part of the Telugu mission lying in and about Hyderabad, the great Mohammedan state. The station-master had kindly set apart on a siding a comfortable, partitioned railway carriage for our use. Here we visited, talked over the stations, prayed together, ate, and slept for one night. On Monday morning we were again on our way to Nellore, where the conference was to be held. Dr. Downie met me at the station. The conference was already assembled, with a score or so of missionaries in attendance. Early the next morning Dr. Clough arrived from Ongole, and we had our first meeting since his visit to me in America. years before. It was to us both a joyful meeting. He knew, as others did not, along what peculiar lines, at first, through an old uncle of mine living in Burlington, Iowa, my interest in him, and through him in the Telugu mission, had developed, while to me he had been a peculiarly outstanding missionary. His first remark was:

"Well, my dear fellow, we've got you here at last; now, get away if you can." In heart interest I never have got away and never shall. The mission has always appealed to me, on account of its history, on account of the manner in which the democratic principles characteristic of our denominational life fitted into the needs of the common peoples whose life Dr. Clough, from his quiet love power, so gripped, and on account of the depth of the appeal that came to me from this field in

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my student days, when I was first athrob with youthful and missionary passion. I had always felt the element of divineness in the history of the mission. The conference passed with many an interesting hour, and with rare fellowships.

In Nellore there were other things besides the conference which drew out my interest. It was the mother station of our whole mission. It was the "Lone Star," the title which evoked Dr. S. F. Smith's immortal lyric, and which has gained an ever-growing importance in the Telugu firmament. There Jewett labored, and the Douglasses, and for many years the Downies have not only conserved the foundations, but built upon them nobly and well. It has to-day, locally, in an institutional way, more to show to the visitor than any other Telugu station. It has an intelligent, but not numerous, church. It has a good hospital, an important boys' high school with a noble brick building, a successful girls' school, and two commodious chapels for native worshipers in separate parts of Nellore. Nellore was the home of Kanakiah and his devoted wife Julia, and the blind, old saint, Lydia, with all of whom I had heart-warming converse. Julia was one of the company of five with the Jewetts on Prayer-meeting Hill, in the famous meeting of prayer for the Ongole field, twelve years before Dr. Clough was sent, which gave to the hill its name.

I next went, in company with Dr. and Mrs. Boggs and Miss Dr. Cummings, to Ramapatam, to visit the theological seminary.

We traveled by the literal Pullman cars; *i. e.*, by carriages—in my case, by an American "democrat wagon," drawn by relays of coolies, changing every eight or ten miles. We traveled by night and day the distance of seventy-five or eighty miles. Arrived about midnight, I learned, as I went to my sleeping apartment, that an ugly, venomous snake, about four feet in length, had been found and killed in my bedchamber. However, after I had retired, securely tucked in by Dr. Boggs under a strong mosquito net, I slept without

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much nervousness. It was inspiring, next day, to see the large school of the Telugu prophets assembled, and to address them through the excellent interpretation of Dr. Boggs, and I got the responses I wanted. Near Ramapatam runs the Buckingham Canal, of historic famine-relief fame. On a later visit, quite a party of us were taken for a "scow ride" on its placid waters. I thanked God for the providential purpose it served at a great crisis in the history of the mission, to get our spirit understood, through the masterly hand of Dr. Clough.

From Ramapatam, I was taken by the genial and devoted Dr. Boggs, again by coolie ride, through a whole night, to Ongole. We arrived in the gray dawn, and Dr. Clough, who was on the lookout for us, met us at his bungalow entrance with a lantern, and with hearty salaams. After a few hours' rest in a proper bed and a good breakfast, Dr. Clough outlined his program to me, and we began the rounds of the several compounds and the village, not overlooking the little *palam school*. When Sunday came, we gathered in the large chapel, now replaced by the more commodious "Jewett Memorial." Over six hundred were in the Sunday school. In the evening, by arrangement, a company of the fathers of the town, native Brahmans and Mohammedans, embracing the judge of the court, the registrar of the district, the inspector of schools, the station-master, and two or three private bankers and attorneys, assembled in the front part of the chapel, while behind them, quite filling the room, were members of the native church. These gentlemen, all of good English education, wished to present their respects to the secretary from America, and also to pay their tribute to all that the American missionaries had done for them and their poor people in the long years gone. It was a touching and surprising line of utterances to me. For particulars of what they said (and had engrossed for me to take home), I must refer readers again to my "In Brightest Asia." Afterwards, I responded out of a full heart to all they had said. At the

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adjournment of the meeting, I was again surprised to be approached by one of the chief men of the company, asking if I would preach to them on the next Sunday evening, if they would come again. I consented, all inexperienced as I was in dealing with the Brahman mind. The sermon preached is given in full in Chapter VI. of my "Method in Soul-winning."

On the morning after, I received a visit from the registrar, Mr. Runganadam Pillay, desiring a private interview. We were given Dr. Clough's inner parlor, and there the dear man, confessing he had not slept the night before, begged my prayers that his spiritual eyes might be opened, as were the eyes of the blind man on whose illumination I had discoursed the night before. And after him came another Brahman, a high-school teacher, Mr. Venkateswaru Aiyar, telling a similar story. He acknowledged he was a convinced believer, but he shrank from a public baptism. He declared that, if he were baptized, his affianced wife, whom he sincerely loved, would be ruthlessly withheld from him, and, what was more, she would be reduced to the abjectness of Hindu widowhood. "What would you advise me to do in these circumstances?" That question was not easy to answer, and yet I dared not do less than refer him back to the principles on which the healed blind man acted, in his steps of faith, even though all earthly friends forsook him. We prayed together, and soon after we parted. I afterwards received earnest letters in America from both these men, and I have hopes of seeing them saved in the last day. And these are but examples of many thousands, as I believe on the testimony of the foremost missionaries in India, of convinced believers who, on account of the dreadful oppressions of the iniquitous caste system, are held back from open confession. Mr. Tiruvengada Pillay, the particular friend of Dr. Clough who gave me the invitation to preach on that Sunday night, not long after was seized with a fatal illness. He sent for Dr. Clough and acknowledged he had long been a secret Christian, and begged that the missionary

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would see that he had Christian burial, in a coffin such as the Christians generally had for their interment, and that his relatives should not be allowed to burn his body in heathen fashion.

But with all Dr. Clough's influence, he could not carry out his friend's request. It is a common thing for many of the most intelligent Brahmans to say, "Well, I may not be able to profess Christianity in my generation, but my children will in theirs."

I heard Dr. Pentecost tell in Boston of the outcome of his three weeks' meeting in Lahore, where he had preached, with his great earnestness, to a large society of the Ariya Somaj. He came to the closing meeting, and pronounced the benediction. As he lifted his hands, that portion of his audience, English and Christian, that sat apart, on the sides and in the galleries of the room, reverently rose to receive it, while the large numbers of his Somaj friends sat stolid and motionless before him. The Doctor felt he could not endure this, and so, just as he was about to leave the platform, he checked himself, raised his hand in a deprecating manner, and asked his audience to pause. He then referred to the otherwise polite attitude of the gentlemen of the Somaj, and added that probably the import of the benediction was misunderstood. He then explained that there was nothing magical about it; it contained no assumption of the power of the preacher to throw out grace to his hearers through his fingertips; it was a simple prayer for the blessing of Him whom the Bible reveals as Father—and who didn't desire the blessing of such a heavenly Father?—and the blessing of his Son, Jesus Christ, as well as the blessing of the Holy Spirit, so diffused and immanent through all the universe, and yet personal—who didn't need them?" And then, with this explanation, he asked that he might again pray that benediction upon them all, and if any members of the Somaj really desired the blessing of such a God, he might now arise, as he repeated the prayer. As Dr. Pentecost raised his hands again, slowly one of the tall gentlemen—for they were

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all stalwart Sikhs, with great blue turbans on their heads, reminding one of the "sons of Anak"—in the front seat arose, then another and another, through the entire row, then others behind these rose, until practically all were on their feet, and some with moistened eyes, before the God of heaven.

On data which I have been repeatedly assured exists, the state of mind of these high-caste Hindus is that of a multitude, who, under gospel influence, have responded in their hearts to the claims of God in Christ, where missionaries have had the grace and tact in loving forms to present and live their gospel. So, although the great mass of our so-called converts, who have been baptized into our churches, are of the Pariah class, yet thousands of Sudras, and even Brahmans, are also among the believing, although their confession is so largely suppressed. An increasing number of the high-caste people are coming as the years pass, and the spirit of the missionaries becomes really known. The same thing is true in all Eastern lands.

On my arrival in Ongole I found Dr. Clough quite worn-out, and, for a man of his buoyant and sanguine temperament, greatly depressed. He was nervously weak. He scarcely allowed himself to go out at all in the sun. He did most of his work in an inner room, and by the light of a German student-lamp. He said he had "grown tired of appealing to the Baptists of America for men." He thought the American Baptists had forgotten the Telugu mission, and he couldn't continue much longer. I demurred to much of this, and insisted that some of the home methods of the past needed improvement. I insisted the time was now auspicious for a new beginning, and if he were wise, he would, in his own lifetime, subdivide his immense field, and see proper successors installed in well-chosen centers, and if he would come home with me, we would tour the country and the churches, and we would secure the help and the helpers needed.

But the great missionary cheered up as the days passed, and his old enthusiasm returned. He took me

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to the caste-girls' school, where the bejeweled little ladies sang gospel songs, played their games, hung our necks with garlands and sprayed us with rose-water. He introduced me to his fine boys' high school, and the girls' schools, under two competent and accomplished Eurasian women, Miss Kelly and Miss Dessa, a type of workers far from appreciated by some missionaries. It seemed to me, in general, that one of Dr. Clough's outstanding elements of efficiency was that he did not expect too much of the first generation of converts, and these from the depressed classes. Moreover, he took pains to understand India as a composite product in the world's civilization. He was ever saying, "You must not only learn the language of the people in India, but you must also know the Hindu, his history and his ancestral institutions, and, failing to know these, one might as well go home."

We had, on the Sunday I was in Ongole, a great gathering from the surrounding country, and, as usual, there were many asking for baptism. These were examined, and I was asked to administer. I am not sure that such a course is generally wise, even for the missionary, much less for an official from a far-away land, but in this case and one other I did it. On this Sunday there were ninety-seven candidates. The rite was administered in the cement baptistry under the large tamarind-tree in Dr. Clough's garden. The candidates entered on one side and passed out on the other, almost in a continuous, but orderly, procession. The time consumed, as Mr. Waterman's watch assured him, was less than twenty minutes, and yet there was no hurrying; the formula was distinctly repeated in each instance, and I had no knowledge that the time taken was being observed.

Dr. Clough also arranged, the second week I was there, for a tour into the heart of his country district, where a large part of his native church, then numbering twenty-three thousand members, lived. We were quite a caravan. We went in bullock coaches, with several assistants, native preachers, coolies, etc. We carried a

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large tenting outfit and provisions. India swarms with villages. The poor Pariahs live in mud and thatched huts, with a floor of hardened clay or cow manure, which is often put on like a paste and then whitewashed. It was heart-moving, as we passed through some of these, to see the people emerge and gather about the missionary. In some cases a woman with a child in her arms would fall down and clasp the knees of their beloved "Clough-dora," and the child would be bidden to look up into the face of the man who, in the time of famine and sickness, visited and administered remedies, even in times when cholera raged.

One night, as we journeyed, Dr. Clough came to the coach in which I had been sleeping and roused me, to hear the pleadings of the head man of a village, who, with quite a company, had come miles to intercept the missionary, to beg for a teacher for his village, such as other villages had. There these weird pleaders stood, under the blaze of a torch, refusing this time to be denied, although these requests can not always be granted.

"What shall I answer?" asked Dr. Clough of me. "Well, tell the American Baptists, when you get home, this is an almost every-day occurrence here."

We came to a place called Darsi, and there pitched our tents. It was to be the place of rendezvous for one of those great quarterly camp-meetings, characteristic for long of this mission. I should say at least two thousand people came. There may have been a score of native preachers. Dr. Clough preached (as he could preach) in their vernacular. The natives preached. A large-bodied and great-souled Eurasian brother, Mr. Kiernan, led the singing. He has since died from leprosy. In the latter part of the first day candidates for baptism, the result of weeks and months of touring by native preachers, were examined. Great locks of hair, the "jutsu," as sacred to Hindu custom and superstition as a queue to a Chinaman in days gone by, were sheared away—sure sign of a final break of the candidate with his former heathenism. This went on for hours. And then the baptizing began, in the waters of

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a convenient pool. I myself baptized over one hundred in the early evening. During the next forenoon Dr. Waterman baptized about three hundred more. Among those that passed through my hands was one old woman with a hunchback. As I raised her from the water, she seemed to catch sight of something in the heavens invisible to me. Was it the Christ, or the Dove of the Jordan? No matter; it afforded evidence to me that the Lord was there, and in her heart, at least. I had had other experiences of difficulty in disenchanting the candidate. A company of proud Brahmans looked on, observing what occurred. I should have been glad to know their thoughts. Dr. Clough conversed freely with them, sometimes pausing in the midst of an address and giving them a humorous touch, that, at least, won their good will.

We broke camp at midday, and Dr. Clough drove me to Donakonda to catch the train for Cumbum, where I was to visit the Newcombs. It was impossible to send the people away, so they were left to the native preachers, especially to old Solomon and Reuben, two of Dr. Clough's chief lieutenants.

As we were hurrying on in our bullock coach, a Telugu of very striking appearance, tall and handsome, came across the plain and accosted Dr. Clough. He seized upon one of the posts of the canvas covering and, running along with us, began a very earnest conversation with the missionary.

"What's that man saying, in such an earnest way, Doctor?" I inquired. "You forget that I don't understand Telugu."

"Oh," he answered, "this man is asking to come to our school in Ongole the next quarter."

"Of course, you'll take a man like that. Look at him; he has the head of a Roman senator."

"No," said the Doctor, "we can't take him. He is probably fifty-five years old, and has a family of several children. We can't take him."

"Well," I said, "let me question him, and you interpret."

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"Why do you wish to come to school?"

"To learn to read God's Book," came the quick answer.

"What does he know about God's Book?" I asked my friend.

"Oh," said the Doctor, "he has heard the native preachers talk and preach about it."

"Let me question him further. 'Why do you wish to learn to read God's Book?'" The man looked up with an expression of surprise that I should think he didn't know.

"I want food for my heart, sahib." Then I pleaded with Dr. Clough. "But he is awfully hungry; let him come."

"Well, if you say so, I will." When the missionary told him of my request and his compliance, the suddenness with which he released his hold on our coach I shall ever recall, and, making his lowest "salaam, salaam, aiyah," he bounded away across the plains to his distant home, with the glad assurance that he might come to that school and learn for himself "to read God's Book" and "find food for his heart." Such are some of the forms of heart hunger that abound in poor India.

On the way to Cumbum, I met a company of about forty native preachers at a station, in line beside the train, presenting their salaams. Such a bowing I had never before seen. The head man handed me a letter from Mr. Newcomb, explaining that these were a part of his force of field workers, that wished to see me here, as they could not come to Cumbum. They had all sorts of tokens of good will: packages of sugar, a few eggs, and other things. I felt like a commissary of an army squad, and I had a lot to give away to the neediest about me, but I must at least receive them; then I could dispose of them as I wished.

Arrived at Cumbum, we were met by "Jonah" with a handsome bullock coach, to drive us to the mission house, three miles away. As we neared the compound, there came running a half-dozen or so of young men, students, drawing an American phaeton. This was to

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take us out of the bullock coach and to whirl us into the compound in state. I was in their esteem such a "dignitary." As we entered the compound I observed a great decorated arch over the gateway, and on it, in large letters, "Welcome to our secretary. God bless our secretary." Then the whole compound was alight with skyrockets and Roman candles and a huge bonfire of palm leaves. There were swarms of native Christians—about eight hundred of them—and among them forty converts of the sweeper caste, that had come in for baptism. I was too tired for this, and Dr. Waterman performed the ceremony. Many were the touching evidences afforded in the brief stay we made on that compound that things were alive. For example, as we alighted from the carriage at the mission house, Mrs. Newcomb came down the walk, with their oldest Telugu preacher, Abraham, leaning on her arm. As I held out my hand to him, he buried his face in it, and exclaimed in Telugu: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." Of course, it was a great extravagance, to speak thus of the coming of any human into his presence. But there were volumes in what it indicated of Christian sentiment, living and tender, in the old believer.

While we sat at the dinner-table he sat on the floor beside me and watched our faces and our speech, as we conversed on the great events that had come into the lives of the Newcombs since they both appeared at my door in Indianapolis a dozen years before, asking for Christian baptism. How little I then expected ever to see these dear people in charge of one of our most fruitful Telugu stations, embracing several thousand Christians, with a force of a hundred, more or less, native preachers under their direction. Within three months after my visit to them in 1891, Mr. N. and his coworkers received more than eighteen hundred new members on confession of faith into their churches on the Cumbum fields.

This brother, though without college or seminary education, had had ten years of thorough discipline as

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a soldier under the Union Jack in India, and had won honors for executive force, good business habits, courage and upright manhood.

None that have known Newcomb in the thirty years that have since elapsed will question the wisdom of the Executive Committee in appointing him, or that in all these years he has afforded uniform evidence of being wondrously taught and enabled by the Holy Spirit. The evening we were in the station there was a large chapel full of native Christians, whom I addressed with floods of emotion in my breast. The interpretation of my words seemed to be blessed in a way one who has not experienced the sensations in an Indian audience would have believed impossible. I came away from this last station visited in the Telugu mission more grateful than ever for any part in the great work, and my heart has been more wedded to the mission ever since.

We took the train for Bombay, providentially meeting the great Methodist bishop, Thoburn, in a restaurant at Raichur Junction, and we had some sweet fellowship together. Next morning we were in the great western port city of India, and shortly booked for London, via Brindisi, Naples, Rome and Paris, with the privilege of breaking the journey in Egypt for a brief detour to Palestine *en route*.

XXI

IN EGYPT AND PALESTINE

WE left India from Bombay, on a P. & O. steamship, for Egypt and Palestine. After a week's sail we reached Aden. The vessel stopped about three hours, allowing us to land. We took a carriage out to some celebrated pools, said to date from King Solomon's time, but they were empty, and, indeed, all the surroundings seemed to us but a piece of desert like the Arabia of which Aden is a port city and an English possession, and we left the place with no regret. From here we entered the Red Sea and sailed to Suez. The heat was intense, due to prevailing hot winds from the desert sands on either side. There were two objects of interest that came into view. First, the Mt. Horeb range of mountains, embracing the peak of Sinai away to the eastward, and the other, the lofty, precipitous, red-wall Ras Ataka, running for some miles on the west shore, and near the reputed place of crossing of the Israelites at the time of the Exodus. This long, bold height was doubtless one of the natural impediments to the escape of Israel when pursued by Pharaoh and his host. We passed this point on the Sabbath, and, being asked to preach by the second-cabin passengers with whom I sailed, I discoursed on Heb. 11:29: "By faith they passed through the Red Sea as by dry land: which the Egyptians essaying to do were drowned." I dwelt on the contrast between the Christian thought of an "exodus" and the physical alternative, "drowning."

At Suez, Mr. Waterman and I left the steamer and took the train through the fertile plain of Goshen. The ancient style of irrigation from abounding wells

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was in use, and the fields were green with growing grain. Towards evening, as we neared Cairo, the outlines of the massive pyramids appeared. We tarried in Cairo but two or three days, of course taking in the short excursion to the pyramids and the Sphinx. These deeply impressed us with the great mystery of their antiquity, origin and meaning. We spent a half-day in the famous Bulaak museum. The mummified forms of some of the Pharaohs, with their queens, impressed us most. A visit to the famous El Azhar Mohammedan University, several of the finer mosques and the numerous bazaars, filled with goods of Oriental manufacture, was interesting. We had not time to take in the various forms of mission work, as we did twenty-four years afterwards, on a second visit to Cairo.

We felt it unthinkable to be so near the Holy Land and not see at least Jerusalem, the Dead Sea and the Jordan; so, taking steamer from Alexandria, we sailed for Jaffa. We passed through the experience of disembarking from our steamer by fairly dropping off the ship's landing-stairs into the arms of Cook & Co.'s boatmen, who safely rowed us through the narrow passage, between dangerous rocks, and into the contracted landing-place. We were soon quartered in comfortable lodgings, and went out to visit the reputed house of Simon the tanner. On its roof, now the base of a lighthouse, we recalled the experience of the apostle Peter and his noted vision. We found on reaching Jaffa that our American friends, Stacey and a traveling companion whom we had barely met in Bombay, had been wrecked on an Austrian ship, but rescued by two of Cook's athletic boatmen, who swam from the shore to the wreck and finally got a cable attached. They and other passengers were safely brought off by the "breeches buoy."

While in Jaffa, I made it a first duty to go, under the conduct of Mr. Rolla Floyd, an American tourist agent, to the little, foreign burial-place outside the town, to visit the grave of Rev. Amory Gale, whose

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widow and only son were prominent parishioners of mine, and I made this visit on their account as well as my own. He was the foremost Baptist home pioneer missionary in Minnesota.

Our visit to Palestine was only partial, but the satisfaction of being in the land at all, and seeing, face to face, the sites on which Biblical incidents, including the incarnation itself, occurred, was very great.

From Jaffa, we went by carriage to Jerusalem. The new railroad was built only for the first three or four miles and in the environs of Jaffa. We stepped aboard two of the first locomotives sent out by the Baldwin works, of Philadelphia. We stopped overnight at the village of the ancient Ramleh, on the plain of Sharon. The plain was one vast, waving wheatfield, reminding us of Minnesota. The journey from Ramleh to Jerusalem was made mostly in a pouring rain, with an ascent of about twenty-four hundred feet in going a distance of about forty miles. The whole land appeared very desolate, and almost uninhabited, except for the occasional roving Bedouin and the Syrians, who inhabit a few insignificant villages. The blight of the Mohammedan Turk is on everything. If an inhabitant repairs the road, he will probably be taxed for it.

Arrived at Jerusalem, we put up at a German hotel a little outside the Jaffa gate, and shortly after at the Johanniter Hospitz, inside the walls. There was here at least a Christian atmosphere, as it was under Lutheran auspices, although we met among the guests a German professor, who was full enough of his critical theories, and also of his lager beer.

On the morning after our arrival we walked quite through the city, passing the market-place, filled with kneeling camels, donkeys and hucksterers; under the "*Ecce Homo*" arch; along a part of the "*Via Dolorosa*"; by the ancient Pool of Bethesda, with its five porches, which had lately been excavated; out the St. Stephen's gate, and down a winding path across the valley of the Kidron, near the ancient Gethsemane, and up the slopes of Olivet to a modern tower built

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upon the summit. This we ascended, and from its fine outlook obtained the best panoramic view to be had. Away to the eastward arose the long, bold, purple line of the wall of Moab, with the reputed Mt. Nebo marking its highest summit. Just short of it lay the glassy, silent Dead Sea and north of it the green valley of the Jordan. To the southward we espied some of the towers of Bethlehem; and beyond that, regions contiguous to Hebron; and away beyond, what is known as the Negebh, or Southland, which opens out into the great desert bounded beyond by the Horeb range. To the west and southwest lay what was once Philistia, and the blue Mediterranean flashing in the sunlight. To the northward, and not far away, rose Neby Samwil and the heights of Bethel and Ai, snow-covered on that February morning. Mt. Hermon, in clear weather, can be seen from this point, but we were not so favored. Nestling at our feet lay the Holy City, still walled, but with a much less space enclosed than formerly. On the southwestern corner was the Mosque of Omar, which covers the reputed rock on which Abraham offered his son Isaac. This was once the threshing-floor of Araunah. For a fee we were later permitted to enter the mosque and, with unsandaled feet, to stand before the rock, but on no account must we touch it. Before us also rose Mt. Zion, once the site of David's palace, and to the northeast the Damascus gate, and, just outside it, the hillock once called Golgotha, or "Place of a Skull," now believed to be the identical Calvary "where the dear Lord was crucified."

The brook Kidron meanders down the valley between us and the city walls. Just in the foreground the Garden of Gethsemane, with a chapel or two and the abodes of a few monks. The place is still marked by the unshapely trunks and the vast-spreading roots of a grove of olive-trees, survivors, at least, of those of two thousand years ago, amid which our Lord agonized and poured out his bloody sweat, while his intimidated disciples slept, and from whence they ultimately fled.

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Still farther down the Kidron Valley stands the tomb of Absalom and the Pool of Siloam, on the edge of the vale of Jehoshaphat; and in a curve of the valley, around to the northward, is the vale of Hinnom, the Scripture symbol of Gehenna, where the world's sin waste, symbolically, is ever being consumed in perpetually burning fires.

It has often been said that a visit to the Holy Land is like the discovery of a "fifth Gospel"; and so I found it. The impression, that the Gospels are true, received in "the land" is irresistible, as I also found that what is to be seen in mission lands constitutes a "sixth Gospel." In the light of these two Gospels, historic Christianity stood forth to me as more axiomatic than mathematics.

We made brief visits to Bethany and to Bethlehem. The latter is very pretty and impressive. On the road from Jerusalem we passed the tomb of Rachel. As we climbed up the ascending viaduct, through the gateway of the ancient town, we paused at the well from the waters of which David so longed to drink while in the cave of Adullam, and from which well the water was brought him by three of his mighty men. From the summit of the village—a sort of Acropolis—we again caught a view of the Dead Sea to the eastward, while lying between, and only about three miles distant, we had a lovely view of the green plain, where flocks are still being shepherded, and over which the angels sang on the Saviour's birthnight their "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men of good will." On the plain there now stands a fitting ancient tower called "Migdol-Eder," or "Tower of the Flock." Of course, the center of all our interest in Bethlehem was the cave, caravansary or khan, in which the Saviour was born. It is a spot in Palestine easily identified as authentic—as authentic as Plymouth Rock or Bunker Hill or Mt. Vernon. It is really a natural cave, often used in the East as a stable. A composite convent—Greek, Roman and Armenian—is now built over the spot, but in such a way as in nowise to close the wide

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opening in the rock, through which, by a few easy steps, we descend. A manger crib is there to be seen, and probably always has been, as some form of memorial—a simple, movable feeding-trough for cattle—similar to the one in which the infant Redeemer was laid. Sixteen silver lamps, always lighted and hung from the ceiling, illuminate an alcove, over which you read this inscription, in Latin:

“Here, of the Virgin Mary, Jesus Christ of Nazareth was born.” Your heart almost stops beating, at the realization that here actually occurred the fulfillment of the greatest prophecy in all history:

“And thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, out of thee shall he come who shall shepherd my people Israel.”

I made a hurried trip to the Jordan Valley, accompanied only by a fearless German dragoman, and one innocent-looking Bedouin Arab, named Joseph. This Arab represented the Bedouin tribe that has certain privileges in the Jordan valley, and his presence was evidence that, the tribe having received the customary “backsheesh,” we were safe from molestation. We were all mounted on three splendid Arab horses, and the ease with which I made the trip in two days—ordinarily requiring three—was a constant astonishment to my dragoman. He did not know that I was reared on an Illinois prairie, and had been inured, for a decade or more in youth, to almost daily horseback riding. We passed by the reputed spot where the good Samaritan performed his gracious offices. We spent the night in Jericho, now having but a few pensions and hovels. We explored the foundations of the ancient city, still plainly traceable. We visited the gushing spring and pool of Elisha, and looked out at the towering cliffs—Mt. Quarantana—which rear themselves loftily not far away. We spent the night in a Russian pension. The next morning, early, we mounted our horses and galloped away to the mouth of the Jordan. We scoured the plain like the Arabs, my dragoman being plainly disgusted because my always cool, gray mount was ever on the flanks of his ambitious bay

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stallion, who was often in a foam of perspiration and excitement because needlessly lashed by his rider, who knew many things better than he understood horse-flesh. It was, to me, distressing to see this awkward rider so torture his beautiful, but spirited, charger. We took a hurried plunge in the Dead Sea, the waters of which are clear as crystal, but exceedingly rank and smarty with various chemicals. No creature can live in these waters. The blight of Sodom's overthrow still seems to taint them. We next rode up to "the fords of the Jordan," a mile or two above. It was the spring tide, and the banks were overflowed: the waters were probably a fifth of a mile wide. At certain seasons of the year pilgrims from Russia can be seen, being immersed or immersing themselves, almost daily at this place. We shortly rode back to Jericho, and made our way up to Jerusalem. As we entered the great defile rising from the plain near Jericho, we peered through the opening of a chasm on the right, out of which issues the brook Cherith, with the waters of which the prophet Elijah refreshed himself until they, too, were clean dried up. Hovering within and above the chasm were black, cawing ravens, or crows, which from time immemorial have frequented such places. We could readily believe that such servitors might easily have been utilized by Providence to meet a prophet's need.

On the way back we rode for miles alongside the newly built carriage road, being prepared for the expected visit of the German Kaiser, who would wish to go down to the Jordan valley. This was but one of the many signs in evidence that the authorities in the Turkish Empire were, even then, being brought under tutelage for some such realizations as Germany, at this writing—in 1917—is striving for. At sunset we were again safely back in Jerusalem. Shortly thereafter we returned to Jaffa by carriage, and shipped for Port Said. From here we took steamer to Brindisi, Italy. The voyage was without incident, except that we had on board the Duke of Cambridge—near relative of

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Queen Victoria—and party, who had been visiting Egypt. We stopped for a couple of days at Naples, visiting the remarkable museum, abounding with “finds” from Pompeii and Herculaneum; and we drove over to Puteoli, where Paul landed after his shipwreck, on the way to Rome. We came on to Rome for a couple of days, and made the most of our limited stop taking in the principal sights of that renowned metropolis. By using carriages constantly, we visited Saint Peter’s; the Vatican Museum, Gallery and Library; the churches of St. John Lateran, St. Paul’s (without the gate), St. Peter’s of the Chain, where is treasured Angelo’s colossal statue of Moses, and a few others. We saw the pyramid of Caius Cestius, Pilate’s staircase, on which, to this day, kneeling creatures of superstition are still doing the penance which Luther repudiated. We visited the foreign cemetery and found the graves of some dear to our American friends. Of course, the Forum, with all its mighty ruins; the Colosseum, and the ancient Pantheon, dating from before Christ, were visited, together with a few galleries of art, containing wonderful statuary. We also visited Dr. George B. Taylor and daughter, of our American Southern Baptist Society, and the mission of Dr. Wall, of England. From Rome we came on to Paris, whither I had wired to my friend of a few years before, Madame Rostan, so that when I arrived late in the evening she gave me a motherly welcome. She escorted me to my apartments, and had supper waiting on the table and the kettle singing on the hearth fire. I was made to feel warmly at home, and, after my long round of Asia, Egypt, Palestine and Italy, it seemed as if I were again amid my own domestic surroundings. My wife and I had been accommodated together in that same friendly pension only three years before.

Through previous correspondence it had also been arranged that as many of our French missionaries as possible should be brought together for a few days’ conference in Paris. Accordingly, we assembled in the Rue de Lille Chapel, and had high converse respecting

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what was then a most promising outlook for our Baptist work in France. Among those present were Brethren Dey, Cadot, Andru, Sallens, the Vincents—father and two sons—Long, and others whose names are not now recalled. There was then apparent deep harmony, not always characterizing the mission, and all seemed eager and full of faith for the Baptist outlook in France.

From Paris we came on, via Calais and Dover, to London. My tarrying there was but for a few days. However, during this time I was permitted to renew and deepen previous friendships. As usual, I went to the Baptist Mission Headquarters on Furnival Street. I also visited, at Harley House, Dr. and Mrs. Guinness, who received me with greatest cordiality, especially as on my recent visit to China I had seen and had delightful fellowship with their gifted and devoted daughter, Geraldine, and many other workers of the China Inland Mission who had been students with them. I addressed their school, giving some stirring accounts of my experiences on many Eastern fields, especially among the Telugus of India. I also had the pleasure of reciting some of these experiences to Mr. Spurgeon, in his vestry at the Tabernacle after the service I attended there. But I was soon booked on the "Teutonic" for passage from Liverpool to New York, and after a very stormy voyage in April I was brought to my desired haven, having had no illness on the entire round of visitation, and having lost but one meal from seasickness, and that on the worst of all seas, the Atlantic.

XXII

HOME MOVEMENTS AND METHODS

ON arrival home from this mission tour, I first reported to the Society in Boston. I was received with exceeding warmth by Dr. Murdock and all others at the rooms, and went over with them some of the features of my tour which had impressed me most, indicating the points at which I thought more emphasis should be placed. From Boston I hastened home to my family in Minneapolis. During my brief stay, I gave to the people of my old charge the benefit of the inspirations I had received. The Anniversaries shortly came on, to be held in Cincinnati. The attendance that year was very large, so that Pike's Opera-house was required for the accommodation of the crowds that came. Dr. Geo. W. Northrup, of Chicago, and my former inspiring teacher, was in the chair at the Anniversary of the Union. There was a general spirit of large expectancy for the report I was expected to give of my travels in the missions. The greater part of an afternoon session was set apart for the purpose. Besides, Dr. Clough, who had followed me home, was also to be present at the meeting and speak briefly, as his then depleted strength would allow. I need not describe my line of thought nor the impression produced, but I think I may say in all modesty that the concrete form in which I set forth typical situations in Japan, China, Burma, Assam and the Telugu missions gave so realistic a sense of what our missionaries are really doing that many of my hearers said they "felt as if they had been with me on the journey." When, in the light of my portrayal of the Telugu mission, Dr. Clough rose to speak, the enthusiasm was at white heat, and it was some minutes

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before the cheering so subsided that he could speak.* When it was announced that he came home to help me get twenty-five new missionary families for the Telugu mission alone, and fifty thousand dollars extra with which to set them up, the people seemed ready. Before Dr. Clough sat down, one brother, the late Dr. W. H. Doane, of Cincinnati, offered a thousand dollars; others came forward, although no effort was then made to raise subscriptions. In a few months Dr. Clough had got his fifty thousand dollars, and then the Board authorized him to raise another fifty thousand, which he readily obtained.

To my surprise, I was urged by the authorities to occupy the evening of that same day, to resume my account of the missions, using lantern slides which Mr. Merriam had brought on from Boston. So, selecting such as I could use, I did my best to get the audience, which numbered over three thousand people, to see the situations abroad as I saw them. This meeting was really the formal inauguration of a movement to raise a million dollars in honor of a hundred years' mission work since Carey. Probably no better send-off could we have had than that Anniversary, as a whole. Dr. Northrup himself had given one of the greatest addresses of his life, and the intelligence and conscience of the denomination were, by God's grace, greatly enlivened. Invitations came in from all sides for visits and addresses from Dr. Clough and myself.

All this led me to formulate a policy for securing the sympathetic help of the denomination. The elements in this policy were these:

First: To arrange for a series of "prayer conferences" at strategic points throughout the country.

Second: To summon to participation in these meetings as many of our foremost denominational leaders as could be secured in a given locality, and also to bring on several of our representative missionaries home on furlough.

* See Dr. Clough's own account of his address in his recently published autobiography, edited by Mrs. Clough. (Macmillans.)

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Third: To secure from competent brethren, whether heads of seminaries, professors in colleges or pastors, the most pungent and pithy expositions of Biblical teaching setting forth the missionary character of Christianity.

Fourth: Then to bring forward a missionary—one or more—who, in concrete terms, would show how the Biblical principle expounded had been illustrated and corroborated in the history of his own mission. He was to spend no time in lecturing the brethren. He was to serve, primarily, as a witness.

Fifth: Then, when all minds were rekindled by Biblical truth and warmed by the example of missionary passion, the last part of each session was to be given to prayer, always volunteered, to the Lord of the harvest for more laborers.

Experience had shown that since the Anniversaries of so many societies had been crowded into one convention, there was insufficient time at our Anniversary meetings, as such, for any Biblical expositions, for adequate testimony on the part of returned missionaries respecting the workings of the gospel on pagan minds—the very thing the people of our churches most wish to hear. And, above all, the crowded Anniversaries afforded no time for continued and corporate prayer. The so-called “devotional service” at the beginning of a session became formal; people straggled in, mostly late, and there was little concentration or psychological unity. A prayer service at the end of a session, when minds are tense and sympathies aglow, proved to be a far better thing.

The result of meetings like this is the development of spontaneity. I recall repeated occasions, after such sessions as I have described, when candidates volunteered, and people came to me with inquiries, “What can I do to help?” Besides, offerings of money, little and large, were always forthcoming, as the natural sequence of such meetings. Moreover, this is the divine order: “While I was musing the fire burned.” All the abstract arguments possible respecting missions

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are relatively *nil* for inspirational purposes, compared with the method I have outlined. An ounce of the concrete is worth a ton of abstraction.

The type of conference I have been describing was not something accidentally hit upon, nor one chosen for mere prudential reasons. It was the outcome of an emergence from the crisis which occurred in my earlier ministry, before referred to. The incidental fruits of this in my own soul, determining the type of my preaching and affecting the life of my parish, were so marked that, during my Indiana pastorate, certain ministerial brethren in the State had urged upon me the holding of an informal retreat. Any pastors who really wished to come were quite welcome, but none were urged to attend. About a dozen pastors, from Indianapolis, Fort Wayne, South Bend, Lafayette, Peru, Huntington, and lesser places, came together with Dr. H. L. Stetson in his church in Logansport. We began in the forenoon, with a simple experience meeting, in which, by request, I led off in the account of the manner in which the great blessing of a wholly renewed spiritual life had come to me. I called it a simple return to my "first love," involving a deepened confidence in the finality for spiritual purposes of the word of God, when sanely interpreted as a whole, in harmony with itself. It involved, also, an avowal of an absolute confidence in the universality of the divine providence as the Bible teaches it, as affecting every surrendered and believing life. The brethren at Logansport listened to my narration with the greatest sympathy, and began to ask prayers for themselves in their varied circumstances.

The result was that the following hours of the meeting, continuing through the next day, were mostly given to prayer. One evening the church was filled, and there was profound interest. At the conclusion of a sermon by me, Rev. G. H. Elgin, a brilliant young pastor in Indianapolis and editor of the *Indiana Baptist*, rose, and said he wanted to come forward to the front seat, like any penitent seeker for Christ, to ask for

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special prayer, and he invited any who felt as he did to join him. The entire row of front seats was filled with these broken-hearted ministers upon their knees for one another, and the whole audience was hushed with awe.

But what of all this? Those pastors returned to their home churches and made new beginnings. In some of their churches marked revivals occurred. Dr. Elgin later told me that three months thereafter he had recorded in the columns of the *Indiana Baptist* reports of more than three thousand conversions and baptisms within the limits of the State. Similar conferences were held in Franklin, where the college is situated; at Mitchell, where within a few weeks ninety new members were added to a long backslidden and worldly church; while in Lafayette, Fort Wayne, South Bend, in Logansport itself, and other places, marked spiritual refreshings were enjoyed.

When, two and a half years afterwards, I found myself located as pastor in St. Paul, Minnesota, now quite restored to health, I was invited by brother pastors—Dr. W. T. Chase, H. C. Woods, F. T. Gates, T. G. Field, and others—to hold similar conferences at eligible points. This I did, in the Twin Cities, in Rochester, Owatonna, St. Cloud, Stillwater, and elsewhere, various brethren assisting. Everywhere there was pronounced blessing.

When, therefore, I found myself charged with the responsibilities of conducting missionary campaigns widely through the country, and sought divine guidance, I recurred to the signal blessings on the aforesaid "prayer conferences"; and it seemed plain to me that, as the missionary enterprise is pre-eminently a spiritual and sacrificial undertaking, this "prayer conference" idea, which called for renewed spiritual life, was likely to be greatly blessed. And so I started out on that line. The first conference called was in the Prospect Avenue Church, Buffalo—Dr. E. E. Chivers, pastor. Both pastor and church threw themselves into it with great earnestness, and we held a two or three days'

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meeting. As participants to lead our thoughts, I invited the strongest men in the denomination that I could reach. Among those who participated were Drs. A. J. Gordon, Henry E. Robins, John Humpstone, of Brooklyn; P. S. Moxom, A. H. Burlingham, Robert G. Seymour, W. P. Hellings and L. A. Crandall. We also had Dr. John E. Clough and several other missionaries. About two hundred and fifty messengers from outside Buffalo were in attendance. The meeting was felt to be entirely unique, and especially the Biblical, expositional and prayer factors. Dr. Chivers himself wrote up an account of it for the *Examiner*, and others for the *Standard* and the *Journal and Messenger*. It was not long until from all parts of the country came invitations for similar conferences. The next one held was in Des Moines, Iowa, and the attendance and interest, as it was held in Dr. Clough's own State, were even greater than at the one in Buffalo. Again strong men were brought to the front. Dr. Lemuel Moss, then of Minneapolis, and pastors from Denver, Keokuk, Davenport, Dubuque, Omaha, St. Paul, in large numbers, came. No church in the town could hold the people, especially on the evening when Dr. Clough spoke; and so we secured the large opera-house. Several young pastors and their wives and several single women foremost in those meetings shortly after volunteered, and were appointed for service abroad. Among these were F. P. and Mrs. Haggard, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Perrine, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Harris, A. L. Bain, W. F. Gray, Miss Lolo Daniels, and others whose names I do not now recall. Dr. Witter, secretary for that State and Nebraska, told me that sixteen new missionaries were recruited from that meeting. Dr. Clough was already in touch with several of the men he wanted: and as the conferences were held in succession, all the men asked for came forward, and were appointed. I had been importuned, on the way out via California the year before, to come soon after my return from the mission lands and make a tour of the Pacific coast. The committee in Boston

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was favorable to the suggestion. Accordingly, the next spring after my return, I went and held a series of these prayer conferences, from place to place, through Los Angeles, Riverside, San Bernardino, Orange, Santa Ana, San Diego, Santa Barbara, Fresno, Santa Cruz, San Jose, San Francisco, Oakland, Sacramento, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Victoria and Vancouver. It was a great series. It brought out the strongest men on the coast. And I think everywhere blessing was left behind. Indeed, it was with me a primary conviction, if we could hold meetings of the right sort they would prove fertilizing to every spiritual, philanthropic and missionary interest: to none more than to the respective State conventions embraced, and to all local interests. I either projected or shared in four or five different trips up and down the Pacific coast.

Emphasis was never laid on any mere society, as such, that was behind such meetings, but, rather, upon the inner genius and spirit of New Testament Christianity. If by second intention any or all societies were helped, well and good; but the whole kingdom, on its intrinsic and divine principles, and these concretely illustrated, was the main thing emphasized. Other such meetings were held in Boston, Providence, Hartford, New Haven, Norwich, Bridgeport, New York, Brooklyn, Newark, Trenton, Jersey City, Freehold, Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburgh, Allegheny, Dayton, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Columbus, Chicago, Milwaukee, Elgin, St. Louis, Lawrence, Atchison, Lincoln and Omaha. These conferences continued almost annually, in some form or other, throughout the eighteen years of my secretarial life. On occasions the veteran Dr. Henry G. Weston, and my spiritual father, would go with me, as he did in four great meetings at least—to Boston, Providence, Dayton and Elgin—not to speak of various participations with me in his own Philadelphia. Who that ever heard him on a favorite line, "God's Elect a Missionary Body," can forget the searching, and yet persuasive, tenderness of his presentation? At times some of the secretaries of the several societies

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would join me in a winter series of these conferences; *e. g.*, Dr. H. L. Morehouse, in New York, Brooklyn or Cincinnati; Dr. H. C. Woods, who accompanied me on my second tour along the whole Pacific coast; and betimes State convention or district secretaries—Drs. Rairden, Proper or Dunn, of Maine; Mr. Dobbins, of Philadelphia, or “Uncle Boston” Smith; Drs. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, and John A. Broadus, of the Southern Seminary at Louisville—assisted me on some of these occasions; so, also, did Dr. E. B. Hulbert, of Chicago; Pres. George E. Merrill and Professors Burnham and Greene, of Colgate, and a long list of missionaries home on furlough.

I made two memorable tours across the continent, accompanying parties of missionaries sailing by the Pacific for Japan, China or the Philippines, consuming a fortnight or more on each trip, holding meetings on the way out at points like Chicago, La Crosse, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Fargo, Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Eugene, Albany, Grant’s Pass, Sacramento, Oakland, San Jose and San Francisco. On one trip taken over the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe line, we held such meetings at St. Louis, Kansas City, Albuquerque, Fresno, and a half-dozen other points in California.

Some of these meetings were almost Pentecostal in interest and power, and were everywhere attended by crowds, to whom world evangelization from that time on became another thing.

And here let me put on record my warm appreciation of the great and manifold help rendered by a body of most able and devoted district secretaries who served the great cause, home as well as foreign, for many years. These were as follows: Drs. W. S. McKenzie and W. E. Witter, in New England; Drs. A. H. Burlingham, E. E. Chivers, C. L. Rhodes, Geo. H. Brigham and O. O. Fletcher, in the State of New York; Drs. R. M. Luther, Robert G. Seymour and Frank S. Dobbins, in Pennsylvania; Rev. T. G. Field, in Ohio; Drs. S. M. Stimson and J. S. Boyden, in Indiana and Michigan; Drs. C. F. Tolman and E. W. Lounsbury, in

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Illinois; Dr. Henry Williams (succeeding to Dr. Witter), in Iowa; Dr. Frank Peterson, in Minnesota; Drs. I. N. Clark and Manly J. Breaker, in Missouri, and Drs. James Sunderland and A. W. Rider, on the Pacific Coast. These were all efficient and extremely faithful men, laborious, self-denying, and they eagerly lent every help within their power in their respective districts to render my administration efficient; and they planned, in the main, numerous conferences in which I participated. Some of them had been eminent in pastoral service, some had seen years of service on the mission field and were in themselves primary centers of missionary inspiration and power.

XXIII

OUTSTANDING EPISODES

IN the light of what I have said, it will be inferred that in the pursuance of my general plan of holding, widely, Bible and prayer conferences, the tenor of my public course was, in the main, fertilized by two things; first, by my new habit of first-hand Bible study, and, secondly, by the first-hand contact with the missions themselves, the details of which the churches never tire of hearing. As to the first of these influences, I gave three consecutive years to the study of my Greek Testament, together with a Harper's "Englishman's Greek Concordance," until I had gone through, examining, word by word, the entire New Testament. This was greatly stimulated by the simultaneous use of Rotherham's New Testament, critically emphasized.

In the spring of 1907 I was officially sent as a delegate to the Morrison Conference, in Shanghai, China. My route was via Honolulu, Yokohama, Shanghai and Hongkong, and back to Shanghai in time for the conference, taking in Swatow and Foochow.

At Honolulu, on the outward voyage from San Francisco, which I took in company with eight or ten representative Americans and a much larger number of the leading residents of Honolulu, we had, in the city just named, a very cordial reception given us by leading citizens. We were met at the steamer by delegations with automobiles and carriages, which took us the rounds of sights to be seen, including, of course, the famous Pali precipice, with its unrivaled views of many-colored waters, shoals, reefs, etc. We were shown the large Hawaiian church, the Polynesian museum, the Y. M. C. A., the large Union Church

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building, and were very handsomely dined at a missionary rendezvous. Among the things that interested me most was a little contact with the Rev. Hiram Bingham and wife (the sister of Titus Coan), and he son of the original Hiram Bingham, who led the first party of missionaries from Boston to the islands, in 1820. This Hiram Bingham, second, had been fifty years in the Gilbert Islands, where he had translated the entire Scriptures into the vernacular of the people, and compiled a valuable dictionary. He was an impressive personage, with his stalwart figure and lofty brow, reminding me of the distinguished Horace Bushnell, whom I once heard lecture in Chicago.

I made, in passing, but a brief stop in Yokohama, as it was deemed important that I should go on as direct as possible to Hongkong, Canton and Swatow, in time to return up the coast for the conference at Shanghai.

Through the generosity of a few friends, it had been made possible for my niece, also, Dr. Catherine L. Mabie,* a medical missionary home on furlough from the Congo, to take this trip to China with me, an incident which greatly added to my enjoyment and comfort. Besides, I was anxious that on the trip she should see as much as possible of our Chinese and Japanese missions. Hence, we made sure of South China first. We took in representative forms of the work of several boards in Canton, including the Southern Baptist Mission, the large Baptist mission press and schools, the great Presbyterian hospital, the hospital of Dr. Mary Foster—an institution for women—the Canton Christian College, and several of the foremost temples and characteristic features of the native city.

From Canton, after a brief visit to the grave of Morrison at Macao, and a few days in Hongkong, we took steamer for Swatow. There we became the guests of Dr. and Mrs. William Ashmore, Jr., and Dr. and Mrs. S. B. Partridge. We took in the schools and other interesting enterprises there; also those in

* Daughter of Dr. John S. Mabie, of California.

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the Presbyterian mission across the bay; and visited Kityang and Chaoyang—the Speichers in the former place and the Grosbecks in the latter—together with the lamented physician, Dr. A. M. Worley (afterwards drowned in the Swatow Bay, to the great loss of our mission).

From Swatow we took a slow coast steamer for Foochow, *en route* to Shanghai. We found Foochow full of interest. It is the seat of very important work, as carried on by the American Congregational and Methodist Boards, in particular. The schools are of a high order and the equipment exceptionally good, and there were very able workers in charge. I was here much pleased to meet a Chinese teacher, Rev. Moses Ding, whom I had known somewhat in America.

At the Morrison Centenary Conference in Shanghai I was invited to preach in the Christian Chapel on one of the two Sundays embraced by the conference. I spoke on "The Transfiguration Errand of the Church," meaning the missionary undertaking, which is nothing short of the attempt of the Spirit, through the church, morally, to transfigure mankind. There were hundreds of missionaries present, and the place that morning was a radiant mount. The chief thing of value in the sermon was the Scripture implications for mankind's transfiguration it contained.

The Shanghai conference was a decennial meeting. It was attended by about twelve hundred delegates, from China and elsewhere. It was a highly representative meeting, so far as missionaries in China were concerned, but it seemed to me, and to many others, a great pity that the Chinese Christians themselves had no formal representation, and that but a very few of them attended the meetings, in which leading questions were discussed. There were, however, two or three mass-meetings in their behalf. Drs. Arthur Smith and J. Campbell Gibson presided, alternately, at the sessions. The studied reports of the various committees, that had been long before appointed, were able and comprehensive. Perhaps the one theme that occupied the

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largest share of attention was the subject of Christian union. On the central matter of spiritual unity there was but one opinion. However, probably nothing was accomplished in the way of committal to ecclesiastical *conformity*, except that various types of Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists and Anglicans easily united for certain purposes, common to them all.

Apropos of this matter of Christian unity, an opportunity occurred of demonstrating what I long since discovered, that a real catholic-spirited Baptist can often serve better than any one else to mediate practical differences between the several denominations, and, at the same time, show himself to be nearest to other Christians of any denomination.

During the first morning of the Shanghai conference the "Commission," previously appointed to present the "Basis of Doctrinal Agreement," reported. In the report was the sentence, "Resolved, That we accept the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, *and* the Nicene Creed, as the sufficient expression of the facts of the Christian faith."

The moment the matter was before the conference amendment after amendment was offered. The Anglicans were insistent that at least one historic creed should be incorporated with the Scriptures and practically co-ordinate with them as determinative of the elements in the confession of faith. Baptists, Disciples, and some of the China Inland missionaries, were equally opposed to the acknowledgment of any authority besides the Scriptures. The forenoon was consumed in an attempt to reach an agreement, and the hour came for the noon adjournment, with pronounced disagreements.

The moment we adjourned, I stepped over to my friend, Bishop Roots, of Hankow, and inquired, "Would you be willing, on the part of Episcopalians, to eliminate from the resolution the word 'sufficient,' and insert instead the phrase 'substantially expresses'?"

"Certainly," said he.

"Then, let me get together a few Baptist and

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Disciple delegates for a conference, and that change can be made."

I called in Dr. R. S. Graves, Dr. R. T. Bryan, our own Northern representative, and a few Disciples, and stated to them my proposal. At first they all protested against "recognizing any creedal statement whatever." But I soon persuaded them that, in effect, every Baptist denomination at home that organized a church, or formally recognized such a church, did so on the basis of certain "articles of faith," and that any Baptist or Disciple who preached a sermon or wrote a tract for the Chinese virtually took a creedal position, and we Baptists jeopardized nothing serious by admitting, for the sake of easing the position of Anglicans in a union conference, that even the Nicene Confession (following the Scriptures in the statement) "*substantially*" expressed the *facts* of the Christian faith. All finally agreed to this.

The amendment, coming from a most unexpected quarter, when presented was immediately seconded on all sides, the question called for, and an absolutely unanimous vote secured. All were at once on their feet singing the Doxology, and thereafter the conference proceeded on its course with complete harmony.

Probably there were a few high Anglicans who never forgave the unknown author of the amendment, who could see a difference between the word "sufficiently" and the word "substantially." Under this *sub rosa* influence, the "non-essential" factor was eliminated and all parties were happy.

On one of the evenings early in the conference there was a large representative assemblage, at which delegates from the societies, present in large numbers, were introduced. When I was brought forward the following incident occurred. In my remarks I had said that I represented the American Society, which had its rise with Adoniram Judson. I brought assurances of the Christian love and good will of twenty millions of Protestant American Christians toward China. I concluded by referring to the proposed return

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of one-half of the indemnity fund of twenty-four million dollars, which was allotted to our country after the Boxer troubles. To indicate the solid basis which I thought existed for the hope it would be done, I referred to a personal interview which I and two others, friends of China, not long before had been favored to have with the late Secretary Hay, in his official chambers in Washington. I described to my hearers, which included many English-speaking Chinese, the high indignation which Secretary Hay expressed to us, that other powers in Europe were unwilling to relinquish a dollar of their claims; and, also, that their claims should all be paid in *gold*.

There may have been some degree of indiscretion in relating the incident in the form I did. However, at the close of the meeting Hon. Y. C. Tong, a highly cultivated gentleman, educated in Hartford, Connecticut, years ago, head of the Chinese Imperial Telegraph System, sought me out. He was the representative of His Excellency, Tuan Fong, who held sway over the three great Liang provinces. Tong had given an address of rare eloquence at the opening of the meeting. I overheard him inquiring for the gentleman who had spoken of the proposed return of the American indemnity to China. I stepped forward, and we exchanged cards.

Tong remarked: "You deeply touched my heart to-night. You spoke like a man who loved our people."

I replied: "I certainly do, and there are millions in America who do."

He replied: "I believe that," then added: "But you do not really believe that the United States will carry out your great secretary's recommendation! Other nations do not treat us that way."

I answered: "I think they will, but we shall talk of that when and where we can have a quieter opportunity."

He asked me to call on him the next day, and appointed an hour. Accordingly, taking Dr. Timothy Richard with me, I called at his office, and we went

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over the whole matter. That interview led to a friendship which has continued to this day, and it also brought me into touch with other dignitaries in China, to which I shall refer later.

After the Shanghai conference, on my return from Hankow, through the mediation of our United States Minister, I called on His Excellency, Tuan Fong, in his Yamen in Nanking. Mr. Y. C. Tong, just referred to, and his close friend, had written him, preparing the way, and I had a most delightful interview. Besides, I was present in New York on the great occasion when our American Mission Boards gave, at the Hotel Waldorf, a reception to himself and one other high official from China. When, later, these gentlemen, with their retinue, visited our mission rooms in Boston, and Dr. Barbour gave them an address of welcome, I presided at the meeting. All of these incidents, as well as my features, Tuan Fong easily recalled. He also kindly presented me with a lithograph likeness of himself, and a scroll which contained a "squeeze" from a celebrated tablet in Egypt. He gave me a Chinese name, and wrote it, together with his own, on the edge of the scroll, which I brought home with me. It was a great loss to the new China that this highly advanced and competent man should have been seized and summarily executed because he was a Manchu, at the time of the revolution.

In connection with the Morrison Centenary in Shanghai, a deputation of Americans informally chosen, excepting myself and Dr. Eubank, representing our Missionary Society, went out to China to observe conditions. Among these were Pres. S. W. Woodward, of our Foreign Society, and Col. E. H. Haskell, president of the Home Mission Society, and perhaps a dozen others, including several pastors. We made a rapid visitation of Canton, Shanghai, Ningpo, Hankow and Hanyang, and returned with a variety of impressions. The presidents of the two societies above mentioned, with marked generosity served at the Astor House a complimentary dinner to the twelve hundred

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missionary delegates to the conference. It was an occasion of marked interest, and reflected great credit on the large-heartedness of our two American brethren.

Yet another occasion similar to this is worthy to be recalled; namely, the sumptuous Chinese dinner provided by the Commercial Press of Shanghai, the largest native publishing-house in all China, founded a few years since by five *proteges* of the Presbyterian Press, but which has since grown to great proportions, with branch houses in six or eight of the leading cities of China.

Dr. A. J. Gordon died in 1895. He had long been a member of our Executive Committee, for years its chairman, and probably the most whole-hearted, unquestioned friend of Foreign Missions in the American pastorate. Moreover, his great impressiveness in public speech made him pre-eminent among us. I was privileged to be close to him for many years. I was a delegate with him at the first Ecumenical Conference in London, shared with him several McAll meetings in Paris, following the London meeting, and he being chairman of our Executive Committee, and I one of the secretaries, I was naturally called upon to preach in his vacant, draped pulpit on the Sunday after he passed away, previous to his funeral. I think it was the most stricken congregation I ever saw, and never did I more shrink from a public function. But there was no escape. I took for my theme the entreaty of Elisha to the prophet Elijah, on the day of the latter's translation, that "a double portion" of his spirit might fall upon Elisha. I dwelt particularly on Elijah's reply:

"And he said, Thou hast asked a hard thing: nevertheless if thou *see* me when I am taken from thee, it shall be so unto thee; but if not, it shall not be so."

My point was the necessity of an insight born of the Spirit of God after some form of death and resurrection on Elisha's part, if he was so to qualify, as Elijah's successor, as to see him transfigured from a physical to a *spiritual being*, and virtually *identified* as

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ranking with the chariot and horsemen of fire. Coming thus near, Elisha would perceive that Elijah, *under the symbol of chariot and horsemen*, which, also, he became, was the real defense of Israel; and that Elisha himself must be such a defense. So, we, if we would gain insight and qualification to succeed to the enduement of our spiritual superiors, must come into closer union with their processes of spiritual transformation, even at the cost of life itself.

I was also asked by the family to preside at the funeral, a couple of days later, and also to pay my tribute to the saintly man that had passed. Other speakers were Rev. Joseph Cook, Dr. Arthur T. Pier-son and Miss Frances E. Willard. The Clarendon Street Church was filled to overflowing, even to the curbstones of the street. The occasion, as a whole, was simply august, entirely apart from any living individual's part in it. But I have always esteemed it one of the chief honors of my life to have been permitted to stand so close to this man of God, in many respects the most gifted, seraphic and devout man that has been known in the annals of American Bap-tists. In his time, he held very advanced views respect-ing the spiritual life, divine healing and the pre-millennial coming of our Lord. But these views always seemed so natural to him, his exposition of them was so eloquent, and so much Scripture did he focus on them, that few persons opposed him in the open. He was a man of truly prophetic mold, and of rare divine insight. No wonder that, after the natural struggle of so strong a personality against relinquishing the grasp on life in his last illness, he passed away with the triumphant shout, "Victory!" upon his lips. To this day, after the lapse of twenty years, the memory and impress of his personality still dominate the whole atmosphere of Clarendon Street Church.

Sometimes we had debts; such debts—*deficits** in

*A deficit in a given year's account, in the case of a benevolent so-ciety, whose permanent funds are large and ever increasing, does not, as in the case of an individual or a mere business, portend danger of in-solvency.

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the yearly account, we ought to say—are sure to accrue in any foreign missionary society that does its work on a high principle. This is no plea for a reckless, debt-making habit, but deficits are inevitable, for these reasons: first, because any executive board that becomes sympathetic with its heroic missionaries on the fringeline is bound to spend each year all that the situation, on its surface, calls for; and generally a little more, because the exigencies of so growing a work are of such a nature as no mere human judgment can foresee: for example, the sickness and return home of missionaries, the prevalence of a sudden famine, or an international war that creates unforeseen situations. Any mission board that is wise will incur the moral risks involved rather than see the work radically jeopardized. In the next place, foreign mission work, after all, rests with serious weight on only a minimum part of any denomination, ill developed as the church is. And if a mission board allows itself to be held back and embarrassed by this contingent of its supposed constituency, it will never do its work as it ought to. And the missionary executives are called, if divinely called at all, to an aggressive leadership in this matter. They must, therefore, be prepared to hold and to exercise a strong faith policy, or they should give over their responsibilities to those who will. To spend only such funds as their constituents have put in their hands in advance may be worldly prudence, but it is not Christian faith, on the basis of the great commission and its accompanying divine promise, and if a too sight-walking policy exists, the work in hand is sure to weaken.

Historically, all the great mission boards in Europe and America have had, do have, and will have, pretty frequent deficits. These very deficits have often proved the moral means to awaken an always more or less apathetic church. Even banks, great corporations and nations, as at present, are obliged to borrow money on a colossal scale, and so their debit account is often but the measure of the enormous ideal values and risks they feel compelled to stand for.

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Of course, a prudent board will take every pains to keep out of debt when possible, and they will feel grave concern lest the deficit in any one year should be too large.

In the course of my connection with the Missionary Union there were deficits. We started with one of nearly seventy thousand dollars during the year in which I was chosen secretary. The next year we raised over one million dollars, so that, after meeting all contingencies and considerable advance work, we had a credit balance of twenty-five thousand dollars. Then what happened? People began to say, "Oh, the Foreign Society has more money than it needs!" Some partisans—shall I say it?—made use of this incident to our disadvantage. Then, an international disturbance came on, and the prejudices of the weak among us awoke to criticism of work being done outside our own borders. And, of course, we had a deficit.

One year—in 1907-8—this deficit amounted to two hundred and four thousand dollars, and the Home Mission Society had one of one hundred and eighty thousand dollars. They have always prospered when we prospered and suffered when we were short—a consideration which ought forever to make impossible any jealousy in the two arms of service. I confess I was much depressed by this situation, but I am clear that it was from no fault of our committee's administration. The Telugu field alone, the year before, had been reinforced with more than twenty new families. The West and Central China missions had also been much strengthened. Indeed, the work begun at Han-yang, the most strategic and central position in China, was itself an outstanding advance movement, in which the best informed friends of the Missionary Union felt great satisfaction. But we had contracted debt.

At length, after a night of uncommon pressure, I awoke one morning with this thought: If I could get Mr. Rockefeller to make a conditional offer, such as he was then in the habit of making to other interests, and if I could enlist Dr. Morehouse, of the Home Mission

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Board, to co-operate, we together could easily secure the remaining portion of the two great debts. I took the first train for New York and unburdened my heart to my long-time friend, Rev. F. T. Gates, who then handled applications made to Mr. Rockefeller. Mr. Gates was favorable to my proposal. I then went to Dr. Morehouse and divulged my plans. He seconded them warmly. We instituted a series of parlor conferences, to enter upon as undemonstrative a search as possible for money. Mr. Rockefeller, meanwhile, had looked over our figures and generously said that we needed a *little more* than I had asked for, and he was prepared to give two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, provided we would raise the balance to cover the gross amount of indebtedness.

We next called on Mrs. Rockefeller, to ask if she would open her house for a parlor conference. She cheerfully acquiesced and the meeting was held, with perhaps sixty people present. At that meeting assurances were given for about eighty thousand dollars. Meetings followed in Boston, Brooklyn, Newark, Buffalo, Rochester, Chicago, Detroit, Indianapolis, Dayton, and several other places. Finally, when the footings were made up and audited by a careful committee, we found we had the money for the deficits, and a surplus of twenty-five thousand dollars to the good. The denomination was happy, the missions rejoiced, and we confidently believed we were started on a new and prosperous course.

To Mr. Rockefeller's credit be it said that from that day on, year by year, he annually increased his contributions, until for some years they have amounted to about two hundred thousand dollars annually, each, to the Foreign and Home Mission Societies. The joint effort which Dr. Morehouse and I made bound our hearts together in an uncommon and tender friendship, which strongly abides to this day. In all this endeavor I was greatly abetted and encouraged by Hon. Robert O. Fuller, of Boston. He himself subscribed ten thousand dollars, and obtained several other pledges

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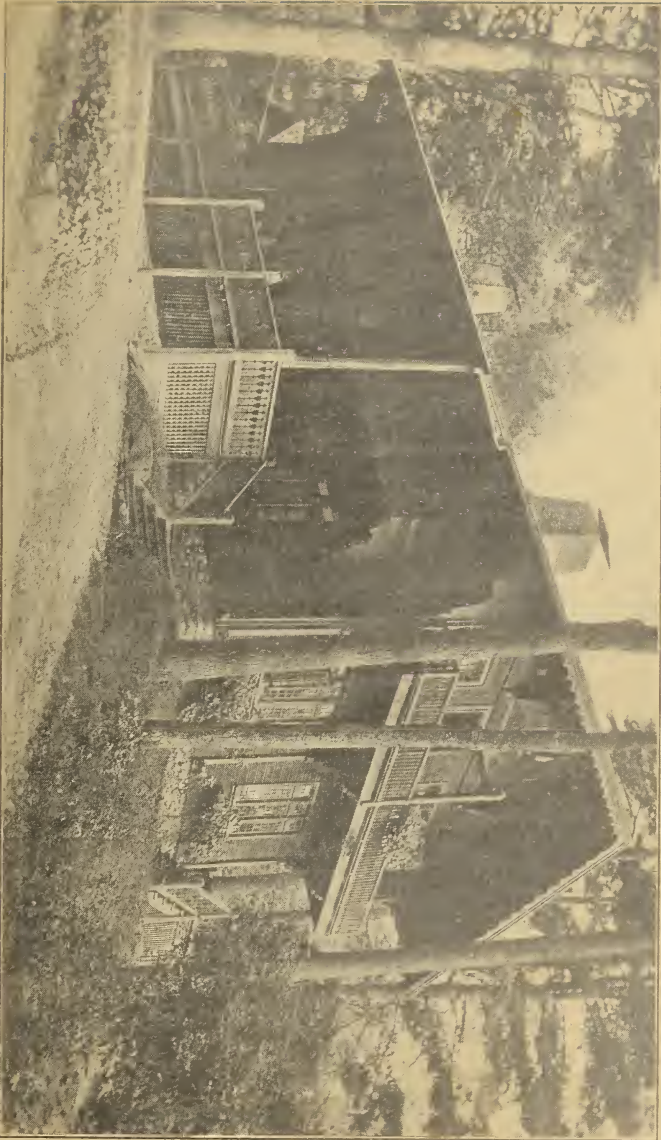
of from three to five thousand. He also personally went with me to several cities, and lent great aid to the success of the parlor conferences, some of which he planned throughout. To the end of his life, Mr. Fuller was my fast personal friend, and a staunch believer in the form of moral and inspirational dynamic, which he believed, through God, my policies were bringing to the cause. And back of Mr. Fuller himself was the whole-hearted sympathy of his gifted and devoted wife, who he always said was his loftiest inspiration, and who also, in recent years, has been a cordial patron of my mission lectureship.

XXIV

NORTHFIELD DAYS

SOON after I removed from the West to New England, in 1891, I located my family summer home at East Northfield. I did this, partly for health reasons, and partly because the several summer conferences that had sprung up under Mr. Moody's magnetic influence afforded high missionary inspirations and a rare opportunity for coming into annual touch with prospective candidates for missionary service. Besides, I had been for years in close sympathy with Mr. Moody's high spiritual ideals.

I came into possession of a small tract of picturesque, wooded land just on the edge of the town, considered worthless except for the little timber and firewood there was on it. It was, however, in part, on the slopes of a glen, well watered with springs and a pretty mountain stream. Rough as the place originally was, I saw it could in time be made very attractive. Of course, I could spend only my vacations on it, but, as I had several children in school, I was persuaded they could most profitably spend their vacations in Northfield with us, avail themselves of the conferences, and also become helpful in working out the possibilities of a comfortable home—the first one I ever owned in my own right. From 1892 till now it has been our vacation rendezvous. Meanwhile, it has served to keep up my health to the working-point, which is a consideration. We built a Swiss chalet, and named our place "Roeburn," in honor of my wife's maiden name and of the brook (the Scotch of which is "burn"). We also inscribed across the front gable, in Swiss fashion and German text, the device, "God's Providence is



THE SWISS CHALET AT ROBBURN

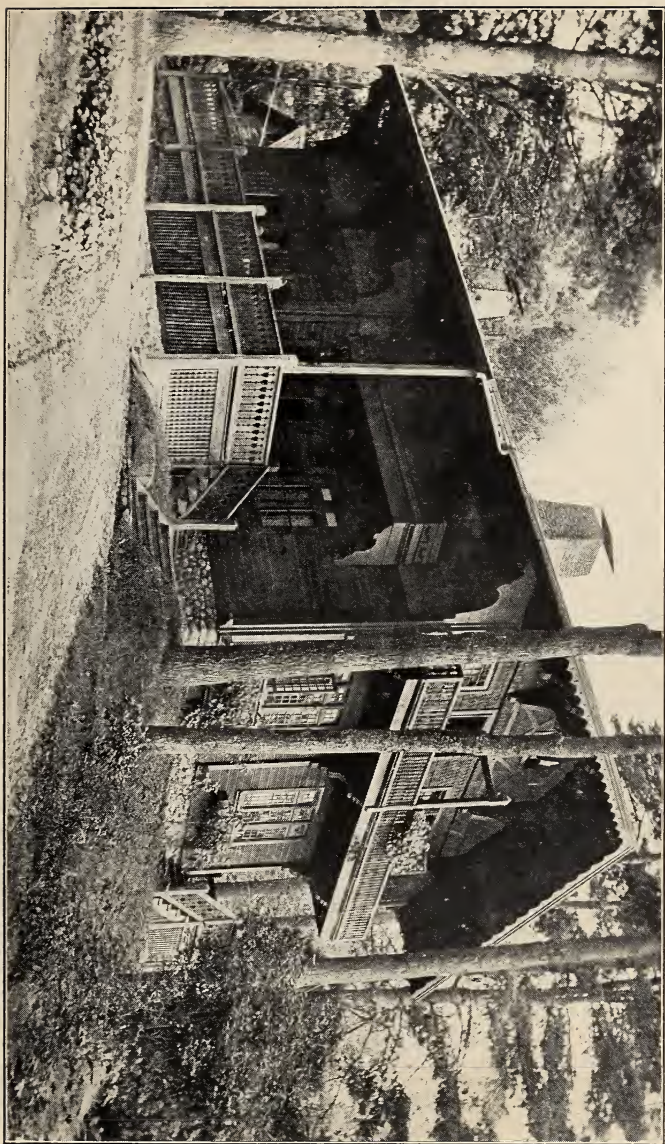
XXIV

NORTHFIELD DAYS

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THE SWISS CHALET AT ROEBURN



NORTHFIELD DAYS

Mine Inheritance." This latter suggestion came, of course, from the historic old house in Chester, England. My peculiar attachment to Mr. Moody drew me to the place. This attachment began in my student days in Chicago. It grew with my observations of his marked activities in Christian Commission service during our Civil War, and gained further strength from the Tabernacle meetings in Boston in 1877, in which I worked with him, and from his peerless standing in the realm of the most genuine and effective evangelism.

With the rise of Mr. Moody's conferences, I was impressed that the spirit, and some of the methods effective in them, were the very things needed to supply more dynamic for such foreign mission propagandism as I was expected to promote.

Northfield was also the birthplace, in 1886, of the Student Volunteer Movement, which, in recent years, has figured so largely over the world. At this historic meeting, addresses had been given, I think particularly by Drs. Pierson and Ashmore, of such searching and thrilling power that many earnest students in attendance were moved to offer themselves personally for definite forms of work that would hasten the evangelization of the world. Among those who since have risen to special prominence are Robert P. Wilder, John R. Mott, Robert E. Speer, G. Sherwood Eddy and Fletcher Brockman.

As home secretary of our Baptist Foreign Mission Society, I found Northfield all I had expected as a convenient place for meeting large numbers of intending foreign missionaries. Having my home here during the periods of the annual conferences, therefore, greatly facilitated my purposes.

As these conferences progressed, pains were taken by the management to bring on considerable numbers of Japanese, Chinese and some Indian young men from our various colleges in which they were students. On occasion, we had groups of these on our lawn or verandah for friendly converse. Having visited their home lands, I easily gained their confidences, and was

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most glad to reciprocate in my home, attentions I had received in their respective countries. I have several times found occasion to describe to groups of Chinese my interview with the late Secretary Hay, in Washington, in which he expressed himself so vigorously respecting his wish to have returned to China one-half of the indemnity fund of twenty-four million dollars levied on China for supposed encroachment upon our American interests in the Boxer uprising of 1900. Such an account has always awakened, on the part of the Chinese, an enhanced appreciation of American friendship.

During Mr. Moody's lifetime, he always made much of "Missionary Day" at the August meetings. Besides, he took pains to seek out foremost missionary men with platform power. Usually each year, also, we had on our lawn missionary receptions, at which many were introduced and called on for more extended remarks than there was time for in the general meetings. Once we had seventy-five or more of these worthies, with several missionary officials from various societies, present as our guests, some of whom I shall later mention.

The bond of Christian fellowship thus established led to a most interesting and fraternal contact afterwards, on many a mission field, as my wife and I toured distant lands. So Northfield proved to be a sort of clearing-house of missionary interests throughout the earth.

Moreover, on these sacred Northfield hills all forms of Christian and mission work in the home lands, also, were ever coming before us. Who can ever forget Egerton Young's accounts of his rare experiences among the Hudson Bay Indians? He made us hear the very click of the rifle, and smell the odors of the campfire, and taste the cooking venison. How we were thrilled by S. H. Hadley's accounts of conversion of the tramps in Water Street Mission, and Mrs. Whittemore's narratives of the effect of gospel persuasion on the supposedly hopeless in her Rescue Mission. How we felt shamed by Edward A. Steiner's portrayal of the ignored

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trials of aliens on our soil, and made sensible of our apathy towards the "down and outs," as pictured to us by Melvin Trotter, of Grand Rapids. And how Dr. Bernardo awakened our admiration for his work for orphans in London. The fact is, that any one who could set forth the power of God's grace to reach and recover the needy or the fallen was always welcome where D. L. Moody controlled the platform.

The second season we spent there, after the August conference was over, Mr. Moody asked about a dozen of us who had lingered after the meetings to meet him on the grounds back of Weston Hall. After calling on me to lead in prayer, Mr. Moody said he already knew where there was ten thousand dollars available, and in a few minutes thirty thousand dollars more was added to it, for the new auditorium.

Since I became a denizen of Northfield I have seen several of the most spacious and handsome buildings come into being for the seminary, such as the Domestic Science Hall, Sage Chapel and Music Hall, Gould Hall, the Gymnasium and Kenarden Hall, and at Mt. Hermon the large dining-hall, chapel, swimming-pool, Crossley Hall (rebuilt) and Overtoun Hall. Besides, the hotel has been rebuilt and greatly enlarged, which, in itself, constitutes one of the most genial and popular hostelries in New England.

I also set a peculiar value upon Northfield influences for the sake of my own household. I have esteemed our frequent and often annual contact with such souls other than Mr. Moody's as of enormous worth. I name some of the outstanding ones: Ira D. Sankey, A. J. Gordon, Theodore Cuyler, Francis G. Patten, Henry Van Dyke, H. G. Weston, D. W. Whittle, Geo. F. Needham, F. B. Meyer, J. Stuart Holden, C. I. Scofield, Andrew Murray, A. C. Dixon, John R. Mott, Robert E. Speer, J. Wilbur Chapman, C. M. Alexander, Geo. C. Stebbins, the Erdmans (father and son), Prebendary Webb-Peploe, Bishop Thoburn, G. Campbell Morgan, Chas. E. Jefferson, Geo. F. Pentecost, J. H. Jowett, Sherwood Eddy, Jacob Chamberlain, John

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G. Paton, Arthur T. Pierson, Margaret Sangster, Helen Barrett Montgomery, Ellen Stone, Fanny Crosby, L. S. Chafer, and many others.

We have had, either as missionary guests in our home or residing in an adjacent cottage, Dr. and Mrs. Ashmore, Dr. and Mrs. Clough, Wm. H. Hascall and wife, W. L. Ferguson and family, D. D. Downie and family, the Stenger brothers, Henry Richards, A. F. Groesbeck and wife, John Newcomb and wife, Wm. Axling and wife, C. H. Davenport and family, W. F. Beaman and family, Harry Openshaw and wife, F. P. Haggard and family, Dr. W. B. Boggs and family, Dr. W. H. Leslie and family, Mrs. J. Heinrichs and family, Geo. J. Geis and family, Marcus Mason and family, Henry Topping and family, Mrs. C. W. Foreman and family, Mrs. H. W. Peabody, Dr. Catherine Mabie, Mr. and Mrs. F. Howard Taylor, Dr. and Mrs. John Scudder and their daughter (Dr. Ida), Dr. R. A. Hume and Mrs. E. R. Hume.

The influence indirectly imparted to my family from such personages alone, apart from their public addresses, has more than justified the planting of my vacation home in beautiful Northfield, the gem of the Connecticut valley. If there is anything in saintly associations and in high-minded table talk, it surely has been richly tried out with us. I envy similar privileges for every family on earth, often worth more for the formation of character than a whole university course.

One of the delightful parts of our Northfield life was the coming of Dr. Henry G. Weston to the place. As a man of uncommonly conservative temper, it was hard at first to get him there. Singularly enough, he had never come into acquaintance with Mr. Moody. He finally appeared one summer as my guest, and partly as a health measure. He was a bit shy of possible teachings in Northfield. He had been suffering much from sleeplessness. On arrival at our house, we assigned him a chamber on the east side, over against the glen, down which every evening the soft, piney breezes were wont to descend after sunset. He found

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the atmosphere so fresh, the babbling brook so musical, and the pine odors so soporific, that he began to sleep like a child, and to the end of his life, in the hot seasons, he would sigh for that chamber. However, when Mr. Moody had once discovered him, he began to provide for his entertainment more conveniently near the auditorium, and so absorbed was Mr. Moody in his Biblical expositions that he and his family came near monopolizing him. They named a room for him in the hospital building at Mt. Hermon, and frequently would say to me: "Where have you kept this great man all his life? If you have any more like him, bring them on."

Dr. Weston was sent for to participate in the services at Mr. D. L. Moody's funeral. Among other things said by Dr. Weston on that occasion was, that he "would rather be the man lying in that casket than any other man who had lived in the last century."

Of course, what lent a touching interest to our own enjoyment of Dr. Weston's days in Northfield was the fact that, ever since I was led to Christ as an eleven-year-old boy under his preaching, I and my wife, also, had lived our lives under the sweet ægis of his uncommon influence and character.

For nine successive years Dr. Weston was a regular attendant and speaker at Northfield; and during the last year of his life, when he was too feeble to attend, Mr. W. R. Moody, who had presided since the passing of his father, requested that the conference send a telegram and greeting to the prophetic spirit, whom he characterized as "the archbishop of Northfield."

The frequent coming of F. B. Meyer, with his rare Biblical messages respecting the spiritual life, were of the foremost significance, not only for Northfield, but for the entire country, which he repeatedly and widely toured.

I can not dismiss the special influences joyfully experienced at Northfield without referring to the coming of Dr. G. Campbell Morgan upon the scene. The day he first appeared he had run down from Canada,

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which he had been visiting, for a look in upon the scene of Mr. Moody's later activities and interests. I remember how curiously I eyed the then young Birmingham pastor, as he sat upon the platform, little imagining what potentialities for our conferences were lodged in that tall, nervous and rather ungainly figure. Mr. Moody, however, invited him to preach next morning. He spoke on "The Carpenter of Nazareth." Mr. Moody immediately after invited him to return to Northfield the next season to give a course of addresses. This was like Moody. He was always a rare discoverer of men with a message; and he surely found one in Campbell Morgan. The next year he came, and with him another uncommon personality and religious teacher, Rev. G. H. C. McGregor. The two men met each other for the first time on the ship coming over. Although McGregor was avowedly a Keswick man, Morgan had never been near the place, and was rather shy of some of the features of the cult, which undoubtedly it is. But the two men studied the same book, and had undergone similar experiences, and they both had the passion to communicate them to others.

After the passing of Mr. Moody, Dr. Morgan became, in my opinion, a real godsend to all the Northfield interests. He decidedly broadened and deepened the lines of thought. While standing for the most spiritual interpretation of the Scriptures and of life, he was of the most balanced type. He based everything in his version of renewed spiritual experiences upon the potentialities lodged in regeneration, and never gave any interpretations that could minister to spiritual pride, Pharisaism, or such "Christian perfection" as soon sinks to a new form of legalism. He was, and is, the most normal evangelical of the preachers of the Spurgeon-Maclaren-Jowett type. Beyond any I have ever known, he preaches to the whole man—intellect, emotion, conscience and will. And he has the rare power to dramatize in thought everything he preaches; and yet he is never the mere actor. Gifted with humor, he never descends to the trifler or buffoon. His rever-

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ence is profound, his gift in prayer extraordinary. As a Scripture expositor, in which realm he has achieved the most signal successes everywhere, he is a master. When, indeed, we consider that before attempting the public exposition of any book of the Bible he is in the habit of sitting down alone and reading the book through at a sitting several times—at least fifty times, on the average—we are not surprised. He reads and rereads, until an analysis of the book cleaves open to him like a ripe chestnut burr.

Among the gospel preachers of our time, I can not but class him among the foremost and most impressive. His poetic sense, his imagery, his fidelity to the thought of divine revelation, his literary finish, his elocutionary power, and his personal embodiment of Bible messages, are all phenomenal. God be thanked for the gift to His church of G. Campbell Morgan.

XXV

LITERARY PRODUCTS

DURING my tour of the missions I used my pen rather diligently in writing letters home, so that, between my family and the denominational papers, we preserved a pretty complete record of my travels and impressions.

I had no idea at the time of making a book on the subject, but by the time I reached home I found the letters had excited so much interest that I felt encouraged to gather them into a volume. I entitled my volume "In Brightest Asia." It would have been easy, indeed, to depict the shadows in heathen lands that are dark enough. It was my conviction, however, that in quite too many books on the subject, and in missionary addresses, descriptions of the dark side of heathendom are not sufficiently inspiring. If the gospel is winning its way, those phases of the work which reveal it deserve an exhibit. Psychologically, also, there is far more inspiration derived from positive presentation of values than there is in any amount of negation. People need to see the bright side of missionary life and experience. Temperamentally, also, I was built for that.

I illustrated my volume freely with photographs I had brought home with me. The book was well received, about six thousand copies being sold. Although the work is now out of print, yet copies of it can be consulted, probably, in any of our seminary libraries or in the library at the mission rooms.

My second venture in book-making was in the writing of a small volume entitled "Method in Soul-winning," published by Revell. It is, in the main, a record of interesting cases of conversion of people who,

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in rather unconventional ways, have been led to Christ in the course of my pastoral work and travels. It was intended as a help and an incitement to young pastors and missionaries to a correct method of dealing with souls supposedly difficult to reach. The book contained only seven chapters. The reception given to the work was assuring. One layman in this country, interested in students for the ministry, bought a thousand copies and distributed them widely. He also sent numbers of copies to our missionaries. The reception given to the book in England was also marked.

In the discussion embraced in the treatise, attention is given largely to the subjective factor in man's quest of salvation, although in the second chapter I did deal with the objective fact which constitutes the message; viz., that mediatorship of God in Christ which offers to all men a *new type of moral probation*—requiring the exercise of a faith which is most vital. About the time of the issue of this book the half-truth embraced in subjectivism, under the form of Ritschlianism, was having a wide vogue. Feeling as I did the peril in this, and having been led to a deeper conviction of the objectiveness of the redeeming work of God in Christ than I earlier had, I felt the necessity of emphasizing the matter as I did in a later book.

I profoundly believe that, for the purpose of maintaining for one's self a true missionary conviction, the objective atonement, as well as its complementary truth, a subjective experience of the vicarious principle in the soul, is essential; and for purposes of producing a missionary conscience in others, the objective atonement, properly presented, is the foundation of everything.

The reason for my publishing the several books referred to in this chapter was primarily missionary.

The possible considerations to mission work are various. There is the need of the heathen world, always distressing enough. There is the opportunity for adventure in distant lands, colored more or less by picturesque features: these specially appeal to youth;

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there is the appeal to denominational pride, ever aiming to keep up the high standard of heroic service set by the denominational missionary pioneer; there is the sense of the heroic in certain men who, through an accomplished career, have been put on a pedestal, that leads some to entertain similar hopes for themselves. Moreover, there is always operative in this realm the morbid impulse, on the part of certain disappointed souls, to seek some form of self-immolation.

But all these motives are inadequate. Probably with most candidates the motives are mixed. In the searching inquiries which our Bible studies on the subject were provoking, I felt the necessity of going to the bottom of the matter. Besides, the line of effort I was pursuing contemplated, not merely the securing of more candidates for service abroad, or the replenishment of a foreign missionary treasury, but the edification of Christian workers in every possible line of service, at home as well as abroad.

In other words, a general and widespread revival of spiritual life was needed. And if this was to be secured, the fundamental relation of the soul to Christ was involved. This threw me back on a fresh study of the atonement. For it is the nature of one's redeemed relation to God in Christ that determines his relations to his fellow-men. But the sense of these relations needs to be better brought into consciousness.

In 1899 there assembled in Tremont Temple, Boston, one of the decennial meetings of the World Congress of the Congregationalist body. It brought the foremost men of that communion from England and from other parts. Among the Englishmen were Professor Fairbairn, Principal Cave, P. T. Forsyth, Sylvester Horne, and others of their best thinkers and workers. The whole meeting was upon a high level of evangelical thought. I have been told on good authority that a quiet prearrangement had been entered into in England that, as these delegates were likely to be carefully observed in respect to their utterances while in America, they felt the uncommon solemnity of their position, and

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unanimously resolved to give the most pronounced evangelical accent to their deliverances. Among the foremost of these utterances was the paper by Dr. Forsyth on "The Cross the Final Principle of Authority." I had made a point of being present when this particular paper was read. It undoubtedly marked the culminating point in the council. The Temple was filled to the galleries, and with representatives of every shade of Boston thought and opinion. As the paper neared its conclusion, the hush was painful. A contingent of the body on the American side had hoped and expected that Dr. Forsyth would lean toward the exclusively subjective view of the atonement. Indeed, at an earlier stage of Dr. Forsyth's thought, he had done so. But in the school of pain and suffering some of his extreme Ritschlianism had undergone important changes, and his position, when set forth in this remarkable paper, was found to be something vastly deeper than the American Andover type of mind at the time was prepared for. Dr. Forsyth had again found his objective. But he had found it *through the subjective realm*. And this was a far deeper thing than the Andover mind had begun to express.

The Andover conception of Christianity had been wont to interpret Christianity as *Christo-centric*, as opposed to *theo-centric*, as if the one conception was antithetic to the other; whereas, in reality, they are one and the same. What is really central in Christianity is the idea of *redemption, self-effected by the whole God-in-Christ*. In Dr. Forsyth's thought, therefore, when he speaks of the cross as "the final seat of authority," he means the expression, in time, of what, according to apostolic thought, was really timeless in God and at his very heart. This is the thing that is really central in God and Christ, the one indivisible triune. The propitiation wrought in the atonement was a *self-propitiation*, not affecting disposition, but moral necessity and moral consistency in a God who is just, and yet as merciful as he is just. The act of God in the atonement, therefore, is an objective, eternal and yet histor-

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ical event, which morally "enabled God to act as he feels." Our universe, therefore, is *redempto*-centric.

When Dr. Forsyth concluded the paper above referred to, Dr. H. A. Stimson, once of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, arose and said:

"Mr. Moderator, this would appear to be the high-water mark of this council; it would seem most appropriate that we stand and sing

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins."

The moderator, Pres. J. B. Angell, looked embarrassed, and hesitated: he turned inquiringly to several of the Andover contingent, who sat behind him with shrugged shoulders. Just then Dr. Forsyth himself stepped to Dr. Angell and whispered:

"In the cross of Christ I glory."

This was announced, and the great audience compromised on that, although singing with a volume of sound that filled the building. Since the Bible is filled throughout with a symbolism of blood—that is, with a symbolism of the vicariousness of Deity, even to the very depths of life, divine life, which came to historical heartbreak on Calvary—the disclosure was tragic, and revelatory of the divided state of the modern mind on the atonement.

But Dr. Forsyth had struck a note so deep that, while some repudiated it, as human nature not smitten with a deep sense of sin always will, yet with others it was a summons to study, as never before, the meaning and message of the cross. I was among that number.

I thought then, and I still think, Dr. Forsyth's discussions on the cross the profoundest I have ever read. I once spent an hour with my friend, the late Dean Hulbert, rehearsing Forsyth's paragraphs, while we were attending a Western convention together. When I came to some of the central and most striking epigrams, the Dean would say:

"What's that? Repeat that! That's very striking!"

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Then he would spring up and walk the floor and repeat the phrases aloud to himself. Some of them seemed so new to him, as they had to me when I first heard them. But I had absorbed them, and much besides, which in other phrase came to me from the Scriptures direct.

The atonement has been for long "hung up," if not given over, by multitudes of ministers; and few are those who teach it wisely. The simple distinction between the tragedy of the crucifixion of Jesus by wicked men, and the voluntary self-giving of God in Jesus Christ, is rarely apprehended. These two things are at the very antipodes in thought and principle, and yet who teaches the distinction in a clear way? The cross is a term always used in the New Testament, in the light of the resurrection of our Lord. The term was not once written in the Scripture till a full generation had elapsed after the crucifying event. Time was necessary in the light of the resurrection-life of the church, for the term, *as a watchword*, to find itself and disclose its meaning to the church. The cross is simply the most misunderstood term used in theological thought. Those men who shivered on the platform in Tremont Temple, at the mention of the lines,

"There is a fountain filled with blood,"

were simply thinking of the shambles—a common slaughter-house—and they supposed it vulgar, whereas the vulgarity is rather in sinful human nature that necessitated such a sacrifice as the shed blood symbolized.

The atonement was other than crucifixion. The crucifixion of Jesus by the wicked Jews was human sin at its maximum, whereas the self-giving of God in Christ upon Calvary's cross was, as Dr. Dale says of it, "the sublimest act in the moral history of God." Matters that are as far apart as those, merit a degree of attention, and a clearness of exposition, that as yet is wanting in most modern thought.

Accordingly, as I went about over the country, ad-

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dressing conventions, and especially ministers' meetings, I endeavored, as never before, to point out that one's conception of the meaning of that cross in the apostolic sense, and one's relation to it, would determine his degree of interest in the missionary undertaking.

Ere long, also, I found myself writing some chapters on what afterwards took form in a book entitled "The Meaning and Message of the Cross." I thought it of immense importance to make clear the radical distinction between the tragedy of the crucifixion and the cross of the atonement. Beginning with some caricatures of the atonement, which had misled strong public characters, including Lord Disraeli, of England, and Dr. Minot J. Savage, a Unitarian minister of Boston and New York, I gave three chapters to making clear this distinction. I then pointed out the proper Scripture meaning of the emphasis which is undoubtedly put on Christ as "crucified." This meaning is not that Paul, or others, gloried in the *crime* of the Jews as such, but rather in the *paradoxical power* of Christ as *humiliated*, even unto the shameful death by Roman crucifixion.

Paul uses the term "the cross," ironically, and has in view the manner in which Christ, through his voluntary and all-powerful resurrection, turned the tables on the crucifiers, and all they meant by that crucifixion. None of the crucifiers saw the atonement. Probably the only person at Calvary, who did see it, was the dying penitent who hung beside Jesus, and who, in the light of his discovery, upbraided his criminal companion for taunting Jesus. This "model penitent," as I prefer to call him, discerning that Jesus really was the King of the Jews, and was allowing them to destroy the temple of his body—a temple he himself would rebuild in his pending resurrection—cried out, "Jesus, remember me *when* thou comest in [or into] thy kingdom." He used the saving name "Jesus." He alone, of the five classes that appealed to Jesus on the cross, did not say, "Save thyself," but, rather, "Save me!" He alone saw that the crucifixion was not finality. He saw that a kingdom and a throne were

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awaiting Jesus "over there"; and he begged to be made a member of that kingdom. The seal of Christ was instantly put on the incomparable insight of that prayer in the reply, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." This man alone saw and confessed the atonement, as no apostle then did, nor even the mother of Jesus. Not one of them but would have taken Christ down from off that tree if he could. The words of Jesus, in John 10:17, 18, express the atonement: "Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life, that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me. I have power [or right] to lay it down, and I have power [or right] to take it again. This commandment have I received of my Father." That dying voluntary heartbreak, which yet issued in resurrection, was the atonement. That, this model penitent beside Jesus in the crucifixion hour saw and believed.

I went on to emphasize that the cross, properly understood, was a redeeming *achievement*, and not a mere *endurance* of wrong. I then pointed out that the subjective process of a life in which the human self was crucified with Christ to self and sin was but the sequel of the far deeper work of Christ, insisting on the inadequacy of the Ritschlian conception. I wound up the volume of ten chapters by showing "the missionary energy of the cross," and that the Christ of the cross was "the desire of all nations." The book, therefore, was, throughout, missionary, in motive and spirit.

Not long after this volume was written, and in connection with attendance on the Indiana State Convention, I was stimulated by an inquiry put to me, to write a book on the question, "How does the death of Christ save us?" The moment the inquiry arose I saw where the main difficulty lay; namely, here: the death of Christ needs to be shown as a very different thing from an ordinary *mortal dissolution*—such as occurred in the death of John the Baptist or John Huss. The uniqueness of Christ's death is that it was a death bitter in its

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spiritual pangs, but that *came to resurrection*—akin to what we call a “living death”—a death that has “swallowed up” death “in victory.” This was a death with a living dynamic in it, such as belongs to no other possible death—really a life which, after the resurrection, ascended to glory and then issued forth at Pentecost, in the power of the Holy Spirit; the power that created the church, and fills it with living members who are vitally united with him “who liveth and was dead, and is now alive forevermore.” This volume was brought out both in America and England. I received many testimonies the world round as to the helpfulness of the discussion.

Yet, later, during the year in which I was teaching in Rochester Theological Seminary, I was moved to bring out still another book, which I entitled “The Divine Reason (or Logos) of the Cross.” The immediate prompting to the discussion was the last chapter in “The Spirit of Modern Philosophy,” by Prof. Josiah Royce, of Harvard University, in which he says:

“The best light respecting the mysteries of ‘our moral order’ is found in the recognition of a supreme divine Sufferer. The Creator himself suffers in, and with, his universe. Behind all the chaos and mockery of life there is a suffering supreme One, who, somehow, is able to transform it all; . . . who bears it, and yet triumphs. . . . It is the thought, I say, of the suffering God that traditional Christianity has, in its deepest symbolism, first taught the world (that affords the best explanation of things).” “Were not the Logos our own fulfillment, were He other than our very flesh, His loftiness would be our remote and dismal helplessness. But He is ours and we are His. He is pierced and wounded for us, and in us. He somehow finds—is it not through a real divine atonement as it takes effect upon us?—amidst all these horrors of time, His peace and ours; . . . All else is hypothesis. The Logos alone is sure: . . . This world is the world of the Logos.”

Thus, the last word of philosophic groping is the first presumption of the divine gospel. This is the

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world of the Logos, and into its mysteries is fitted, like a key to a lock, the Logos of the Redeemer's cross.

A careful re-examination of Paul's thought, in 1 Corinthians 1 and 2, led me to see that the expression in 1:18, as it has stood in the Common Version for three hundred years, is a mistranslation. Instead of reading, "For the *preaching* of the cross is to them that perish foolishness," etc., we should read, as the Greek phrase itself does, "For the Logos [or *word*, or language] of the cross," etc.

Here I found my basis for a fresh and greatly needed discussion on the cross as the *rationale*—the rational expression—of our universe. Later on in the chapter, Paul, indeed, does say, "But we preach Christ crucified," etc. This is the central theme of the pulpit of this and of all times, but in verse 18 he is referring to the *subject-matter* of preaching, and he uses, not the Greek word for preaching or proclaiming, *kerugma*, but the word *logos*. He has in mind the deep philosophy implicit in the cross, over which the Jew stumbled, and which to the proud Greek was foolishness, yet, nevertheless, is the very "wisdom of God and the power of God."

In my own judgment, the discussion contained in my "Divine Reason of the Cross" is of the most far-reaching significance of anything I have published. It conceives and describes our universe as *redempto-centric*; it recognizes both the objective and subjective sides of the redeeming work; and it shows how the so-called "forensic" and "moral" statements of the atonement are in reality one, not contradictory, but, rather, complementary. Nor do I see how any deep and thoroughgoing conception of Foreign Missions can be long maintained without such emphasis as this.

Another book emanated from my pen in connection with my world tour of Europe and Asia in 1912-13. I felt called upon on this tour to give the gist of my previous studies as related to missions, and the real Christian motive impelling thereto.

I addressed eight or ten schools in England, includ-

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ing the Pastors' College at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Regents Park College and Nottingham College, and spoke in many churches. Passing to the Continent, and beginning with our seminary at Hamburg, then in Copenhagen, Christiania, Norway, and at Stockholm, I brought these lectures to a more mature expression, and while in Berlin, in the winter of 1913, I wrote them out carefully, under the general title "Under the Redeeming Ægis." These were subsequently published in London by Hodder & Stoughton. These lectures were intended, primarily, to point out the Biblical conception of grace—a term which, in the modern mind, has a very indeterminate meaning, if it has not been almost wholly lost.

The practical aim of these lectures was to show that this world is a *potentially* redeemed world. The redemption is practically conditioned upon the objective atoning work of God in Christ. This implies an act of God in the premises entirely outside ourselves, and in purpose and spirit prior even to man's creation, and certainly prior to his sin and fall. This is implied in "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world," a work of God which also became historical in the work of Jesus Christ. On account of this anterior work of God, an "ægis" was constituted, redemptive in character. Under this ægis, or potential protection, therefore (such as a flag implies for a nation), the world has its new form of probation—an evangelical probation. The supreme throne of our universe, therefore, is not a throne of mere law, not even of holiness or love abstractly conceived, but it is *the throne of grace*, and grace is the synthesis of the two attributes, holiness and love. The reconciliation, or atonement, therefore, was primarily a reconciliation between the two sides, or moral poles, in God's own triune being. It was also *cosmic*, as embracing both temporal and eternal factors. These polarities are, on the one hand, the moral necessity of God's punishing sin, and, on the other, His infinite yearning to pardon. The antinomy thus existing is resolved by the voluntary, vicarious suffering in

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behalf of the sinful, undergone by the infinitely gracious God, or God in Christ. God's attitude towards a sinful world is, therefore, an infinitely compassionate one, and the redeemed, who have experienced His grace and become godlike, go out in a similar compassion—that is, in a missionary way—to save the world; in other words, it is the Christian's task, in co-operation with the heavenly Father, to make the *potential* salvation actual, as far as possible, to every creature.

Yet another little book issued from my pen, in the fall of 1914. This was an elementary metaphysical discussion, entitled "The Solving of the World-riddle; or, the Rational Grounds of Theism." This was the outcome of some special work that was laid upon me in connection with my year of teaching at Rochester. I was, in that year, invited by Dr. Strong, not only to lecture on theology, but also to take in charge a class of "electives" on theism—a department to which Dr. Strong had given much attention. I scarcely felt competent to undertake this latter work. However, so earnest was Dr. Strong in his persuasions that, in the present state of speculative thought, I would find the minds of students coming from the colleges so pre-possessed with various errors, like determinism, naturalistic conceptions in the spiritual realm, denial of freedom and consequent divergencies of thought in matters theological, that, in order to ground such men in the criteria for valid thinking in any department, they needed to be taken back to elementary metaphysics. So, in the three months of comparative leisure that awaited me before I should be needed at Rochester, I got a copy of Bowne's "Metaphysics"—the text-book to be used—and went into the subject. Moreover, I took occasion to visit Professor Bowne himself, at his Longwood home, for counsel and help for my new undertaking. He received me very graciously, and gave me much help.

With this encouragement, I went to work on Bowne's text-book, and read his other works on "Personalism," "Theism," "Theory of Thought and Knowl-

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edge," and the "Immanence of God." I made a thorough written abstract of his "Metaphysics," and I did about as careful work with several histories of philosophy, so that, by the time I needed to begin my teaching work, I felt fairly familiar with the subject. The result was that I came out a disciple of the later objective idealism, as construed by writers like Bowne, Buckham, Strong, Howison (in part), Watson, Wenley, and Eucken in Germany.

I have pursued the subject ever since, especially during the period of my recent visit to Germany, Switzerland and India. I was called upon to give, in Madras, a course of five lectures to an audience of clever but captious students, on the "Finality of the Christian Religion." I know not what I should have done in that atmosphere, without a thorough grounding in personalism, for the unchristian Hindu rejects all personality, human and divine. I did not deem it wise to go into these matters in any controversial way, but I did need to be clearly intelligent on the constructive lines pursued. After coming home, I felt, inasmuch as I had all the matter for it practically in hand and written out, I would do well to publish, in a compact form, a discussion of the rational grounds of Christian theism, dealing, incidentally, with questions involved, such as the divine immanence, His transcendence, and redeeming passion, evolution, etc. I also found, as I passed through the seminaries and colleges, and met many students in personal interviews on leading questions, that I needed something in condensed, and yet clear, form to leave with them. When a student has once left college, unless he goes into the technical work of teaching, he is not likely to go very earnestly into the realm, which he deems such a labyrinth, of metaphysics. The result is, that he is likely to remain all his life in a hazy state respecting the validity of his thinking on any subject, whether scientific, philosophical or theological.

Hence the booklet here spoken of, and the *raison d'être* of its publication. Of course, such a treatise, of

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itself, however able, if it is merely speculative, may not suffice to bring one to any experiential knowledge of God. But the breach between religion and philosophy is much wider, in the esteem of many, than it need be: and, inasmuch as all men are born metaphysicians, either good or bad, because rational, why not do what we can to steady the wavering, at least, and point the way for the candid-minded? These books, together with the present autobiographical sketches, and a series of eight lectures on the "Holland Foundation," just given at the Southwestern Seminary, Fort Worth, now in press, comprise my literary products.

XXVI

THE CO-ORDINATION MOVEMENT

IN the years 1897-8 the Home and Foreign Mission secretaries entered upon a joint endeavor to raise their large combined debts of about four hundred thousand dollars. Incidentally to the success of this effort there sprang up a feeling, in some parts, that what our two societies had succeeded in doing, under exceptional circumstances, should be adopted as the method of raising current funds for all our societies year by year, co-operatively. Personally, I doubted this, and the trend of our denomination's movements since has justified my doubt. Of course, in the *spirit* of them, all our various forms of service are, or ought to be, one. They certainly are, if pursued in the spirit of Christ, in an ideal way. But the *functions* conceived for different movements differ. For example, the editor of a journal is not expected to be equally capacitated to manage a college. Each of our missionary societies was organized to serve a distinct set of functions, and it is a fallacy in thought to assume that the typical lines of argumentation for the work of one of these societies fit the need of another. The only way that can be made to appear feasible is to reduce missions to an *abstraction*, say, of altruistic service; then to coin the maxim, "Missions is Missions," and jump to the conclusion that under this rallying cry all forms of interest will be cared for in just proportions. This might be the case in an ideal state of society; but thus far only a minority of Baptist churches has ever become altruistic, much less missionary in spirit towards the heathen on the basis of the Christian paradox of sacrifice.

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That the conception of missions as an abstraction has not worked as the special promoters of the co-ordination idea anticipated, is evident from the fact that since the Northern Convention was formed the very interest which was third in the rank of enterprises considered—viz., the Publication Society—has relatively been most advantaged by the system of pooling, through the “budget” idea in vogue, while Foreign Missions has been increasingly embarrassed. Nor is it evident that the State convention interests, which are more and more insistent for what they call their “share,” have, as a rule, been benefited at all.

The first definitive step toward co-ordinating our benevolent institutions took form in what was called “The Commission on Systematic Beneficence,” formed in Asbury Park in 1904. The commission was composed of the secretaries of our representative societies, together with a number of strong laymen; and, although the commission labored hard to develop more generous giving, it came to nought. The critical point wherein it failed was in the attempt to deal directly and primarily with the money question. Dr. Morehouse and I in particular, one autumn, started in to hold a series of conferences on the subject of “Stewardship.” But we could not get together a “corporal’s guard,” and the wealthy people in particular fought shy of it. The fact is, we overlooked the principle that when the concrete facts of mission work are presented in harmony with Biblical principles, money is more easily secured from “second intention.” The reversal of this process usually ends in failure.

The most marked initiative for the creation of the “convention,” which logically, though indirectly, would attempt to manage all our mission work, was taken at Detroit in 1900. At that meeting, Mr. Stephen Greene, then president of the Home Mission Society, in his opening address, came out with a very earnest and strong plea that the denomination should undertake afresh what, in other forms, had hitherto failed, and preliminary steps were taken to create a convention

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which would co-ordinate all our benevolent interests. Never was an effort more well meant than Mr. Greene's, but the question was viewed by him, naturally enough, chiefly from the fiscal standpoint. Our fundamental denominational polity, the history and genius of our several organizations and their differing functions were overlooked, although the motive unquestionably was of the highest sort, and the character of Mr. Greene as a Christian layman was as nearly ideal as we may hope to see in this world.

However, the clamor of the hour, voiced by one of our leading journals, and the desire to be "like all the nations" caught the fancy of our people, and, in process of time, the Northern Baptist Convention was formed, and the Foreign Mission Society, at least, was deprived of some of its characteristic constitutional features, and in various ways became sorely handicapped. Personally, I have no objection whatever to the existence of the convention for certain general purposes, but a convention constituted as ours is, impliedly to disintegrate our voluntary chartered societies, and with a constituency so widely scattered in our broad land, simply can not, as a convention, do justice to the grave technical interests of Foreign Missions in particular, as a Spirit-moved voluntary body, located amidst historic surroundings, and colored by distinctive sentiments, can. In the course of history, every Protestant missionary body has employed methods more divinely selective than popular, and, in the nature of the case, must. However, with us the test of the matter is on, and we await with solicitude the result.

The term "co-ordination" itself was most unfortunate. It begged the main question at issue, for the very point at which the opposers of the convention movement took their stand was that the societies were organized to serve different functions, and, therefore, could never become "co-ordinate," except by crippling these organizations in certain functions they were severally and legally created to serve. For example, a society that was brought into being for the purpose of

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planting Christianity among the heathen until it should become indigenous can never stand on the same plane, practically, as a society for church and denominational extension, or for circulating denominational literature at home, or for Sunday-school work. So, the talk of co-ordination was, to say the least, hazy, and adapted to mislead the superficial and unthinking, and, relatively, to suppress the more fundamental lines of missionary testimony, to which Christ and the great commission summoned his people.

This is not denying that other lines of endeavor than missions to the heathen are incumbent on a Christian people. Other endeavors are legitimate and compelling, in their proper spheres. And under principles prevalent among Baptists, all are free to act as they feel moved in various directions, and on different levels, according to their respective estimates and sense of divine calling.

But this presumes the voluntary principle, "Let every one be fully persuaded in his own mind." This voluntary principle is, confessedly, the basic principle underlying the Baptist idea of polity, and presupposing the right of individual private judgment; but the co-ordination idea is foreign to this very principle, and, logically, it renders, or will render, that principle inoperative on the plane of society activities. It has already begun so to operate. Whether the convention, as implying and assuming functions which are administrative of our mission work instead of leaving that to be wrought out on its original constitutional basis by the society concerned, is even legal, is a matter which the lawyers, some day, may re-examine, and respecting which Mr. Justice Louis Brandeis has given an adverse opinion that ought long since to have been published to the denomination. Personally, I believe the convention has assumed functions which it is not capacitated or justly authorized, for many reasons, to exercise. For example, through its nominating committee it has embarrassed the wise selection of the executive officers of the societies, and through its finance committee and

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its executive board it has taken away the autonomy of the Foreign Mission Board at several points; *e. g.*, to decide on its own schedule of expenditure for a given year, or even to determine the program of its own Anniversary meetings. It is logically the death of the voluntary society. In view of present emergencies, I think it should hasten to restore to the foreign mission society that full autonomy which belongs to it, abjuring all assumed prerogatives at various points; especially in view of certain charter rights secured to it through incorporation in at least three States of the Union.

All this involves at least embarrassment, from which escape will be difficult. Possibly a number of persons, in the course of time, will need to come together and begin *de novo* on the voluntary principle, on which Baptist organizations of every sort originally started. But that is a painful and difficult alternative. It would rouse many antagonisms, embarrass the status of vested funds and require years of time to work it out. I here can but state the issue as I see it, and leave it to the future.

And now, lest this should be thought an expression of mere individualism, or of a provincial type of Baptist sentiment, let me quote an authority that has written profoundly on the moral necessity of voluntary agencies for the conduct especially of Foreign Missions.

I refer to the late Prof. Gustav Warneck, long professor of missions in Halle, Germany. He has written the ablest and most judicial book on Foreign Missions, broadly speaking, ever published. In this book Professor Warneck brings out the distinction between what he terms Foreign Missions *ecclesiastically* conducted, and Foreign Missions conducted by a *voluntary organization* especially constituted for the purpose.

The reformers, from Luther on till the time of A. H. Francke, as is well known, were in little or no practical sympathy with any plans for the systematic evangelization of the heathen world. Warneck points out that with the work of Francke and the Pietists of his time there sprang up free voluntary movements

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among spiritual and elect souls, quite apart from the official churches, even the reformed churches of the time. This high authority on missions, who was neither a Baptist nor a Congregationalist, but a Lutheran and a member of the state church, gives testimony that concerns not merely the status of the organizations of a particular denomination in Europe, but the weal of the entire missionary cause among all communions, in all countries and in all times. Professor Warneck was the trusted organizer of the National Conference of twenty-seven foreign missionary societies in Germany, that for thirty years have met in annual convocations entirely apart from the established church. One of these notable conferences, held in Halle, Saxony, in 1913, I had the privilege of attending.

Warneck thus writes:

"In the exigency, when the official church, having taken up an attitude to missions partly of indifference and partly of hostility, declined the service (as Baptists once did), no other course was open than to appoint representatives independent of the church organization, to whose hands the work of missions might be committed. And thus of dire necessity there was born within the Protestant world that free association which was thenceforth to play in its history a role of eminent importance. That this forced birth did not happen *without the leading of Providence* is to-day readily acknowledged even by the official church itself, it having long ago exchanged its attitude of opposition to missions into that of friendship. For with the free association founded on the Christian principle of voluntarism, especially in connection with the enlistment for service of the energies of the believing laity, there came into operation, in the evangelical church, not only a form, but a *power of life*, both as regards the work of salvation at home and the extension of Christianity among the heathen. This agency has done a work which *the official church could not* have done by its official representatives."

Warneck further says:

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"These societies, which became more and more *naturalized outlets for the activities of love in the church at home*, supplied to Protestantism an *evangelical substitute* for the corporations which the Church of Rome possesses in its 'Orders.' They had their starting-point already, in the *ecclesiola in ecclesia* of Pietism (or, rather, the church of all times). . . . The church in its official capacity has (now) become an active coworker. This fact has repeatedly suggested the idea of giving over the whole management of the missionary enterprise to be matter of (state) church administration; but, with the exception of a single experiment of this kind in Sweden (and we American Baptists have recently undertaken a second experiment), *the conviction has gradually become clearer that the carrying on of missions by the free society is of divine leading, and is to be retained as a blessing both to missions and to the church; only the sound reciprocal attitude between the free missionary societies and the official church must be wrought out into preciser form.*" Thus far Professor Warneck.

In the light of the above quotations, will it not be evident to every thoughtful mind that the very kernel of the co-ordination question which for several recent years has occupied the Baptist mind in this country is reduced to this; namely, *What is the reciprocal relation that should exist and be fostered between the several voluntary missionary organizations which have sprung up in the Baptist denomination in this land and the ecclesiastical bodies known as independent Baptist churches, from which the constituents of these societies have been drawn?* There is doubtless a reciprocal relation to be considered—a relation which has had increasing recognition. The societies unquestionably owe much to the churches, and in turn the churches owe perhaps even more under God to the societies, which have really been to them what Warneck calls the *ecclesiola in ecclesia*. The question, then, which our Baptist people more recently were called upon to face was this: Shall the societies now, after a century of experi-

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ence in the eminently successful conduct of missions, be called upon in a revolutionary way to abdicate their autonomous position, as *responsible chiefly to the great Head of the church*, which the providence of God had committed to them, in the interest of a real or quasi-ecclesiastical control? Or, shall the churches on their part continue more and more to foster the divinest ideals for which the societies stand, while the societies on their part seek increasingly to win and deserve the largest confidence of the churches out of which, under God, they have sprung?

The reason for not trusting too much to the control of the church as an ecclesiastical institution is the constant tendency of the churches to deterioration, even corruption. The churches, formally speaking, and as often managed, do not afford sufficient guaranty for the highest altruistic mission work, for only a minority in the church ever rise to the height of caring for Foreign Missions in particular; and why should the apathetic and often worldly majority hold back or vote down the more spiritual minority? Besides, it is always most difficult where semi-political methods gain possession of church machinery, or where serious doctrinal defection sets in, to bring about needed reforms within the ecclesiastical body. By corruption I do not mean an immediate and palpable moral decay, but such a falling away from the apostolic ideals once begotten in us by the Divine Spirit as *portends* ultimate decay.*

The matter as above accentuated by Professor War-

* Note the verdict of the "Commission on Survey and Occupation" respecting the situation in South America as reported to the recent Panama Conference. It is to this effect: that the past "Churchianity" in South America has resulted in the grossest immorality and atheism among all classes, the educated and the uneducated. And all this has come about, notwithstanding the Roman Catholic contention that Christ meant to teach that "the gates of Hades should not prevail against" the church—as a formal institution. This very interpretation itself has been one of the most tragic ecclesiastical blunders and calamities of the ages. Nor are our Protestant communions exempt from such dangers. It has been overlooked that it is only against the *ecclesiola in ecclesia*, ever renewing itself by the Spirit of God through insights gained from high altruistic devotion, that it is assured "the gates of Hades shall not prevail." Of course the voluntary society may similarly become corrupted, but such an agency has fewer temptations and greater safeguards than a severe ecclesiasticism with perpetual tendencies to formalism, doctrinal error, and misuse of power.

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neck was threshed out by the fathers of the Baptist Missionary Union very early in its history. Indeed, one would think that the strong periods of Warneck, quoted above, were written by one of our foremost promoters of Baptist missionary organization. The period following the immortal action of Adoniram Judson necessitated the voluntary uprising of an elect few in the Baptist churches of the time. Nothing else was then possible, inasmuch as the main portion of the churches was altogether anti-mission in sentiment; and, alas! more than half of them are practically so still. It was, therefore, the voluntary society or nothing, if a basis was to be laid on which Judson, Rice and other pioneers of that period were to find support, or, I may add, on which their present-day successors may continue to find support. It therefore required the best brain and conscience of the time to work out a wise form of organization: an organization which, on the one hand, would be consistent with the rights of individual freedom and New Testament polity, as Baptists interpret it, and yet, on the other hand, would justify the creation of a practical working missionary body.

Among the foremost of those who wrought on this high question was the distinguished William R. Williams, D.D., of New York, doubtless the astutest Baptist mind of the period. With him, at a later stage, were associated others, like Morgan J. Rhees, Elisha Tucker, James H. Duncan, Pharcellus Church and John Stevens, to deal with matters corollary to the main question.

The chief point in the early inquiry was how to secure a voluntary organization entirely free from any assumption of legislative (or quasi-legislative) power over the churches, and yet that should imply on the part of the local churches, even through delegated parties, no dominance over the voluntary organization. The line of reasoning that prevailed proceeded upon the ground that the Lord Jesus Christ is Head over all, whether of the churches or of the voluntary organization. This principle further recognized that there is both a *regal* and a *democratic* side to the life of organ-

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ized Christianity. On the regal side the sovereignty of Christ over the individual is supreme; and it is such that even the church can not legislate either for the individual or for other churches; and on its democratic side, the church, unlike a political democracy, must look and depend, not on mere majorities or ecclesiastical traditions, but on the indwelling, animating Spirit of Christ, for its ultimate control. There was recognized only advisory and never human legislative power, anywhere. Baptists, therefore, for their missionary propaganda, were shut up to an "*either or*": they must *either* have resort to a Presbyterianized or Episcopal form of authority, heading up in some form of centralized power, on the one hand, *or* they must look to the aggregate spiritual judgment of the members of a society, on the other. The Presbyterian form presupposed the right of a church to delegate its authority, a matter generally questioned by Baptists. Of course, either one of these forms of organization was possible, and, beyond question, God has historically blessed more than one form. Nevertheless, Baptists, as such, must proceed under the presumptive guidance of the great Head of the church strictly on New Testament grounds, or else repudiate any distinctive divine basis for their church polity.

This line of reasoning resulted in the final organization of the American Baptist Missionary Union, and, in the end, of all our missionary societies, North; and for nearly a century these organizations, with occasional minor modifications, stood upon the principles above stated, and exceptionally prospered.

The agitation which has resulted in the Northern Baptist Convention had for its nominal purpose the establishment of a delegated ecclesiastical control. This, however, to date, has preserved neither an adequate regard for the real will of the churches truly ascertained nor left real autonomy to the several voluntary societies, and it is doubtful if it ever can.

The convention has assumed a quasi-control over the so-called "denomination" (whatever that term may

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mean), on the one hand, and over the aggregated interests of all the former societies, on the other. It is thus a mongrel creation, neither truly representative nor Baptistic, and a pure oligarchical autocracy.

The intent of the above representations is to show (in line with Professor Warneck's thought) that the voluntary society has far fewer difficulties, for Baptists who adhere to any fixed convictions respecting polity, than the convention idea, as construed in the North, which now obtains. Many so-called Baptists in our time, indeed, have no consistent belief on the subject of polity; and some probably would not acknowledge the authority of any principle in polity, even though it were shown to be supported by Biblical precedents: and this defect is seriously jeopardizing the whole matter of Baptist Foreign Missions.

But some one will ask wherein I find the norm for the organized voluntary missionary organization above commended. I answer: In the first movement for Gentile evangelization represented in the church at Antioch. The account runs as follows: "Now there were *in the church* that was at Antioch certain prophets and teachers; as Barnabas, and Simeon that was called Niger, and Lucius, and Manaen, and Saul [elect souls '*an ecclesiola in ecclesia*']. As *they* ministered to the Lord, and fasted, the Holy Ghost said [to them], Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them. And when *they* had fasted and prayed, and laid their hands on them, they sent them away. So they, being sent forth by the Holy Ghost [rather than by the organized church as such], departed unto Seleucia," etc. (Acts 13:1-4). Here is the most satisfactory norm for the voluntary, yet Spirit-called, society—"in the church"—for the effective evangelization of the pagan world. On this pattern our Baptist Missionary Societies were each and all originally built; and on that basis, in my conviction, the best results in the end, if followed, would be reached.

Probably all will not agree with the above viewpoint; but to me the moral and Biblical necessity of the

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voluntary missionary society, composed of the *ecclesiola in ecclesia*,* is most completely justified.

But, in my judgment, it would be, therefore, wiser, as aforetime, to entrust deliberation and control on questions of missionary policy to those—even a limited number—who profoundly love missions, who are actually contributors to them, and who spontaneously will spend the time and money necessary for them to assemble periodically for the consideration of the interests involved. A body of commissioners, thus formed, would the more likely be loyal and hearty in serving and promoting such interests.

The writer is a Baptist of such type as stands for Scriptural, apostolic and timeless elements of truth, obligatory on all classes of Christians alike, of every denomination, and also, in the end, needed by the whole world. Otherwise he would withdraw from his present denominational connection and seek another, truer to the divine ideals, if he could find it. But, failing to discover any such Christian body, he remains the New Testament type of Christian, called Baptist, and seeks actively to promote and propagate those ideals among all mankind, while according a like freedom to all others. This, and nothing less, is due to the great Head of the church, to truth and to humanity from the people called Baptists, if they have any warrant whatever for their denominational existence.

For these reasons I think it may fairly be predicted that certain American Baptists, on their principles, will some day revert with new emphasis to the voluntary missionary agency—an agency composed of those who have a distinctive conscience respecting the conduct and control of Foreign Missions at least, and will do again their “first works.”

* I cheerfully grant that a virtual *ecclesiola in ecclesia* may be legitimately expressed through the convention idea, as in the representative system of the Southern Baptist Convention, *provided* that the constituency of such convention remain really deeply spiritual, doctrinally sound, representative and non-political in its methods.

XXVII

OFFICIAL RETIREMENT

FOR eighteen years things moved on in the Missionary Union with a good degree of prosperity. My fellowship with my colleagues, first Dr. Murdock, then Dr. Duncan, and, later, Dr. Barbour, in the Foreign department was close and hearty. We consulted each other respecting every important matter, in whichever department. We often prayed together, and whenever anything of distinct promise arose, we met at the throne of grace, to give thanks and gain fresh courage.

But at length my immediate colleague, Dr. Duncan, succeeding to Dr. Murdock, became aware of a subtle disease, that was likely ere long to take him off. He was very zealous to see some things well on their way to accomplishment, especially that Rangoon College should be set on its feet, before his departure. And he was equally zealous to see our academy in Tokyo, Japan, to which his family name had been given, brought to real efficiency. All this, together with full justice done to the other missions, old and new. He had given great attention to straightening out the affairs of the Congo mission, which had got entangled with a too lavish outlay for perishable barter goods, which, in the early period of the mission, had to be used with the natives in lieu of any proper currency. The missionaries rallied nobly to his help, and at this point he began to feel at rest. He had, also, his trials with one of our European missions, and labored hard, even visited the field, to endeavor to rectify matters, but only temporarily succeeded, from no fault, as I think, of his own.

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But Dr. Duncan began to feel that if he could make a tour of the Asiatic fields, in particular, it would greatly strengthen his hands and reinforce his policies. Accordingly, he made ready in the summer of 1898 to go. He sailed from Boston, together with Mrs. Duncan, via Europe and the Suez Canal.

But, arrived at Port Said, he became very ill with his old malady, accompanied with such weakness of the heart that the ship's surgeon said to Mrs. Duncan, if she ever expected to get her husband home again, she would do well to return to America from there. Accordingly, with an almost breaking heart, the deeply disappointed secretary turned back, and came as directly as possible to Boston. He arrived at his Brookline home, only to take to his bed and to survive but a bare fortnight, when his tired and chaste spirit took flight to its heavenly home. His decease and funeral moved wide circles throughout the denomination and the world. His passing was a great loss to the cause, which I, in particular, keenly felt. He was a missionary enthusiast in the best sense of the word. This enthusiasm sprang out of two things. In the first place, he was a rare and simple-hearted Christian, and his missionary zeal was the natural flowering of his Christian faith and character. Then, temperamentally, he was ardent, intense and highly joyful in everything he undertook. His early enthusiasm was kindled in his gifted father's home in Haverhill, Massachusetts, through hearing the heroic Eugenio Kincaid, of Burma, relate his thrilling experiences, all but as perilous as Judson's own. Kincaid held the lad Samuel in his lap as he narrated these experiences. Singular, that in my first year in the preparatory school in Chicago, when I was but sixteen, I, too, should have been brought into contact with the same old hero, and been similarly moved. But Duncan's contact with Kincaid was only one of a multitude of personal attachments to missionaries which characterized his whole life, as well as those of his several sisters. One of them, Mrs. Robert Harris, was long president of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the

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West, and active in the Eastern society as well until her decease in 1910.

One of Dr. Duncan's qualifications for his position was his ability, through uncommon power of sympathy and friendship, to make the interests of the missionary his own. He would stand to the last for those interests, as against any cold, prudential considerations that a more secular-minded man would present. Withal, he was a man of large faith in the promises of God, and his providential purposes for the heathen world. And he was so fraternal in all his relations to his fellow-workers. I never doubted him for an instant, he was so loyal and true. Dr. Duncan had been the pastor in Cleveland of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, and gave his voice in the right direction when Mr. Rockefeller was beginning to take large views with respect to the benevolent use of his means. With the coming of Dr. Duncan, therefore, to the secretaryship of the Union, Mr. Rockefeller sympathetically was brought into closer touch with the management. Shortly, Mr. Rockefeller's annual contribution began to increase in a marked degree. And these contributions increased regularly as our work expanded and in connection with Dr. Duncan's representations of our needs. When Dr. Duncan was taken away, therefore, he was greatly missed in many ways. True, Mr. Rockefeller's gifts continued to increase rather than decrease, for by this time Mr. Rockefeller's plans, as influenced also by his benevolent advisers, were quite independent of any society official.

After Dr. Duncan's passing, the whole secretarial responsibility fell, for quite a period, on me alone. Meanwhile, the agitation respecting so-called "co-ordination" went on through the denominational press, and in other ways less open and public.

Meanwhile, Dr. Thomas S. Barbour had been appointed to lend me assistance in the Foreign department; and at the Anniversaries in 1899, held in San Francisco, Dr. Barbour was elected Foreign secretary, a position which he held with honor and sincere devotion for

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thirteen years, retiring in 1912. My relations with Dr. Barbour, also, were happy and cordial, although difficulties of one kind and another connected with the oncoming new order of denominational policy and propaganda increased rather than diminished, so that administration became more and more difficult, in both departments of our work.

I count it a joy here to place on record my appreciation of the highly efficient character of the service Dr. Barbour rendered in dealing with the difficulties that encompassed the Congo mission, in particular, under the wretched misrule of King Leopold, of Belgium. The atrocities that were not only tolerated, but abetted, by the creatures of the king, as related to the "rubber interests," became very acute. Dr. Barbour's correspondence with the missionaries in Africa, of a confidential sort, respecting the cruelties inflicted on the natives, became so engrossing that, in connection with influential personages in England, he organized an agency, with a view to bringing to an end the shocking atrocities that with a high hand were being committed.

This endeavor almost wholly absorbed Dr. Barbour's time and energies for two or more years, till at length, with the passing of King Leopold and the enthronement of the present high-minded, but greatly afflicted, King Albert, the whole situation on the Congo has given place to a vastly better state of things. I have often said to my beloved and always conscientious and far-seeing colleague that it were honor enough for one executive of a foreign mission society to have brought about so great a reform in a distant part of the earth, and in the very face of so astute and severe a monarch. It was a really great and statesmanlike achievement, and one respecting which I would have been less skillful. True, Dr. Barbour had able and indefatigable help from men as influential as Edward Everett Hale, Lyman Abbott, Rev. Herbert Johnson, the late Everett D. Burr, Mr. Morell (of England), and of our State officials in Washington, particularly Secretary Root; but to Dr. Barbour's judicial mind, indefatigable zeal, thor-

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oughness and sympathy the real triumph was due.

Dr. Barbour, later, after official retirement, gave himself to the writing of the history of our Foreign Society, but amid increasing weakness, until, in October, 1915, in his New Hampshire home, he quietly passed away. I had also very cordial relations with two others in official positions. Dr. E. F. Merriam was for many years the painstaking, laborious and invaluable assistant to Dr. Murdock. He prepared and put into circulation a valuable set of lectures, accompanied by lantern slides, in the churches. He also wrote and published an admirable history of our missions; became editorial secretary, and for a period was a corresponding secretary of the Union. Dr. F. P. Haggard also came into the rooms, first as an assistant, later as editorial secretary, and finally, after my retirement, was made Home secretary, and gave large and energetic attention to office details and reorganization of relations to the Northern Baptist Convention. Both these brethren made records for administrative efficiency and helpfulness to their associates in office, and of devotion to foreign mission ideals.

Meanwhile, for quite a period the *personnel* of our own committee had been greatly altering. Some of our members, while nobly conscientious, held different appreciations from the committeemen of an earlier time of the distinctive ends for which our society was constituted. The impulse to co-ordinate, for fiscal ends primarily, became more prevalent.

About this time, also, our offices were removed from the historic Tremont Temple, with which, as a center, our various denominational enterprises in New England had been identified for more than half a century, to the new Ford Building, which had recently been erected.

Soon after this, one day in Rochester, I was approached by Dr. A. H. Strong, with a proposal that I should come to Rochester for a year, and take his work, in part at least, in so far as to lecture on theology and take his class in theism, while he took a

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sabbatical year away in Europe. I pondered the proposal for some weeks, and finally consented to accept. The matter was specially financed, and the line of things appealed to me. When, however, it came to the point of asking the committee to allow me a leave of absence from secretarial duties for an entire semi-annual year, I thought it more prudent, for several reasons, to resign outright.

For some years I had been finding lines of theological thought very congenial, and the writing I had done as incidental to my studies and advocacy of missions prompted me to desire to write and publish more. Besides, I believed it was absolutely demanded that some, at least, of those who believe strongly should devote their energies to more positive and yet discriminating irenic lines of thought on fundamental themes than is common in our denomination of late. I am of those who simply do not believe in the extreme positions many reputed evangelicals have taken in negative lines. I have never believed, since I was brought from the dark cloud of my own practical unbelief in the supreme crisis of my life, several times referred to, that the foundations of divine revelation have given way. The radical assumptions of doubt accompanying a naturalistic and false philosophy make slight appeal to me. These often assume the impossibility of miracles and the virtual non-historicity of the Bible, whereas the series of miraculous events in the life of Christ, His virgin birth, atonement, resurrection and second coming, in some form or forms yet to be manifested, are the foundations of my faith. To repudiate these is, to me, apostasy. I have never been able to imagine that a mere cold and speculative intellectualism is likely to prove determinative for facts that a vital supernatural experience of the simple-hearted alone can test. The presumptions are all against it. "Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes."

Doubtless, the Darwinian doctrine of evolution, and that construed as Darwin himself never intended, is at

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the root of the German criticism which has wrought so ruinously everywhere, and has now precipitated the most painful cataclysm of all history. It is at least a partial revelation of "the man of sin," "the mystery of iniquity"—the mystery that is set over against that other "mystery of godliness," or of God in the flesh. The boastful, even braggart, scholarship of the times, based on mere guesses and hypotheses rather than demonstrable facts, has lain at the root of all this mischief. It is this line of things that has made even nations indifferent to solemn treaties, to the sanctions of international law, and induced the caprice and passion of the iron-clad militarist, putting might above right, and so falsify God in his own heaven. This is the spirit at least of the antichrist, that portends return to barbarism despite all that a boastful civilization can do. It is an incongruity indeed, just at a time when men have been proudly saying that any cultured man need not trouble himself much about sin, that sin, diabolical and hellish in forms of self-will and pride, should have broken out with a virulence that nobody would have believed possible in the twentieth century. So I was moved toward apologetics.

I was more than willing to lay down the details of missionary administration for the definite opportunity to give myself, for a period at least, to constructive lines of teaching in calm but confident protest against the many threatening forms of error now invading the most sacred precincts.

No real explanation was ever made of my actual retirement, and to this day I suppose many friends in the denomination wonder how I slipped out so quietly. I have, however, never been sorry that, after eighteen years of privileged relations to our foreign mission work—the most prized possible for me—I laid down those responsibilities just when I did. I was aware of the deep-laid plans to reconstruct the nature of our society relations, in particular, to the proposed new Northern Baptist Convention. I have never cherished any opposition to the convention, as such, for certain

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general purposes, but I have always doubted the wisdom of such a convention attempting to *control foreign mission work*, grounded in such a history as ours, and in plain contravention of our polity. I doubted, throughout, the propriety of the attempt of a convention virtually to take over the rights and plans of an organization historically based on the voluntary principle, and so incorporated in three States of our Union. True, the convention disavows the exercise of anything but advisory functions, but, all the same, the practical effect of its actions is morally, even severely, legislative, and is likely to be until the convention consents to allow real autonomy, at least to the several mission boards. Until it does, our missionaries on the field must ever feel that they have no line of confident approach to any secretary, board or other responsible executive that has either freedom or authority to whom they can appeal when necessary. Foreseeing, therefore, the certain direction which things must take, I was glad enough to be relieved from the responsibility of the readjustments that would be necessary, if the active promoters of the convention had their way.

It was better on all accounts, if the revolution was to come, that younger men, with differently educated consciences from mine and with less conviction respecting the divinely wrought nature of our previous missionary history under Baptist polity, should deal with it. Accordingly, I closed my official activities and quietly went to Rochester, and from thence into my present line of service.

Another matter incidental to the later period of my secretaryship may be referred to. In 1906, at the Anniversary held in Cleveland, the Board of Managers had resolved, after earnest debate in several sessions of their body, to undertake the raising of an educational fund of at least five hundred thousand dollars, as a means of strengthening the higher schools abroad. Some were confident I could raise the amount.

I was set to work on the enterprise. In one meeting particularly, held in the Hotel Manhattan, New

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York, we got a very good start. At that meeting three persons subscribed sixty thousand dollars, and a total of over seventy thousand was assured. I went on in quieter ways, through personal visitation and correspondence, until, in the second year, I had a total of two hundred and twenty thousand dollars on my pledge-book. It had been my purpose from the start, after getting one-half the amount, to appeal to Mr. Rockefeller's representative for the second half, instead of beginning with a conditional subscription from Mr. Rockefeller as an initiative. But for some reason this was met coldly; and when this became known, subscriptions ceased. The three foremost subscribers who had led the way immediately cut down their former pledges to only one-fifth of the original amounts they were willing, conditionally, to give. I was put upon a line of reflection that convinced me I could do little more. It was no use then trying to persuade Baptists, of large means or small, to put much money into educational institutions abroad in the immediate future. So, with the consent of the executive committee, I concluded to draw the endeavor to a close, after personal communication with all who had subscribed, securing new and unconditional final pledges. I obtained written assurances of what amounts these subscribers would stand for. The total amount thus assured without conditions, from my effort, was about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. These pledges, in written form, all made for higher education, I turned over to our treasurer. Here ended my special effort to secure anything in the way of an "educational fund" for our mission schools. Shortly after I was sent as a delegate to the Morrison Centenary Conference in China.

On this second tour to the Far East I rethought the whole question, and gave up all hope of so-called "higher education" among Baptists in foreign lands in the near future. We may go on to help the native church to bring into being and help on primary and secondary schools for the children of Christians. We may do this from current funds, such as the regular

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contributions from the churches admit of year by year. Should there be individuals of ample means who are minded to do something larger, say for a college in Burma, China or Japan, that may be well, provided necessary safeguards against fundamental defections in faith and teaching are secured.

For myself, I have some matured views respecting what constitutes "education." Education is not, and never will be, mere expert technical intellectualism. But this is not "to put a premium on ignorance." Far from it. Moreover, that is a false alternative: the antithesis is not between mere knowledge and ignorance, but between far more important things; namely, between those *factors of insight* which are born in one who allows deeper elements than mentality to operate and that *agnosticism which is born of mere mentality*, and that commonly a perverse mentality. Real insights, often called mystical, are the result of the training of all the faculties of man in normal proportion; *i. e.*, of the proper person, embracing mind, conscience, heart and will; whereas mere intellectualism, often deified as the *summum bonum*, results in agnosticism, now and always. "Canst thou by searching find out God?"

For real education, as above conceived—the normal thing—enabled always by the Spirit of God, I stand, whether on the foreign fields or in the home land. For no lower type of education have I much zeal.

There are, therefore, worse things than that Baptists, generally speaking, are as yet apathetic on the matter of endowments for our mission schools. Our people fall into two classes: the one class, true to the Christian instinct, fear being misled in our mission propaganda if we radically turn to a secular and heady idea of education. The other class inclines to disparage such devout education as we have had, and do not trust a pre-eminently evangelical missionary agency to educate, on conservative and careful lines anyway, although it embraces those sound factors which make education really safe and Christian. So we fall between the two stools.

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There is real mischief in one-sided views of education. We have but to survey the tendencies in Europe and America broadly to discover it. The special zeal ever is to secure what is called "academic freedom." Yes, but it is that very species of freedom—the merely "academic"—the freedom that is impatient of moral and volitional restraints—that is so perilous. Academic freedom is generally a plea for pure intellectualism, under which lies the assumption that mere mentality is sufficient to discover and test reality. This is not true; and such assumed freedom easily becomes academic *license* and then academic bondage. That is precisely what has turned out to be the case in proud and self-willed Germany. In that land all the universities have been subsidized by the state, and afford chiefly mental gymnastics. In these mere gymnasia, just there, the most unbridled dogmatism and moral license, as affecting every realm, have been begotten. The practical unanimity with which the general university life has lent itself to a proud absolutism and an unconscionable and brutal militarism is now demonstrated to be a chief peril in the world, affecting disastrously every land and people. It is this that has united universal normal democracy against it, whether in belligerent, neutral, or other countries. The weal of the human race is at stake. This is a far deeper matter than the triumph of any political empire, more than a mere racial question, as between Teuton, Slav, Latin or Anglican; it is the political, economical and even philosophical apostasy of mankind that has arisen, like an unchained demon, to ruin every fair domain.

I often wonder if the educators of the world have forgotten that there are at bottom but two philosophies. The first is that implied in the primeval temptation, under which our race went down. "For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be *as gods, knowing*." The very first thing they knew was that they were fallen and naked, so that they sought to hide themselves from Deity. The other philosophy is that of Jesus, expressed

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in the culminating phrase of his inaugural sermon: "*Be ye therefore perfect*"—perfect in the sense of complete, fully rounded and consummated, through the empowerment of divine grace—"even as your Father in heaven is perfect"—on his pattern of perfection, personally holy and gracious, as well as rational. With man in his weakness, however intellectual he may be, he is ever tempted with the ambition to be primarily clever; and this vice peculiarly infects university life, because in such circles a premium is put upon pure intellectualism. Our own time has demonstrated that the greatest villains are not those who, on occasions, steal a loaf of bread to appease hunger, or a garment to protect against cold, but those who steal railroads, who covet and embezzle insurance companies and whole corporations. Many of these, alas! are university men, whose training is a perversion of both morals and reason*

The really great educators, such as Francis Wayland, Timothy Dwight, Martin B. Anderson or President Seeley, sought to develop the whole composite man after the Christly pattern, and to a wondrous degree they succeeded. A type of personality, at least of kindred spirit to these, at the head of our schools, whether in Japan, China, India, Africa, Europe or America, would create an atmosphere in which most college vices could not live.

Thus, a variety of reasons combined to indicate that I had probably reached the limit of the best service I could render to the society. So I quietly laid down my official responsibilities and gave myself to serve the cause in other ways.

* See Appendix "A," on "Radicalism in Education."

IN YET WIDER RELATIONS

XXVIII

MY MISSIONARY LECTURESHIP

TOWARDS the end of the year of my even and happy work in Rochester, Dr. Strong returned from his period abroad. Everybody connected with the institution expected that he would resume his ordinary tasks, both of administration and of teaching. But he was very hesitant, and not long after he resigned the presidency. Meanwhile, the regular annual meeting of the Faculties Union, representing our several theological seminaries, which had been in existence for several years, occurred at Toronto. Shortly thereafter, Dr. Strong announced to me that I had been invited by this union to devote myself indefinitely to lecturing on missions, in rotation, to the several seminaries, and he would like me to begin the next September at Rochester, residing a whole month at the seminary. Meanwhile, also, through Dr. Strong's efforts, as a member of the sub-committee of the Faculties Union, he had in part secured, and would complete the task of obtaining, from a few elect individuals, the financial support requisite for the lectureship. One lifelong and very generous friend, both of missions and of the seminaries, subscribed one-half the amount deemed requisite, and has continued to do so until the present, and a few others have cheerfully supplied the other half. The institutions shared, *pro rata*, the traveling expenses. This seemed to me a plain call from God, and there was nothing to do but accept. This I did, and entered upon the task the following autumn. I gave, in Rochester alone, that year, a course of fourteen lectures, and in part repeated them at Chicago, Hamilton, Crozer, Kansas City, MacMaster, Toronto, Louisville, Fort

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Worth and Waco. The lectures of this year I published later, under the title "The Task Worth While; or, The Divine Philosophy of Missions." The title was suggested by the text in Isa. 49:6: "And he said, It is too light a thing that thou shouldest be my servant to raise up the tribes of Jacob, and to restore the preserved of Israel: I will also give thee for a light to the Gentiles, that thou mayest be my salvation unto the end of the earth."

I intended, by the use of the title, to put the supreme emphasis on Gentile (or universal) world evangelization—home evangelization included—as the Bible itself does. It is the refusal to recognize the primacy of the work among the Gentiles broadly, that has so long delayed Christ's triumph.

In other years I gave courses on "The Spell of Christian Missions," and under other general headings which allowed of wide treatment of the historic, theoretic and practical features of the work. I also preached commonly on the Sabbaths, and addressed ministers' meetings on the interrelations of evangelical truth and missions broadly. I did not go to all the seminaries strictly each year, but was allowed freedom to take in colleges, academies, State universities, special conferences, etc.

Suffice to say, I followed this up for seven years, and still pursue it. The time came when requests came from some of our missions abroad that I be permitted to give a period to our mission colleges and schools in foreign lands, with the conditions of which I was pretty familiar. The upshot of this was that I was given two years in which to do both Europe and Asia, in one of the most interesting and inspiring of all my itineraries. The account of this I shall give in chapters that follow this, devoting the first part to my year in Europe and the next to my experiences in Asia. I was generously enabled to take my wife with me on this trip; and the whole expense was cordially financed by friends of the cause, a matter which calls forth our profound and heartfelt gratitude.

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In fact, our theological seminaries provide, in the ordinary, to a considerable degree for lectures on missions, comparative religion, the history of missions, etc., covering the more formal phases of theoretic missions. Dr. John H. Mason, in Rochester, did a piece of exceptionally strong work for several years, as also did Dr. Wm. N. Clarke years ago in Colgate. Dr. Vedder, in Crozer; A. H. Newman, in Fort Worth, and Dr. Hulbert (in his day), in Chicago, have all wrought well here. Several of our missionaries, home on furloughs, also have done special work, particularly in Colgate. Among those who have thus served have been Drs. M. C. Mason, W. A. Stanton, L. W. Cronkhite, W. T. Elmore and J. L. Dearing.

However, the particular experience which I had had as a wide traveler on the fields, with prolonged practice in administering the home side of the work and in developing the missionary spirit as something constitutional to Christianity, combined with my twenty early years in the pastorate, had prepared the way for an uncommon welcome throughout the country, North and South, and in Canada. In the winter of 1916 I toured widely through eight of the Southern States, and gave courses of lectures to leading Baptist colleges in Wake Forest and Charlotte, N. C.; Greenville, S. C.; Macon, Ga.; Georgetown and Louisville, Ky., embracing four colleges for the colored people in Raleigh, Columbia and Atlanta. I further preached or gave addresses in Richmond, St. Augustine, Deland, Orlando and Live Oak, Fla., giving a total of over ninety addresses, and was received everywhere with great warmth by my Southern brethren. Many have generously testified that this period of my public life has been highly fruitful in positive constructive work, affording an opportunity that comes to but few in a lifetime. The lectureship has been favored with a wide and generous hearing and greatly extended fellowships. And it has allowed a visitation to England, and to all our missions on the continent of Europe and most of our missions to Asia, just prior to the world war.

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Incidentally to various tours southward, I made several visits to West Virginia, including Parkersburg, Philippi (the seat of Broadus Institute), Athens and its State normal school, and Bluefield. The latter is a growing town of much promise, where my eldest son, the Rev. Harry S. Mabie, with his devoted and versatile wife, has been settled as pastor for about seven years, and in the midst of a very prosperous work, surrounded and sustained by some very strong families, which, of course, is a great joy to his father. In connection with one of these visits, in which I participated in a pathetic funeral, a revival sprang up, beginning with the conversion of several members of the afflicted family, who afterwards contributed generously toward a great improvement in the church property as a memorial to the deceased daughter and sister. The membership of the church has more than doubled, an unfinished edifice been completed and the church prominently linked with many public and philanthropic activities in the city's life.

The period of several years during which this lectureship continued was one of marked defection of faith in many quarters. The prevalence of the Darwinian conception of evolution, the supremacy of natural law and determinism in philosophy had widely affected theological opinion in high places. The "Graf-Wellhausen" theory of the structure of the Bible, based on the naturalistic evolutionary hypothesis, had undermined confidence in the Old Testament as a revelation from God, and theories of historical criticism, likewise imported from Germany, had disturbed the faith of many respecting portions of the New Testament, so that the common teachings of some seminaries respecting such truths as the actuality of the incarnation, the atonement, the bodily resurrection of Christ and his proper Lordship, together with the whole realm of miracle, were brought in question. Indeed, these matters became the most common themes of discussion in theological classrooms, so that a foremost function of seminary life seemed to be to train apologists on very doubtful philosophical presuppositions, rather than

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to develop able and positive preachers of the Word, and expositors of divine revelation. It was, therefore, a most trying time for a lecturer who had remained unshaken in his confidence regarding the supernatural basis of revelation as contained in the Bible to deliver his messages.

True, the lectureship was supported in the interest of missions, but all were aware that, in my advocacy of missions for twenty years, I had ever grounded my appeal and depended for the awakening of motive on fundamental Christian verities, while illustrating them by features of missionary history. Besides, it has ever been by me unswervingly held that the dynamic in any missions worth while—even their very legitimacy—depends on whether there be something divinely revealed and likewise universal and timeless behind or within them to be communicated.

Accordingly, therefore, while always embracing in my courses certain distinctively missionary addresses, whole volumes of which have since been published, I also introduced discussions respecting the theological and philosophical foundations of missions. I refrained from directly antagonizing prevailing errors, and gave myself to *constructive* lines of thought, the truths of which were verifiable in the experience of evangelical missionaries, from the apostle Paul, the master missionary, down to the present. I usually treated themes like the following: "The Clue to Certainty in Religion," "The School of Christ and Other Schools," "The Centrality of the Paradoxes in Christianity," "The Salvation of the Life Career," "The Making of a Missionary Church," "Wanted, Missionary Personality," "Soul-winning as a Divine Art," "The Lost Chord in Modernism," "The Ethical Dynamic in the Cross," "The Essential World Message," "Where the Agnostic Misses the Way." But the emphasis was ever on the experiential matters of the Christ-life.

XXIX

AGAIN AFIELD: ENGLAND

IN the year 1913-14 the World Baptist Congress was to be held in Stockholm, and also the Judson Centennial in Burma. There were special reasons why I should give the year preceding to a visitation of important centers in continental Europe.

With all my travels, I had never been permitted to visit particularly the Scandinavian countries, where our mission work has been so fruitful, or Russia, the center of greatly increased Baptist activity as well as of dire persecution, or Germany, apart from a trip up the Rhine in 1882. With these advanced purposes in view, my wife and I set sail on the "Devonian" from Boston, August 3, 1912. We landed in Liverpool after a comfortable voyage of ten days. We spent the first three months in England. Very friendly announcements had been made of my coming in our Baptist papers, the *British Weekly*, etc. Pulpits opened to me in a dozen cities in England. I was at once made at home at the headquarters of our Baptist Foreign Mission Society, on Furnival Street. The new Home secretary, Dr. W. Y. Fullerton, secured various appointments for me, both in churches and colleges. Mr. Shakespeare, secretary of the Baptist Union, and also his brother, editor of the *Baptist Times*, were equally cordial, as were also Revs. Thomas Phillips, Thomas Spurgeon, A. C. Dixon and others, courtesies which I hold in highest appreciation.

The evening of our arrival in London, our niece, Dr. Catherine Mabie, *en route* homeward from the Congo, to our delight, appeared at our door in Chiswick. She remained with us in England, and shared

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many of our high experiences before resuming her journey homeward to America.

Our visit to England was really in two parts. We first tarried there from about the middle of August until the first part of November. We then went to the Continent, touching at Hamburg, Germany, then going to Scandinavia, Russia, Germany and the French Riviera; thence back, via Switzerland, Paris, Calais and Dover. Our second period in England extended from the middle of May to early in July. During this second visit, I was kept very busy preaching and attending various functions.

Accompanied by my wife, my daughter (Mrs. Weld) and child, my son Roe, his wife and child, and Dr. Catherine, who after her furlough home had returned to England, we all went together, first to Antwerp, Brussels and Waterloo; thence to Cologne; thence up the Rhine to Mainz; thence part of us to Zurich, to the World's Sunday-school Convention, and part to the Bernese Oberland. Here at Hilterfingen on Lake Thun we came together and sojourned about six happy weeks. Then we parted again to our several ways, my son and family going to London, my daughter and child to America, Dr. Catherine to the Congo, and Mrs. Mabie and I, via Italy and Egypt, to the Far East.

The events spoken of herein as occurring in England were, therefore, partly at the time of one visit and partly at the time of the other. The order of the events is not stated chronologically, nor is that important.

I was invited, in the early autumn, to attend the meeting of the Baptist Union in Cardiff, Wales. During the meeting at Cardiff, we were handsomely entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fifoot, leading members of the Wesleyan Communion, and lifelong friends of Dr. G. Campbell Morgan. The meetings of the union were very similar to our American Anniversary gatherings. The opening address was by the president of the union, J. W. Ewing, D.D., of the strong church in

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Peckham Rye, a suburb of London. It was in every way an ideal presentation for such an occasion: evangelical, modern, and yet filled with timeless truths adapted to stir all hearts. On the evening of the first day occurred an important function; namely, the formal welcome of "the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress"—both arrayed as for a state occasion. It was quite impressive. Another notable receiving with these functionaries, and much in evidence, was the venerable Lord Pontypridd, of Wales, himself a Baptist and a simple-hearted Christian.

Rev. Thomas Phillips, at the Cardiff meetings, also preached one of his original sermons on "Prayer and Missions," it being based on Peter's prayer at Joppa—"the prayer on the roof"—and the consequent vision that sent him to Cornelius at Cæsarea. Other great messages were delivered by Rev. Charles Brown, Rev. A. C. Dixon, Dr. Clifford and one of the Careys (a great-grandson of the celebrated William Carey). And there were several others, all of which rang peculiarly true to the evangelical idea and the atonement of our Lord, timeless and yet historic. I also gave two addresses, and was afforded, as an American visitor, the Chautauqua salute. Foremost among the entertaining brethren was Principal Edwards, the head of the Welsh Baptist College in Cardiff. The day following the adjournment of the union, Principal Edwards took us in a carriage over to Caerphilly, the old, historic home and church of the famous Christmas Evans, the Spurgeon of Welsh preachers in his time. While in Wales, with Mrs. Mabie, we spent a Sunday at Porth, a mining town, as the guests of the pastor's family, and I preached twice on Sunday.

I was deeply impressed by the strong and capable character of the *personnel* of the missionary society. A missionary breakfast that was given at a special morning session increased this appreciation.

I participated also, with Dr. Fullerton, in one of the district conferences in the interest of Foreign Missions, at a large meeting in Birmingham, and gave an after-

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dinner talk. My wife, my niece and I also spent a very interesting Sunday at Birmingham, and I paid a second visit to Birmingham later, at the invitation of Mr. Hoyland, principal of the Friends College, and spent a forenoon looking over the superb institution, in which our Quaker friends take so just a pride. Here I met the distinguished and most gracious Christian scholar and Orientalist, Dr. Rendell Harris, in his own study. He showed me his great find—the so-called “Odes of Solomon”—it being the most ancient collection of Christian hymns in existence, dating, it is supposed, from the second century or early in the third. But the guidance of Dr. Harris through the spacious college buildings, plain but solid, on the well-kept grounds, was even more heart-warming. In one hall in particular—I think the dining-hall—were painted upon the walls mottoes and epigrams from the great mystics, like Fox, John Woolman, Jacob Boehme, Elizabeth Fry, and others, sentiments which the college labors to keep alive in the minds of its students.

Another place of momentous interest which we visited was Leicester. Here I preached a Sunday, in Melbourne Hall Baptist Church, where F. B. Meyer had one of his famous pastorates, and where Dr. Fullerton served later. On Monday morning I was taken by my genial hostess, a Miss Walker, to visit the historic preaching-place of William Carey, in the old Harvey Lane Chapel, previously referred to. Robert Hall had for years preached in that same sanctuary many of his peerless sermons. The statue of Hall, standing on a pedestal alongside the pulpit, must be a rather trying presence to be always before a congregation listening to any ordinary pulpiteer. Here, also, Rev. James Mursell was once pastor, and here my own father-in-law had spoken more than once, in the days of his itinerating work as Baptist home missionary secretary and friend of Mursell. One other thing in that chapel delighted and surprised me; to be shown among the church archives an autograph letter written to my wife's maternal grandfather, Dr. William Steadman, of Horton—now

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Rawdon College—by Carey, begging him to stand by him, at a time when the triumvirate was undergoing a stiff persecution from some of their missionary associates in India, being charged even with schemes of money-making for themselves, when they were really existing on the smallest margin of a hundred or two pounds a year, and turning in all the balance of their profits from books sold, and from an indigo factory besides, for the support of the college and for printing the literature they had created, and for which needs the English Baptists had not the money. Carey's special appeal to Steadman was for enough encouragement to enable them to continue the pittance required for some of their native workers, who otherwise might have to be dismissed. The chapel-keeper kindly had a copy of this quite generally unknown letter made and sent to my wife, which we greatly treasure.

I had, while in Leicester, also an introduction from the Walker sisters to Mrs. Penn Lewis, a Christian worker and writer of some note, who at the time had as a guest in her house the celebrated, but now disabled, Welsh evangelist, Evan Roberts, who, however, from extreme nervous weakness, was "not at home" to callers. I saw him through the window walking in the garden, but had no nearer approach.

Another of my outstanding experiences on this my fifth trip to England was a visit to Manchester, to spend a Sunday as a guest of the Rev. S. F. Collier, at the head of the largest city mission enterprise—Wesleyan—in the world. It has an auditorium that will probably seat twenty-five hundred people. I spoke both morning and evening. I was the guest over the Sabbath of Mr. Collier, together with Mr. Collier's close friend and mine, Mr. F. B. Byrom, of Hoylake. We had a day of high converse together. Mr. Collier, at the time of my visit, was president of the Wesleyan Union of Great Britain, and he was at the time preparing his annual message. Mr. Byrom and I were brought together through his interest in my several books on the atonement, some of which he had taken pains to buy and

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circulate. He had us at one time as guests in his home, and during our Continental and Asiatic tours his missives contained repeated proofs of his generous interest in my travels, and of desire to save Mrs. Mabie on occasions from avoidable fatigue, when extra cabfare, provided from Mr. Byrom's generous purse, was in hand. On yet another brief visit to Manchester, I called upon Dr. Marshall, the head of the Baptist College. He received me most cordially, invited me to dine with him, and took me to see the famous John Ryland Library, of which he was a trustee, and also to call on Pastor Roberts, successor to Dr. Maclaren in the Union Chapel, where I had preached as supply for two Sundays, at the time of the Baptist Congress in London in 1905. The rather unique thing about the Manchester Baptist school was that the students, probably not over thirty in all, dined with President Marshall's family, and other members of the faculty, in the family dining-room of the establishment. In other words, the relation between teachers and students was uncommonly intimate.

Yet another place of exceptional interest which opened to me, not far from London, was St. Alban's, the seat of a famous old cathedral, very historic, and replete with antiquities of long centuries ago. I supplied the Baptist church for two Sabbaths. On the Monday following one of these I was taken for a drive a few miles out to the old estate of Lord Bacon, and still in possession of descendants of the family. Remains of the original house occupied by Bacon are still to be seen, although that part of the place, as a whole, is a time-eaten ruin. My trip to St. Alban's brought me into contact with another of England's renowned preachers, the Rev. W. L. Watkinson, D.D., of the Wesleyan Communion. While in St. Alban's the first Sunday I saw notices posted, announcing that Watkinson would speak on the following Tuesday evening in the Wesleyan Chapel, in the interest of some institution for the blind in the edge of London. I resolved to be there. On the way out to St. Alban's, I fell in with Watkinson on

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the train. We had met once before, at Winona Lake, Indiana, but I had never heard him speak. He received me most cordially, and said: "Now, you are my guest for the day." He took me with him to his place of entertainment, and insisted on my going into the pulpit with him at his meetings, sharing in the exercises. Following the afternoon discourse we were comfortably dined, and then taken for an automobile trip out to an interesting country region, past the famous estate of the late Lord Salisbury. We did not enter the grounds, but were driven by the imposing gateway, and observed the statue, in sitting posture, of His Lordship. Watkinson's afternoon sermon, on "The Ministry of Infirmary," was as unique a thing, in its way, as I ever listened to. He made us see more reasons for being afflicted, even to blindness, and having the afflicted to care for, than I ever dreamed could be arrayed in one address. The audience was very small, but it seemed to have no depressing effect on the great preacher. His wit and wisdom, marked by much drollery, were a marvel to listen to. He spoke again in the evening. In wit and pathos, Watkinson even outdid the effort of the afternoon. How he satirized the philosophical people who have turned critics of revelation, miracle and the Christian gospel, men who were consummate "masters of an armchair." What "numbers of them" he had seen, "with their systems, go down and pass into oblivion" in his day. After the service, we journeyed back to London together. The day was a rich one in my English experiences. Watkinson, withal, was a great champion of America and American institutions.

I had also a visit of great interest, with my niece, Dr. Catherine Mabie, to Kettering, the scene of the labors of the celebrated Andrew Fuller, preacher, apologist, and the first and greatest secretary of the English Foreign Missionary Society. I went to Kettering to supply the pulpit of his old church. I had been there before, but not to preach. My niece and I were royally entertained by one of the leading manufacturers of the place and a deacon of the church. My

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sensations were peculiarly deep and moving to find myself in that historic pulpit. I preached in the morning on "The Throne of Grace," the supreme throne in our universe, the throne with a rainbow round about it, the throne of God and the Lamb. How could I, in that pulpit, have preached on a theme less central and evangelical?

My niece and I also spent a day in Bedford, the old home of John Bunyan. We, of course, drove out to Elstow to see the original little cottage in which Mrs. Bunyan and the blind daughter, Mary, made lace for support in the years of the immortal John's imprisonment.

We went to "Bunyan Meeting" to see the noble modern chapel, with its fine bronze doors, in which are cast scenes from the "Pilgrim's Progress," and to see in the front hall the original doors of the old prison that so long shut Bunyan in from the light of day. They looked fearfully worm-eaten, the hinges and locks being largely consumed with rust. We also observed the many souvenirs of the past, accumulated in a museum by the chapel keeper, and looked upon the case within which are gathered translations of the "Pilgrim's Progress" in more than three hundred different languages.

I had a most pleasing contact with the Metropolitan Tabernacle and the Pastor's College. It was a delight to see my friend of years, Dr. A. C. Dixon, so strongly entrenched in the confidence of Spurgeon's old parish, and in the eyes of the London public. He had made engagements for the occupancy of his pulpit on the Sundays of his vacation before my arrival, but he cordially invited me to preach on two Thursday evenings, which I did to two large congregations. I was also invited by the Rev. Thomas Spurgeon to give three lectures on Friday afternoons to the students of the college. There were about sixty men present on these occasions, and twice I remained to tea with them, giving, also, after-tea talks. Mr. Spurgeon's spirit, as well as personal appearance, now that he has become

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somewhat gray and the tones of his voice so rich and full, greatly reminded me of his sainted and gifted father. Later, I was also present at a great gathering at the orphanage on Founder's Day.

I was also invited by Principal Gould to give a lecture at Regent's Park College, and by President Bowser to visit Nottingham, where I also spoke to a large mixed meeting, composed both of students and the public. I gave a general survey of Asiatic missions as I had seen them. One of the very pleasantest episodes that came to Mrs. Mabie and myself was our visit to Rawdon College, near Leeds. We were the guests of Pres. William Blomfield. The institution has a charming property, picturesquely situated, and the appointments are in every way admirable. When it was understood that Mrs. Mabie was a granddaughter of Dr. William Steadman, who was the first principal of the college, then known as Horton College and located in Bradford, the interest in our visit increased. After my address, the later evening was spent in the college. Mrs. Mabie was called out. She told various incidents that had come down traditionally through her family, including the tale of the courtship of her knightly father, in his college days, with one of the daughters of President Steadman. This brought down the house.

I was invited to spend a Sunday in Bradford, and to preach at one of our leading Baptist churches there, of which one of my wife's uncles, Rev. Thomas Steadman, was once pastor.

While on a visit to one of our cousins, Mrs. John Aldis, at Cross Hills, I was brought into touch with the most famous layman in their parish, Sir John Horsfall, and a member of Parliament. Sir John honored me on the second day of my visit by taking me, with several members of his family, on a motor trip over some of the high moors of Yorkshire, through Haworth, the home of Charlotte Bronte, to Hebden Bridge. Sir John was to preside at a notable meeting called for the unveiling of a statue to John Foster, once

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a minister of the Baptist church in the place. A large company of ministers and other delegates was gathered from surrounding towns. The address, surveying the life and giving an analysis of Foster's character, was by Sir Wm. Robertson-Nicoll, of London, editor of the *British Weekly*. The deliverance was a notable one in every way, particularly for its cordial tribute to the great service rendered to the cause of modern missions by its founders and promoters, the English Baptists. During the exercises, frequent reference was made to Rev. John Fawcett, the long-time pastor of this same church which Foster served. My wife, while a girl, on a visit with her father in 1866, was once entertained in the Fawcett home. This same Fawcett was the author of the hymn, "Blest Be the Tie that Binds." The day was altogether one of the most interesting days, among many such, that I have ever spent in England.

The memory of a Sunday at Frederic Charrington's great Assembly Hall enterprise, in East London, the center of one of the most remarkable works for "the down and out" people, is warmly cherished.

My friend, Dr. Waldo, since of Willson Avenue Church, Cleveland, who for many consecutive years until the last has put in the month of August in special evangelistic work with Charrington, met me at lunch one day, and invited me, in behalf of Charrington, to come over and spend the Sunday with him, take dinner, and then give a few hours to a march through the White Chapel district. "Only," said he, "do not bring your watch or any money, except loose change for car-fare, for one never knows what sort of desperate folk he may fall in with, and the place is a nest of crime. Policemen rarely go there except in squads." I reached the place in time for the morning service with Charrington. At about two o'clock we prepared for the afternoon parade. It embraced the gathering of the well-conducted brass band, the bringing out of several banners, and the alignment of a score or so of attendant workers, armed with tracts and leaflets for wide distri-

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bution along the line of march. We had no policemen. Charrington, always well dressed, even wearing a silk hat, is worth a battalion of them for securing respect. Passing along the broad street on which the assembly hall is located, the band at once struck up a stirring air. Shortly we turned into a side street, Charrington, with Waldo on his left and me on the right, leading the way. We passed through street after street, and alley after alley, the band everywhere attracting crowds to the doors, windows and doorways, and the children even flocking from every direction. I should think we had a thousand of them around us at several intervals, most of them unkempt, dirty, and having a startled sort of look. Some of their mothers came, saying, "How de do, Mr. Charrington!" for some of these had been fed by Charrington's bounty on many a Sunday evening. But how bleary-eyed and wretched most of the men looked, and some of the women even more so. All the time, as we marched on that Sunday afternoon, the workers were scattering the little dodgers, advertising the meetings at the hall, and inviting all who would to come; and there was enough gospel printed on those pages to guide a blind soul to the cross. Finally we came to the front of a saloon, and Charrington halted the procession.

"There!" said Charrington; "do you see that sign over the door, 'Charrington's Ale'? That is the sign advertising my father's liquors.

"Before this saloon, I, as a young man, once stood, eyeing that sign, which you have observed is frequently seen hereabouts. But these wretched people all about us are the real advertisement.

"As I stood there I saw a poor woman with two weazen children come up to that door, look in and call out her husband, and beg for enough money to buy a loaf of bread for the two children who were tugging at her gown.

"Do you suppose that man gave her the money? Instead, he drew back and struck her such a blow with his fist that it felled her like an ox at the shambles.

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"That blow knocked the brewing business out of me forever, although I was not yet a converted man." Soon after, he announced to his father that he would never take any responsibility for the perpetuation of the brewing business.

His father, though I believe a churchman, said: "You are a fool. Why, there are millions in this business, and you'll come in for a large share in your turn: you can't afford to take that stand."

"I shall take it," quietly answered the son.

And he did. He was soon converted, and then he began, with but the smallest means, this work which has now so prospered that it is renowned as one of London's first rescue stations.

When we returned from the march, about six o'clock, we found the sidewalk in front of the assembly hall, on Mile End Road, filled with people waiting for the doors to be opened.

The great delight which Mr. Charrington takes in his line of work is much in evidence. Some competent friend had undertaken to write his life, and wanted to entitle it "The Great Renunciation." "No," answered Charrington; "call it 'The Great Acceptance.'" And so it had to be, if it was to be written at all.

We devoted a day to an annual gathering and exhibition at Dr. Bernardo's country establishment for orphans in the environs of the great city, at Barking-side, to which contributors and sympathizers annually go up. Exercises of every description, that would illustrate the methods employed to develop and rouse the latent possibilities of boyhood and girlhood, were brought on in arenas and various enclosures. Athletics is made much of—even military tactics are taught and practiced with calisthenics—for both boys and girls. All sorts of skillful needlework, lacemaking, etc., are in evidence. Schoolrooms are shown till one is tired of going the rounds. Music of all sorts, including choral singing, solo work, the use of brass and wind instruments, Swiss bell-ringing, etc., are features. Indeed, there is such attractiveness in the composite life there, and it is

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all so scientifically conducted and on so sound pedagogical principles and methods, that one wonders how the children, after several years of life so fascinating, can be willing to go away.

And yet the appeal to the heroic is on so high a level, and the great opportunities of life are so held up to view, that they do go in thousands; and as the years pass, reports come back to the home—which is always a rendezvous for return visits—that the work becomes increasingly inspiring.

One day we were surprised by an invitation from one Miss Elout, personal secretary to the Countess of Tankerville, of Tunbridge Wells, asking us to come down and spend the day and night at the prettily located, but not extended or pretentious, home of the Countess. The great and historic estate is in the north of England, where the present Earl, son of the Countess, resides and perpetuates the principal splendor of the house.

The Countess received us with great warmth, for she is an uncommon Christian, and had invited me to give a parlor address on our mission to the Telugus, my relation to which in the columns of the *Christian* had awakened her interest. With Mrs. Mabie and myself, Rev. William Fetler, of St. Petersburg, and his fiancée also came.

The Countess herself we found a most gracious lady of about seventy, tall, and in early life, I should judge, must have been uncommonly handsome, not to say queenly. She was a lady of the simplest and sweetest manners, and extremely affable. She, withal, is an uncommon artist. Her house is filled with the products of her own brush. Her marine pictures, with the rolling surf of England's coast, were finely colored. Her animal paintings were of a large type, and embraced among them some of the original breed of big-horned white cattle, for which her ancient northern estate is especially famed. One of her pictures—that of a stag—on the suggestion of Mr. D. L. Moody, was sent to the Chicago Exposition in 1893.

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In the long evening afterwards, in the quiet of the family group, I was drawn out respecting some of the deepest experiences of my life. And we discussed, sympathetically, together some of my thoughts on the atonement, such as have come out in my several books. Then I was asked to close the day with prayer. We then went to our chambers, thanking God for that side of England's religious and missionary life, and for all it means to the ongoing of the kingdom.

Afterwards we met the Countess and her secretary at one of the sessions of the Mildmay Conference. At this conference I had given two addresses, one of which they were present to hear, and it resulted in an invitation to come a second time to Tunbridge Wells, with the added privilege of bringing along with us my daughter Muriel and her little Elizabeth, who, meanwhile, had arrived from home to go to Switzerland with us. The second visit was no less charming. It was a great treat to my daughter to get this glimpse into the truly noble life of England, the home for generations of her paternal ancestors—and little Elizabeth, our five-year-old granddaughter, so enjoyed the many flowers. Since then the little dear has gone to a home that is fairer than that, where she awaits our coming to mansions statelier, and to flowers sweeter, and to yet nobler fellowships that will never end.

Trips to the country almost anywhere in England are a perennial delight. A rare opportunity for one of these, under exceptional circumstances, arose as follows: I had met, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, several of the foremost workers in the London City Mission, including its secretary, Rev. Martin Anstey. This work ramifies in every conceivable direction, and for all sorts of people, that nobody else cares for. It is an association of immense usefulness, thoroughly evangelical of course, and has the patronage of the best people in all communions.

The year we were in England the society was invited by one Sir Harry Veitch to hold its annual outing on his estate, perhaps thirty miles out of the

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city. A special train was to be provided; hundreds were to go. I, with my wife, was invited by the secretary, Mr. Anstey, to join the party for the day, and I was to give an address on some first principles of the divine art of soul-winning.

It was a great day, with perfection of weather, and the spacious home and grounds of Sir Harry were all aflower. And that is saying much, for our genial host is the largest grower of flowers and plants for market in the United Kingdom. Withal, they have the most scientifically equipped establishment for a dairy, the raising of fowls, and all else belonging to a first-class English farm. This immensely interested me. For hours we were permitted to roam anywhere at will.

The dinner was served in a mammoth tent, and the viands were of the choicest. Sir Harry and also his wife, of course, were brought to the platform at the psychological moment for a few words, after the boundless thanks of the party had been expressed; and we were all sent back to the city with renewed gratitude for the combinations possible between "big business" and religious care for the neglected and unfortunate. Of course, there were numerous participants in that meeting, now redeemed and living illustrations of the power of the gospel to work its miracles, after all else had failed. Some of these spoke at the after-luncheon talks. Taken all in all, this extended stay in England was a highly satisfying privilege.

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ON THE CONTINENT: SCANDINAVIA AND RUSSIA

IN the month of November we took our departure for the Continent, via Harwich, the Hook of Holland, The Hague and Amsterdam. Our objective was Hamburg Seminary, before which I gave, through an interpreter, two lectures. And I spoke three times on the Sabbath at different Baptist churches. Hamburg itself is a truly majestic city in its architecture, public institutions and enterprises. It was the home of the famous John G. Oncken, our modern Baptist pioneer in Germany. The seminary and, of course, the several churches are the direct outcome of his work. The First Church is large and prosperous. It has for pastor Rev. Klaus Peters, a graduate of our Rochester Seminary, and one of those whole-hearted men who always creates an atmosphere of his own wherever he appears. The church held a characteristic housewarming over their American secretary of the society which, from Oncken's time until now, has fostered and encouraged Baptist work in Germany. We were impressed by the more than forty deaconesses in simple uniform, who passed the refreshments and gave such a homelike atmosphere to the whole place. The pathetic remembrance of that meeting, not to speak of many others we enjoyed in Germany, in these tragic days of the awful war, by contrast, is most touching.

We met the distinguished Prof. Karl Meinhof, of the Colonial Institute, one of Germany's most advanced enterprises connected with the scientific development of her colonial policy, just now in such jeopardy. For linguistic purposes alone, probably a dozen native Afri-

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cans, carefully selected, had been brought to this institute to serve as helps, both to teachers and students, in the mastery of as many different African dialects. The highest use is made of the phonetic method of acquiring pronunciation. We saw some marvelous exhibitions, in the laboratory, of the technique of the system. For example, we looked into the throat of a subject making different sounds, and through a mirror, skillfully devised for the purpose and with electrical lighting attachment, we saw the exact play of the delicate vocal chords. Then, shortly after, a reproduction of the action of these chords, as transcribed by a delicate apparatus, was shown on a smoked film. This record, of course, could be preserved for future use.

We found Professor Meinhof very genial. My wife inquired if she could be permitted to attend the lecture he was about to give on the method of acquiring one of the one hundred and twenty-four dialects of the Bantu language, which displays such remarkable philological marvels, and the grammars of which he has mastered. He replied: "Certainly, Madam; but you will find two teachers and but one student, one an African go-between." Together with two professors of our seminary, we went to the lecture-room and observed his methods. The professor would first require the student to review an exercise he had already studied, then Professor Meinhof would add his corrections. He would then call upon the African boy to repeat the same words or phrases, while the student caught his tones and accent. In this plodding but effective way, students make rapid progress, which is incomparably superior to the old processes, which required years to master a language that can now be acquired, and with more accuracy, in a fragment of the time.

From Hamburg we went to Copenhagen. Our genial friend, Rev. Peter Olsen, met us and conducted us to a comfortable hotel, and in many ways opened our way while in the city for several days. The pastor of the Baptist church also called upon us, and between him and Brother Olsen a reception was arranged for,

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which served to gather the brethren together from all sides. I addressed them in a mass-meeting on the second evening on "The Mission Work of Baptists in the Wide World," Bro. Olsen interpreting. The Danish people seemed moved as I warmed to my theme, and my time for the broad subject was unlimited.

In the days that followed, Bro. Olsen, who was at the head of the work in general, including management, teaching in the small theological school and conducting a religious paper, gathered the students and a few pastors besides, who came in from outlying districts. and I gave several lectures on themes which I deemed appropriate to their needs. While at no time were there over a dozen present, yet it was a heart-warming time. On the last evening there were, perhaps, twice the number, and it closed as a tea-meeting, mingled with prayer and renewed consecration to the difficult work in Denmark, where the state-church idea much impedes the American conception of evangelization.

While in the city, through the genial mediation of Bro. Olsen, the way opened for a very delightful meeting with one of the most interesting characters I met in all Europe; namely, Pastor Martensen-Larsen, grandson of the renowned Bishop Martensen. I had previously heard of this remarkable man through some articles translated out of the Danish by my friend, Ernest Gordon, which he published in the *Northfield Record of Christian Work*.

These articles were a virtual review of Martensen-Larsen's book, "*Zweifel und Glaube*," a remarkable treatise on doubt and its cure, as illustrated in the author's own case. The moment I read that review, and especially after conversation with Mr. Gordon, I knew this author was really describing what had occurred in my own case years before (although my form of doubt was practical rather than speculative). I was, therefore, extremely anxious to come into contact with the gifted and spirited writer.

Bro. Olsen had explained to him how, through Gordon, whom Martensen-Larsen had met in Copen-

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hagen, I became interested in his book, and he, accordingly, invited Mrs. Mabie and myself to come to luncheon with himself and family. I found the dear brother as simple as he is gifted. We found him in a very genial home, with a sweet and chatty wife and one son, who commanded the best English of the three, and we were not long in getting acquainted. We came at once to the source of my interest in him, and found that we were absolutely *en rapport* on the subject of vital Christian experience, and the lines along which one could find the light.

The fact was that, while he was a student in Germany, for some years his faith became so shaken that he fell into a practical despair, which for a whole year drove him, as he says in his book, to "practical madness." He found that his doubt was more than merely speculative, and at length, through a newly surrendered will to the authority of the most palpable facts he knew, although holding variously shifting mental opinions on speculative questions, he emerged into a clear light, and has been a happy and radiant Christian ever since. In his book, not yet, unfortunately, translated into English, but only into German, he quotes the notable experiences of several persons, among them that of Adolph Monod, of France, as types of the crisis through which he passed in his marked spiritual emergence. We had rare fellowship together; we also exchanged several letters, later, while I was in Germany. I also sent him copies of several of my books, in which I think a more balanced justice is done, both to the subjective and objective sides of redeeming truth, than he was at one time prepared to see. I found him in just the state I myself was in at one time—of emphasizing only the half-truth—that is, of the subjective experience. He was only forty-two years of age, and so I was not overmodest in calling his attention to the necessity of both the objective and the subjective, especially if we are to prove helpful in leading others to the vital matters. It was a rare morning we had together.

I yet hope his book, respecting which he is too

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modest, may be translated and published in English.

We had a most interesting morning at the Royal Library in Copenhagen, an extended affair, and had pleasing fellowship with Lange, the librarian, one of the foremost men in Denmark for his interest in missions. Of course, we went to the City Museum of Art and to the famous Thorwaldsen Museum, and visited the church containing his masterpiece of Christ, and also his statues of the twelve apostles.

At Christiania, in Norway, we were met, on arrival, by several brethren, and among them Pastor Ohrn and Professor Oie. Brother Ohrn shepherds the Tabernacle Baptist Church, and Professor Oie is the head teacher in the theological school, and he also edits the Baptist paper. Both had long studied in America. A most cordial reception was tendered us by the Baptists of the city and surrounding towns. I preached several times and gave a half-dozen lectures, to both students and pastors. I had previously supposed that the typical Norwegian, like his climate, was cold, and stoically difficult to move, but I gained quite an opposite impression through contact with the Christiania people. Their ardent hospitality and devotional warmth were exceptional. For example, at the observance of the Lord's Supper, which followed a sermon I had preached on "Evangelical Worthiness at the Lord's Table," the large audience sang, not twice only, but several times at intervals while the elements were being passed. I was never more moved at the Lord's table. Moreover, the work is growing; Pastor Ohrn had baptized five hundred converts won from formalism to a more vital faith in ten years, and in ever-widening circles the Baptist message of such preachers as we have there is receiving welcome. We left Christiania with a far larger estimate of the possibilities of our work in Norway than we had before cherished.

We took a night train for Stockholm, and in the early morning we were met at the station by Brethren Bystrom and Benander and driven to the Hotel Excelsior, a hostelry built and owned by the Y. M. C. A.

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The first incident of interest following this was the large reception given us in the First Church by the Baptists of the city. There was a great crowd. The building itself was of interest to me, for, as a lad, I remember when Rev. Andreas Wiberg came to Belvidere in a round of visitation of the American churches to secure means for the erection of this building. Little did I then dream of such a reception as this ever being given to me and to the daughter of my old pastor, in Sweden. The address of welcome was delivered by Pastor Johnson, of the First Church, which he had taken the pains to write out in English for our benefit. The Nestor of Swedish Baptists, Dr. Knute O. Broady, offered the prayer, and shall we ever forget the welcome he personally gave to us both in those deep, soulful tones so characteristic of him? He was then eighty-two years of age, but he was still able to lecture once or twice a week in the seminary. How he did pray that God's anointing would rest upon us both, as we went through the churches of Europe, and on to the great missions in India, Burma and China! We were made thoroughly at home by this welcome, and when I arose to address the thronged house, filling every inch of space in the galleries and on the stairways, I was deeply exercised. I thought of the great Swedish churches in America and their unwonted fidelity to Christian truth, representatives of whom, returned to Sweden, were even now before me, and of the fifty-five thousand Baptists in Sweden itself, now gathered into our churches. I felt it a great honor to stand up among them and recount memories of the past and predict the greater things of the future. At the seminary I gave six lectures on themes connected with redemption. Dr. Benander, now the head of the seminary, and my skillful interpreter, months afterwards wrote me, in very strong terms, of the benefits derived from the lectures, both by faculty and students.

I had a second most interesting Sabbath evening with one other of the seven or more Baptist churches in the city. Dr. Bystrom, our Baptist M. P., most ably

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interpreted. At that meeting, not only was every seat above and below stairs occupied, but the two aisles were nearly packed full of people standing throughout the evening. I had two most interesting trips to outlying cities and towns. The first was to Upsala, the seat of the ancient Imperial University. I was accompanied by Dr. Benander, the Upsala pastor and another pastor from the north. We had a large meeting at the Baptist church of the place on the evening after we arrived. The next morning we visited the university and the historic Cathedral Church, or "Dom," as it is called. We went to the university library, primarily to see the so-called *Codex Argenteus*, or "silver codex," prepared by Ulfilas towards the end of the fourth century, and written in characters which Ulfilas himself devised for the introduction of a written language and the translated Scriptures among the Gothic people north of the Danube. This codex embraces the four Gospels. It is written on purple vellum in silvered letters, which gives it its name. The volume is of quarto size, encased in a solid silver binding, and is safely locked within a glass case to avoid any possible theft or injury. It is one of the most precious manuscripts in existence, and a marvelous monument to early missionary zeal and genius. It was among the few relics in all Europe that I was most anxious to see.

The "Dom" Church was of chief interest to me because of the elaborate tombs, or sarcophagi, which contain the remains of Sweden's great monarchs and other characters, such as Gustavus Adolphus, who gave Protestantism to Sweden; of Linneus, the great botanist; and Swedenborg, whose religious vagaries never particularly interested me, down to King Oscar, the father of the present monarch.

The other visit outside of Stockholm was to Norrköping, to attend an important conference of about eighty Baptist ministers, in a two days' meeting. I was formally presented to the conference, and permitted to give two addresses, one on "The Evangelical Grace of the Gospel," and the other on "Asiatic Missions."

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Following the latter occasion, a great supper was spread in the main auditorium. The settees had been removed for the purpose. A stronger body of big men, physically, mentally and spiritually, I have rarely seen together.

Shortly after this a number of the more public-spirited Baptist men and women of Stockholm provided a farewell banquet at the Hotel Excelsior, and, after much felicitous speech-making and thanks for our coming, sent us on our way "after a godly sort." We took the night steamer for Helsingfors. There we spent but a single day and night. The Baptists, including a number from outside the city, among them Brother Swenson, long a missionary in China, assembled in the Baptist church for a meeting. This meeting I addressed, Brother Swenson interpreting.

The next morning we took the train for the long journey to St. Petersburg. The ride was dreary, and a part of the way through driving snow. We had wired the Hotel de France to send a carriage to the station for us. Our passports were examined *en route*, deemed satisfactory, and we arrived late at night. An old man, speaking very poor English, met us and escorted us by a long drive to the hotel. We purposely kept aloof from our more prominent Baptists for some days to avoid suspicion, although our errand was a very harmless one. On Sunday morning a Swedish brother came to our hotel and took us to Mr. Fetler's church, the *Dom Evangelia*. Mr. Fetler himself was away in Riga, but his assistant, Mr. Nephresh, was in charge. We sat *incognito* during the service, although at the close, through some sort of freemasonry, I was spied out and brought to the front to offer prayer, which my Swedish friend interpreted into Russian. I declined to speak, for before my arrival Mr. Fetler, and also our United States Ambassador and my old friend and Massachusetts Governor, Hon. Curtis Guild, had written me that freedom for me to make public addresses was entirely debarred in Russia because it was known that I had been a missionary official, and

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Russia suffers no sort of proselytism among her people on the part of foreigners. This I found to be literally the case, but it did not particularly worry me, because, as a guest in Russia, I had enough sense of propriety to observe the laws. On this account, during my twelve days in Russia, I betook me to private life as far as possible.

We later took up our domicile in one of the apartments of the German Baptist chapel, under the care of the excellent brother, Rev. Mr. Arndt, and were shown many attentions by himself and his charming wife. This building was purchased, in part, with the avails of Baron Uxkiull's solicitations in America. The impossibility of starting a college in Russia as early as was hoped led to the temporary investment of ten thousand dollars of that fund in this building. Another ten thousand dollars was put in charge of German brethren in Warschau, the Warschau that lately fell to German arms. The Germans in Russia have long had exceptional freedom there in religious work. Whether they will continue to have it after the war remains to be seen. My wife and I finally spent a day and night as the guests of Mr. Fetler at his apartments in the *Dom Evangelia*, and I went to the Dom to hear Fetler preach to a great crowd, and to see him baptize some candidates on a Sunday evening. I also heard Mr. Nephresh preach one evening, in a city hall engaged for the purpose. Policemen were present, and always are at these meetings, but some of them, also, become converted, in spite of the laws. And many come forward for prayers at every meeting. The night we heard Fetler, before he reached his sermon some arose in the audience and called out, asking if the gospel could save them. And after the sermon, I should think fifty or so came forward and knelt for prayers in the area before the pulpit. There were not less than two thousand people present. Fetler had crowds wherever he preached in Russia, despite all the restrictions. It is a pity beyond measure that the money needed to complete payments due on

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that building, popularly authorized at the Baptist Alliance Meeting in Philadelphia, was not long ago completely raised, instead of misdirecting our energies in trying prematurely to create a Baptist college, as yet forbidden by Russian authority. In connection with my visit there, Fetler and I secured about twelve thousand dollars from America and England to avert a legal proceeding against the property by contractors, but there still remains a debt of not far from twenty-five thousand dollars on a property valued at about eighty thousand dollars, and at present Fetler is in exile in America. Of course, where the war will leave things no one can now tell, but we shall hope, after the fearful ordeal through which Russia has passed, she may come to allow something like a decent religious liberty for all her subjects.

St. Petersburg, or Petrograd, abounds in fine creations of art, among which the most impressive are the equestrian statue of Peter the Great, mounted on an uprearing horse, and that of Catherine the Second and several Czars, upon imposing pedestals. The city also has many fine churches, judged from an architectural point of view. One of these is to the late Alexander II., most ornately built upon the spot where he was assassinated; but the chief of the churches is the Cathedral of St. Isaac. It is often likened to St. Peter's at Rome, but with little justification. Its most impressive features are the great columns in the porches, chiseled from single blocks of red granite, and several inside the structure of solid pure malachite, the cost of which is said to have been fabulous. But the place is crowded with forlorn beggars. Like all Russian churches, it has numerous costly ikons, the chief element in the superstition of the people.

One quiet little episode, while in St. Petersburg, came unexpectedly to me. This was a visit, through the kind courtesy of the housekeeper of the place, and a friend of Mr. Fetler's, to the original palace of Princess Leven, in which now the Italian Embassy has its home. It was in these spacious drawing-rooms,

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some of them adorned with malachite columns, that Lord Radstock, of London, years ago conducted a series of Bible lectures, which led several nobles and princesses to Christ, and among these Princess Leven. The memories of that service will never die out among evangelicals in Russia, rendered all the more indelible because some, like Baron Pashkoff, suffered exile in consequence of the pronounced testimony he openly bore to his newly found life. Years before, the present Lord Radstock—then simply Mr. Granville Waldegrave—had told at my family fireside in Northfield the tale, among other things, of his father's conversion and ministry in St. Petersburg. Moreover, on a morning just before we left England the last time, we had the privilege of being invited to "conduct family prayers" with Lord Radstock, in his home, while Waldegrave and his sister served us afterwards with breakfast and spoke of our anticipated visit to Russia. So this visit to the scene of the elder Radstock's immortal service in the palace of Princess Leven afterwards afforded me much satisfaction.

We made two visits to the Royal Library, the possessions of which are very rich in ancient manuscripts; but the chief treasure is the original copy of Tischendorf's Scriptures complete, supposed to date from 350 A. D., found in the convent at Mt. Sinai, in Arabia. This I was permitted to take out of its case and handle. It is richly bound in red Turkey morocco, and in every way a beautiful piece of work. Having long before seen the Vatican manuscript at Rome, the Alexandrian and others in the British Museum, I was pleased beyond measure to see and examine this codex, which was so helpful to confirm the reliable readings of ancient Scripture, such as Westcott and Hort, Tregelles, and others, have devoted their lives to establishing.

Mr. Fetler took us with him for a brief visit to the historic old Moscow, the most Russian of all Russian cities. It was a long night's journey on a comfortable train. We called at the chapel occupied by the little

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Baptist church, but we essayed no meeting there. The Kremlin was our immediate objective. It is said, "Above Moscow is only the Kremlin, and above the Kremlin, heaven." It is a walled section of the city, very Asiatic in appearance, and inclosing a district perhaps a mile square. The wall is crenellated, at least in part, and at intervals there are commanding towers. On one side runs the "Moscau" River. Away on the western horizon, say ten miles distant, lie the Swallow Hills, from which Napoleon caught his first view of the city, but in flames, that portended his defeat and his disastrous retreat. Along the wall, on one side of the street where we passed, lay piles of French cannon, hundreds of them, captured from the French, souvenirs of the ultimate victory and final expulsion of Napoleon's raid. Some of the churches are wonderful specimens of architecture, especially the Church of our Saviour, which cost seven million five hundred thousand dollars. It has a gold-covered dome. It is adorned with marvelous paintings by artists of all periods, and among moderns by Verestchagin, who lost his life to the Japanese from the overturned battleship in the bay near Port Arthur.

One of the most impressive places is a large mausoleum, the Church of the Archangel, near the summit of the Kremlin, where lie, entombed in copper enclosures, the dust of a score or so of the Romanoff monarchs, from Ivan the Terrible down. Adjacent to this is the royal sanctuary, in which all Russian monarchs are married and crowned. A little way outside this lies the great bell, twenty-four feet in height, with the section broken out large enough almost for a man to walk through, and the tongue, or clapper, as large as a mill-post. We thought of the picture in our primary geographies, and were content to have seen the king of bells. After a brief stop at the Hotel Berlin, where we saw the names of some of our missionary friends, *en route* to China over the Siberia line, registered, we took another train back to St. Petersburg.

Before leaving the great northern capital, we took

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occasion to visit the Czar's winter palace, the largest in the world, containing one thousand and fifty-nine rooms. We were conducted by our dear and most valued friend, Madame Baroness Yasnovsky, Mr. Fetler's treasurer. We gave a forenoon to this visit. It was a marvelous affair, very extended with reception-halls, grand salons, state chambers, dining-halls, art repositories, etc. What impressed me most about it was to observe the vast array on the walls of solid silver and gold-embossed plate, numbering hundreds, with inscriptions studded with diamonds or other costly gems, the tributes given to various Muscovite monarchs by other princes of all lands, even from the ends of the earth. The inscriptions to Nicholas, to Alexander, to Queen Catherine, and so on down the list to Czar or Czarina of "all the Russias," meant far more to me than I ever before thought they could. No wonder at the colossal pride that rules the dynastic thought of the Russian court. Moreover, the endless display of battle scenes by the first artists, in commemoration of past victories Russia has achieved, impressed me with a historic martial valor I would not have thought possible to this land of the frozen north, however great are her territorial limits.

I went on different occasions with Mr. Fetler to visit three of the chief ministers of Government, with whom he was laboring for greater freedom for his simple gospel message. These were the Minister of the Interior, the Minister of Religions and the Prime Minister, His Excellency, Kokovtseff. They all received us courteously, especially the Prime Minister, Kokovtseff, who seemed to me a rare gentleman. He rose from his chair and met me in the center of the room as I was ushered into his presence; and he spoke good English. He asked after my welfare, how long I was to stay in Russia, and then expressed his regret that there had arisen a misunderstanding leading to the interdiction of my speaking at Baptist meetings. He assured me it was a misunderstanding of my purposes in coming to Russia, as I explained I was on a third world tour of

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observation only, and I was harmless. I explained that the suspicion that I was in Russia for purposes of promoting an international Baptist congress was an unwarranted inference, that I should be leaving in three or four days for a winter in Berlin, and thence on around the world, entirely unofficially. He not only expressed regret at the misunderstanding that had arisen, but also that I was making so short a stay in Russia, and within a week he ordered Fetler's chapel in Riga opened, which had been closed, partly on my account, by the order of the Governor of that province, and over the Governor's head. He also spoke regretfully on the temporary rupture of treaty relations with our Government, saying he hoped the difficulties would soon be overcome, and he spoke very warmly of the esteem in which our Ambassador, Curtis Guild, was held among them. For the verification of my purposes in Russia, I referred him to Mr. Guild as my long-time friend, who would confirm all I had said to him. Mr. Guild welcomed us at the embassy to tea, and had authorized me to refer the Prime Minister to him on all questions that concerned me. Mr. Guild also sent me a beautiful silk flag, "the Stars and Stripes," which I heartily cherished as a choice memento, especially inasmuch as my friend since, after returning to America, has passed away. He was a gallant friend, and a man of uncommon ability in theological thought. Indeed, and singularly for a layman, he had conferred on him by the University of Geneva the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

Two little private, upper-chamber devotional meetings, with about a dozen devout souls, mostly English, present, were much enjoyed by Mrs. Mabie and myself. Although "the doors" in a peculiar sense were "closed," the risen Lord, though invisible to mortal sight, was with us. But alas for poor Russia! The Bible, though allowed to circulate, is really a closed book, with no pretense of preaching by her ecclesiastics nor religious instruction of the masses. Only ten per cent. of her vast population can read. It is but the dress of the priests, the pomp of her altar ceremonies and her prac-

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tical deification of the Czar, about as superstitiously worshiped in Russia as the Mikado is in Japan, that hold her masses. There is no public-school system, while the revenues of the Government go to the up-keep of her militarism. She worships the "ikons," or images of the saints in her long history, and is largely a pagan nation. When, on a night train for Königsberg via Wilna, we had come to the hour of departure, a company of elect souls, together with Mr. Fetler and Madame Yesnovsky, having come to see us off and to load us up with flowers, sweetmeats, etc., we left the great northern capital with a deep sense of the tragedy in Russia's situation.

NOTE.—Since the above chapter was in type the long-impending revolution in Russia has occurred. The Czar has been forced to abdicate, the duma is in control, the United States, England and France have recognized the new *regime*, and the world awaits the outcome. Possibilities of many kinds are involved. May Providence overrule all for the great Slavic races and for all mankind.

XXXI

A WINTER IN GERMANY

A NIGHT'S run from St. Petersburg brought us to Königsberg, the capital of old Prussia, the center whence has emanated all that is now understood in military circles as imperial Germany.

We were in Germany for about three months—months of the greatest interest from a variety of points of view. I wished particularly to observe the religious life, the university life, to visit the homes and haunts of Luther, to see for myself some of the fruits of the highly intellectual but prejudiced forms of speculative doubt, as well as to discover some of the wholesome reactions towards faith, and, incidentally, to take in features of natural beauty in the country and remains of the old medieval feudalism, the marks of which are still so much in evidence.

The places visited in general were Königsberg, Berlin, Dresden, Herrnhut, Halle, Wittenberg, Leipzig, Cassel, Marburg, Cologne, Frankfort, Erfurt, Worms, Weimar, Jena, Blankenburg, Nuremberg, Munich and Ober-Ammergau, besides the trip up the Rhine. The Germany that we saw, under such serene conditions, almost moves me to tears as I think of the convulsions that have recently occurred, and of the manner in which myriads of her people have been submerged in blood, and for what real or worthy end?

My interest in Königsberg was first to come into contact with our Baptist interests in the place, which, next to Berlin, are the fullest of promise. There are four good, strong Baptist churches. I occupied the pulpit of the First Church, speaking to attentive audiences on Sunday, both morning and evening. We dined

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with Pastor Herrmann, and met about his table a number of his intelligent, uniformed deaconesses.

Königsberg was for his whole life the home of Immanuel Kant, the "father of modern philosophy." Indeed, he scarcely ever went out of the town. He brought both values and mischief to the world of thought, particularly in his own land. There is a fine statue of Kant in the little park at Königsberg in front of the university, in which he was so long a professor. His well-known sentiment, "Two things there are, which, the oftener and the more steadfastly we consider, fill the mind with an ever-new, an ever-rising admiration and reverence: the starry heaven above, the moral law within," is also displayed on a tablet against the wall surrounding the grounds of the ancient castle—"the schloss"—which the Kaiser occasionally occupies, in turn with many other palaces. This "schloss" is situated on the acropolis of the place, which gives the name to the city—"king's mountain." After four or five days we went on to Berlin. We first quartered ourselves at the Evangelical Hospitz, near the "Brandenberg Thor," or gate. There we received many delightful callers—pastors, students, American and German friends. But later we went to the private pension of Miss Ellen Hunt, a New York lady, who left Berlin at the outbreak of the war and came home. She had conducted a homelike boarding-place for twelve years at 11 Kleist Strasse, near Nollendorf Platz.

The American church was located in this same quarter. So, it made a convenient and very genial Christian home for us while we were in the city. Dr. C. A. Dickey, a Presbyterian minister, had been for twenty years its popular pastor. While he was now in retirement, and a new man had succeeded him, still Dr. Dickey was in many ways most dependable for counsel on things German. I occupied the pulpit one Sabbath, and during the service a singular thing occurred.

I was speaking with considerable glow on faith. All at once a man sitting in the back part of the church arose from his seat and posted firmly up the side aisle,

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making, evidently, for the pulpit. He came round in front of the desk, stretched out his hand to me for a shake, and exclaimed: "I believe what you are saying. I believe. God bless you." I took his hand and remarked: "Thanks for your good wishes. Now, you take a seat right there and allow me to finish this sermon." He promptly subsided. Having a mysterious little box in his hand, some of the people feared he might have a bomb in it. But he quietly sat down. Of course, it made quite a ripple of excitement, although I made but little of it. He was a simple-hearted enthusiast, who had been wonderfully converted from a worthless sort of life. He was an Englishman, and now felt called to convert unbelieving Germans. He was a bit off balance, but he had at least the courage of his convictions.

During our period here several American "exchange professors" were in Berlin, and they, also, gave lectures at the chapel, which we heard. The church, with its interesting constituency, was a pretty representative body of people, and quite a center of social interest in the city.

Soon after locating in Berlin, I came into touch with quite a number of our Baptist ministers. Chief among these was Rev. Karl Mascher, of Steglitz, a large suburb of the city, and general secretary of the Cameroon mission. His wife was an English lady, daughter of Rev. Fuller Gooch, of London, a well-known pastor. Brother Mascher was very familiar with the Baptist situation and the pastors throughout Germany, and, in fact, the Continent generally, as he traveled so widely in the interest of his African mission. He was also a very fine interpreter, and served me repeatedly in this capacity. He also went with me to various churches, even to Dresden and Herrnhut. He was practically at my elbow for all sorts of help during the period of our sojourn. My wife and I were frequently at his home and table. He was at the Stockholm conference later, and the official German interpreter there. He was also at the World's Sunday-school

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Convention at Zurich, and at a great rally in the Baptist church interpreted for Bro. F. B. Meyer, myself and others. He was at my side at the Blankenberg conference, to which reference will be made further on. He assembled a gathering of Berlin Baptist ministers, and of other brethren not Baptists, at his home to meet me. No man could have been more friendly, whole-hearted and helpful. While we were in Germany he was among the foremost of many friends we met that refused to believe, despite all rumors and premonitions to the contrary, that the two nations, Germany and England, must, sooner or later, come into terrific conflict. At that time the Balkan war was on, and it seemed to us that there was a widespread satisfaction with the progress in the councils in London that so successfully localized that strife. However, it was then felt to be certain that if Austria became involved, Germany would have to make common cause with her. With Brother Mascher at my side, I preached at three of our leading Berlin churches; viz., at the First Church—Brother Simoleit, pastor; at the Second Church, in charge of Brother Weerts; at the Steglitz Church; with a group of students at the university, and in one or two other churches. These meetings included a large rally of Baptist young people at the First Church, which I addressed on the appeal of Foreign Missions to the young people of our time. The meeting had been thoroughly worked up, and the large First Church, galleries and all, was literally packed with people. How those Berlin Baptists did take us to their hearts! and our undying love goes out to them, whatever disturbances the war may have wrought.

While in Germany I made a point of coming into intelligent touch with typical forms of its university life. I had neither time nor equipment to do justice to any thorough lecture courses. I had studied German, off and on, since college days, and continued its study diligently through private tutoring, daily reading of the papers, etc., for months together while in the country. I was almost daily in contact with American students

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who were taking lecture courses, and I went repeatedly to the lecture-halls and heard for myself: and I had considerable access to the notes of student friends, so that it was not difficult to get the trend of what was being taught in the leading lecture-halls.

I was in several university centers: in Berlin, Halle, Leipzig, Marburg, Göttingen and Jena; in some of them for weeks together. I heard men like Harnack, Deissmann, Seeberg, Kaftan, Strack, Schaeffer, Ihmels, Kittel, Althaus, Wundt, Budde, Herrmann, Bornhausen, Jülicher, Titius, Weinal, Lutgert and Hausleiter. And I came into pretty close touch with Haeckel, Eucken, Ostwald, Loofs, Rade (of the *Christliche Welt*), and some other English-speaking men in Switzerland on their vacations, where we had much converse, and I got their real viewpoints.

I found Richter, the great authority on missions since the passing of Warneck, and whom I came to know at the Student Quadrennial Convention in Rochester in 1908, very friendly and helpful. He is now lecturer on missions in Berlin University. He was the means, unexpectedly, of securing for me an invitation to a complimentary breakfast at the headquarters of the Berlin Mission Society, and a similar one from the Gossner Society. He also gave me courteous introductions to leaders in the annual Foreign Mission conference, which met at Halle, in Saxony, the year I was there. At this great meeting, fairly ecumenical in its way, I was made much at home, particularly by Professor Hausleiter, the president for that year. I was invited to a missionary breakfast at his home, where I met a dozen or so returned missionaries from countries like India, China and Africa, and saw men who were in touch with our own Baptist workers. While it would have been an utterly unheard-of thing to invite a Baptist to give an address, yet there were many who would have been glad to have me speak. In fact, I was invited back to Halle to give an extended address at a monthly tea-meeting of consecrated students at Professor Hausleiter's home. A Professor

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Goertes, now in Bonn, interpreted for me, while I spread out before them our own Asiatic missions. I was also invited to Halle a third time, to address a meeting of the Y. M. C. A., to which those same students also came. I found the whole tone of the Saxony conference, in which twenty-seven foreign societies were represented, to be evangelical.

Several things before suspected came pretty clear to me respecting the universities. First among them is this: it will always put a heavy strain upon an American student especially to go to Germany for his standards in religion, who has not previously passed deeply into the inner *experience* of things religious. While I would be among the last to disparage the place of clear intellection in a moral being, yet it should never be forgotten that Christianity, unlike any other religion in the world, presupposes elements in faith vastly deeper than mere intellect can afford; *i. e.*, it involves the mystical element in Christian experience. But in the typical German university, religion is viewed primarily as a speculative matter pertaining to the realm of mere opinion. The intellectual *per se* is apotheosized.* True, Germany, on its Pietistic side, is mystical enough. But the deeper mystics have little use for the universities, anyway. They are state affairs, and for the most part so secular that the more earnest evangelicals react from them wholly—probably too much so—so that they often become rather narrow. All the same, the point I am making is true. If a student from abroad, with his beard ungrown, in the callow of a mere opinionated state, and who knows a little of primary German, expects simply to swap off his former ancestral faith, which is at the root of all that is best in the life and institutions of our free America, he is pretty likely to be misled religiously, and he will gain little of value to carry back to his home land. Too many wrecks and derelicts of that kind are afloat.

* The barbarous and ghastly dueling practices so popular in the universities were fast displacing moral ideals in the interests of savagery and imbruting and obsessing the nation for lustful wars of aggression.

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Again, I found that in most cases the ambitious youth who goes prepossessed, as he commonly is, with bad advice from unwise teachers at home as to the values of mere up-to-dateness in radical opinion respecting criticism, which as yet he himself has proved no capacity to test, he will spend his time, a little in one university and a little in another, sampling the various brands of speculation, and he will really get nothing worth going after. A mixture of Berlin, of Marburg, of Göttingen, of Jena and of Heidelberg—in other words, of Harnack, Wellhausen, Julicher, Weinal and Troeltsch—is a pretty indigestible mental salad for the vealy type of American I have seen trying to dispose of it.

If a man really wants something worth while, consonant with the best that time and the experience of the church have proved, and will settle down with men like Deissmann, Seeberg, Strack, Ihmels, Hausleiter, Schlatter, Feine, Herrmann or Lütgert for consecutive years, and meanwhile not get a swelled head, there may be value in it. But the value is not in the Ph.D. he will bring home, nor in the new airs he may take on. My observation in Germany satisfied me that the typical university professor, most of whom do not pretend to have learned the English language—the language in which the ripest experiential Christian thought of the ages has been expressed—can never become a broad man in the true and balanced sense of the word. The boasted “academic freedom,” after all, is rather academic *bondage*—bondage to the monarchical, absolutist, militaristic state. If the oncoming of the present war, beyond all question deliberately precipitated by Germany’s militarism, at this time the ruling influence, absolutely supreme there, has taught anything, it is that the university, as subsidized and retained by the Kaiser’s military caste, is anything but academically free. Note the ablest reply I have seen on that subject by Dean Church, of the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, in answer to the appeal of German university professors to university men in America. All

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this illustrates the old principle, unalterably true: "Ye cannot serve two masters [at least, at the same time]. He that is not with me is against me."

The simplest and most whole-hearted expression of religious life that I saw in Germany was in an evangelical conference held in Blankenberg. This is in the "Thuringer Wald," not far from Jena and Weimar. It is the early home of Froebel, the great reformer in child education. He here built his first simple building for the purpose, and the visitor is shown his dwelling-place, a small museum with relics of his work and time; and there is in the village a simple but appropriate monument to his honor. The conference owns a fine property of several acres, on which are disposed seven or eight simple but very pretty buildings, painted white with blue trimmings, and choice mottoes of Scripture painted on the gables; such as, "God's Love House," "Faith Hall," and the like.

To this conference I was invited soon after getting a little acquainted in Berlin. My friend Mascher is a very influential member of its managing committee, and sustains all sorts of cordial relations to Christian workers on the Continent and in England. Such Englishmen as F. B. Meyer, Dr. Guinness, Samuel Wilkinson (of Mildmay), Fuller Gooch (father of Mrs. Mascher), Lord Radstock, and other men of their kind, had been there before me.

The movement stands for things as notably spiritual as does Northfield or Keswick. It was instituted by a very devout woman, Miss von Welding, seconded by Miss von Blücher, descendant of the general of Waterloo fame. The attendants are made up of all classes, whether in the state church or out of it. Counts and countesses lend their support to it, and multitudes of the simple people of the country, descendants of the Pietists, deaconesses, "Inner Mission" people, evangelists, colporters, etc., are among those who, year by year, frequent the place. I was invited to give three addresses, one on "The Life of Faith"—a personal testimony; one on "Method in Soul-winning," and one,

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"Missionary Night," on "Gospel Triumphs in Asia." Mr. Mascher interpreted. Numbers came forward at the close to express their thanks and to invite me to other places, like Wiesbaden, or to distant Pomerania, on the Baltic. On two evenings, after the meetings were closed, on going to my room I found a bouquet of roses with a card thanking me for some message heard and with a "*Schlafen sie wohl*" tied on the door-knob; and next morning my *morgenbrod*, or breakfast, was brought to my room on a tray. The singing of the meetings was wonderful. No cheering of any sort, and with no formal or fulsome introductions. All speakers were announced on a bulletin-board outside.

The opening address on the first evening was by a devout Bavarian, Baron von Thümmler. He spoke on the meeting of Joshua with the captain of the Lord's host by Jericho: it constituted the keynote of the meeting. Among the principal promoters and frequent speakers who would occasionally clinch a point was old General von Viebahn, a survivor of the Franco-Prussian war, but who for years since has given himself to active lay evangelism. Himself, wife and two daughters were immersed believers who, withal, have never broken with the state church.

Incidentally to my visit to Blankenberg I made a visit to Prof. Rudolf Eucken, of the university—the distinguished philosopher—and who, with his accomplished wife and daughter, had visited America the previous year. He lectured in twenty American colleges. My visit came about this way. Through my year of teaching in Rochester, when I was obliged to take a class of "electives" through Prof. B. P. Bowne's "Metaphysics" (one of Dr. Strong's specialties in Theism), I became interested in Bowne—the one man of all I am familiar with who has satisfactorily analyzed, criticised and restated the real value of Kant. About that time some of Eucken's works were coming out in English. I read many of them, and soon saw that he was much in line with Bowne; *i. e.*, Eucken, like Bowne, was profoundly theistic, if not Christian. I

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also read every review of him I have caught sight of since. Eucken is pre-eminently the one philosopher who treats philosophy, not as a mental speculation, but as a philosophy of life—the entire man; intellect, conscience, feeling, will—in short, a philosophy which is congruous at least with Christ and his religion, experientially understood—the thing which Ritschl strained after and largely perverted. When I came to Germany, Eucken was the one man I wanted to see and hear. Through his reading of my book “Under the Redeeming Ægis,” I was invited to visit him. I went loaded with about twenty leading questions.

Professor Eucken met me with most effusive cordiality, grasping my hand in both of his. The fires glowed on both sides, as we talked on and on, until I retired, feeling I had imposed on him. But he begged me: “Come again to-morrow, when you will see my wife, who to-day is out in the suburbs sketching. And our minister will also come to meet you.” I rejoiced to find such a man in a university center of Deutschland! He is, to my mind, a real prophetic soul in a dreary, moral and speculative waste. Unitarians try to claim him in England and America, but he is more and less than they. If one reads his “Christianity and the New Idealism,” he will see many points of great moment. On history he is superb, beyond most writers I know on the subject. He has not shown the shallowness of those forms of historical criticism most damaging to faith and reason. Well, Eucken does not say all we evangelicals would say, but he says so much we can build on that to us he is a most valuable philosopher for Christianity to use. We called together on Professor Haeckel, who had recently broken his thigh and was still on crutches. He is the one man who, as a Materialist, out-Darwins Darwin. But he is rather a lonely figure to-day among real scientists, even in Germany.* When, in answer to his question as to my work, I said “Missions,” he answered, “Ah!

* For details of this interview see Appendix “B.”

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practical." But he and Professor Ostwald, of Leipzig, who was in the study with him when we entered, did most of the talking. At length, when they attacked Eucken, he fired up, and he was the "old man eloquent" indeed; and, although I could not follow well such rapid, intense and electric German, I noted that Eucken swept the field. Then he came to my hotel with me, said his heartiest Godspeed, and with his characteristic "*Auf wiedersehen*" we parted.

No single character in the whole history of Germany appeals to an American freeman with more force and persistency than Martin Luther. So, first and last, we made it in our way to visit his homes and haunts. We took in the following places, with which his life was chiefly connected: Eisleben, where he was born, and where he also died; Eisenach, where he was a choral singer and a pupil in Frau Cotta's school; Erfurt, where he was a monk in a cell, and where Staupitz came to his relief in his mental distress; Wittenberg, where he was a doctor of theology, where he nailed his ninety-seven theses to the church door, and where he burnt the Papal bull under an oak; Wartburg Castle, where he was imprisoned by his political friends, against harm from the Pope; Worms, where he met his trial; Leipsic, where he had his controversy with Eck in the Preissenberg tower, and the old schloss on the high peak of Marburg, where he met Zwingle respecting the real presence in the Lord's Supper, and was worsted by Zwingle. I think the only place of note that we omitted was Augsburg. For many days we almost felt that we had lived with Luther, heard him speak, and lament, and sing, and protest, and roar like a bull of Bashan.

"*Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott*" (inscribed around the top of the high tower of the church in Wittenberg) roused us in the morning and sang us to sleep in the evening: we read his sentiments everywhere. His German Testament was our *vade mecum*, and the great churches were vocal everywhere with his songs and suggestions. Truly his stamp is on Deutschland. Bis-

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marck alone is his great historic rival, and whether or not his name will ultimately stand or fall turns largely on the outcome of the present war.

We were charmed with the Wartburg, situated on its lofty conical height, overlooking Eisenach, in the very heart of the Thuringian Mountains. The whole situation is exceedingly picturesque: and as one looks down on the town of Eisenach, studded with charming villas on the many terraces, he does not wonder at German pride over its landscapes. The castle itself is not large, but what I should call cozy and homelike. I can well imagine that "Junker George," with his beard grown long and otherwise disguised, would take his so-called imprisonment as a jolly joke. However, he did here give himself to Bible translation, and in due time came forth fearing the Pope less than ever.

Worms also afforded me a day of unusual interest. The original building in which the Diet was held has long since disappeared. The ground is now occupied by a gentleman's villa. The monument erected to Luther's honor is elaborate and impressive, with the figures of several of his friends and supporters disposed about him, on the corners of a square dais in rather stiff postures. A section of the old brick wall still stands, and the little gateway, through which Luther was hustled away to save him from expected violence. The general impression left upon the visitor is that, while Luther went to Worms with a bold front, he was equally glad to escape with a whole skin.

One of the real shrines connected with the modern missionary movement in Continental Europe is at Herrnhut, in Saxony, the original home of Count Zinzendorf. Here the work of the Moravians in behalf of the world's evangelization began. To no place in Europe were we more irresistibly drawn. We had for companion on the journey our friend, Karl Mascher, of Berlin. We were met at the train by Rev. Taylor Hamilton, who is the chief official link between these brethren and America. He took us to his home, and his genial American wife served us to a homelike

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dinner, including the traditional mince pie, the mince-meat having been just brought over from America by Mrs. Hamilton. We gave the whole afternoon to the survey of the various departments of work and the buildings in which they are housed. The chapel, the library, rich in literary treasures, and the general offices are in Berthelsdorf, while Herrnhut proper is a mile or so out. Here Bishop La Trobe, whose acquaintance I made in London years ago, and with whom we dined, and Bishop Hennig, the present active factotum, have their homes, as well as Mr. Hamilton. Here, also, is the ancient chapel built by Zinzendorf, in which occurred that remarkable reconciliation of parties to an early controversy as between the Bohemian and Saxon branches of the Moravians. In the old private box, really a considerable room, which used to be occupied at worship by Zinzendorf's family, Brethren Mascher, Hamilton and I spent an impressive season, just at twilight, in prayer together. We thanked God for all the inspirations that had gone out from that place, and we prayed for all forms of mission work now going on in all the stations of the broad earth. We also visited the village cemetery and the graves of the Zinzendorf family—I should think, a dozen or more of them in a row—and returned to Dresden.

Dresden itself is one of the most beautifully situated and built of all German cities, but the place is renowned for its great art gallery, standing not far from the palace of the present king. We were interested chiefly in Raphael's masterpiece, known as the "Sistine Madonna," although the great galleries are filled with what I think are the finest paintings in all Germany. Among them is Hofmann's oil painting of "Christ in the Temple," amid the doctors of the law. The uncommon light radiating from the face of Christ is exceedingly striking, a matter which none of the photographic or steel reproductions ever manifest so uniquely.

Towards the end of February we left Berlin, with the Riviera, on the south coast of France, as our objective. *En route* we spent three days at Cassel,

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where our Baptist press and publication society are located. We had a delightful visit with my old friend, Rev. Philip Bickel, D.D., under whose skillful management the Baptist publication work in this place was inaugurated and has been conducted. Dr. Bickel was far advanced in years and feeble in health, but, withal, very ardent in his loving memories of years spent in America, and sanguine with respect to the purposes of all evangelical and Baptist work in Germany. Latterly there has been associated with him, taking the chief burden, Rev. Abram Hoeffs. To the last named brother we were indebted for many courtesies. He took us one day to one of Kaiser Wilhelm's castles at Wilhelmshöhe, a large estate, magnificently situated, very elevated on the slope of the finest mountain forest I saw anywhere in Germany. The place originally marked some daring ambition of one of the relatives of Napoleon—I think Jerome Bonaparte—who had thought to make it his castle. But that ambition was nipped in the bud. In Cassel, we also much enjoyed a Sabbath with the flourishing Baptist church in its new edifice. Rev. Wm. Mascher, brother of our Berlin friend, was pastor. At the two public meetings which I addressed on Sunday my long-time friend, Rev. J. G. Lehmann, interpreted. Brother Lehmann is at the head of our Baptist Sunday-school Publication work. He showed us much hospitality.

From Cassel we went to Frankfort-on-the-Main. We tarried only long enough to see a little of the city, especially the old, medieval portion so celebrated for its antique architecture. The chief objects of interest are the Rathaus, several buildings with very high-peaked gables, finely decorated, and the tower of the Cathedral Church of the city, which is of red sandstone. It is very ornate and impressive, as seen through a narrow avenue of old-time buildings, the gables of which almost meet as we peer through. We had calls from the excellent Baptist pastor and his wife, and we were dined at the home of one of his leading parishioners. A fine old bridge spans the river, and

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on one of the piers, within an outward curving balustrade, stands a fine statue of Charlemagne the Great.

Our next point of interest was Nuremberg, which we reached late on Saturday night, and there we tarried over the Sabbath. We attended the morning service at one of the great state churches, and witnessed the confirmation of several scores of children.

For historic and antique interest, Nuremberg ranks very high. The old town is surrounded by a brick wall, with many impressive towers and arches over waterways that carry one back several centuries in history. Nuremberg was the home of Albert Dürer, the great artist. We visited his home, filled with relics of his artistic pencil and brush. We also went to the home of Hans Sachs, the poet and artist in other lines. The schloss on the heights above the town—another of the Kaiser's numerous abodes on occasions—is wonderfully situated, and we greatly enjoyed passing up the quaint staircases—some of them outside the building—and wandering through the various chambers and boudoirs. Adjacent to the palace is shown a most gruesome old prison-house, filled with all imaginable implements of torture, more than one ever heard of. We were glad to get away from these horrid chambers, trusting that in no dreams of the night would the suggestions awakened by them ever arise to haunt us.

From Nuremberg to Munich! Of course, Munich is one of Germany's marvelous cities. It is the home of music and of art in numerous forms. Its two chief galleries of paintings—the Pinothek—however, were to me far less interesting than the one at Dresden, although many had been saying to us, "Wait until you reach Munich for the art of Germany." Apart, however, from some of the boldest conceptions of Rubens, illustrative of the cosmology of the Bible, which certainly display a bold and rare imagination, I did not care for much of it. One night I heard the Passion music of Bach, and I am bound to say it was, on the whole, the most impressive performance in that line to which I ever listened. Not only was the music

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wonderfully adapted to the Scripture sentiments expressed, but the poetical selections setting forth the experiences of the Christ of Calvary, and the human responses befitting them, gripped me with tremendous power. The tenderness of some of those selections, I think, has never been excelled. I stood throughout the three hours of the performance. For the first half-hour I thought I should drop from sheer weariness, but the next two hours I quite forgot my weariness, so enwrapt was I with the sentiment, into which, of course, my own heart read the atonement.

In Munich we had, also, delightful fellowship with the pastor of the little Baptist church, whose people I addressed at a mid-week service. This pastor, having in mind the traditional impression which Americans often carry home of the relative harmlessness of beer drinking, insisted on taking us one night—a party of four—to an enormous drinking-hall. It seems that at a certain season of the year the German population of Munich, in large part, give themselves, the whole of two weeks, to the drinking of beer in large quantities during the night, to say nothing of what they may consume during the day. In this particular quarter to which we went it is said ten thousand people, both men and women, give themselves over to drinking throughout the night. There are girl attendants, filling the great steins drawn from large hogsheads of the celebrated Munich beer. The number of these steins that a debauchee will consume ranges from fifteen upwards, and the stein holds about one quart. People who say that there are no slums and no drinking to excess in Germany, even behind the most artistically designed marble fronts, would find the opposite to be true, under such a demonstrator as we had in this pure-minded pastor, and he a native of the country. He, at least, believes that this one vice of beer drinking threatens the moral ruin of the nation. We were glad to escape from the mammoth and ribald place.

From Munich we went to Ober-Ammergau. It was not the season of the famous Passion Play, but

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we were entertained at the pension of Anton Lang, who, since Joseph Meyer passed, has enacted the part of *Christus* in the Passion Play. A welcome awaited us on the part of his cheery, attractive, English-educated wife and her children, and we were soon made at home. Mr. Lang appeared not long after, and, as they both spoke perfect English, we got on easily together. We spent Easter Sunday in the village, and attended the service at the church, the only one in the place, and, of course, Roman Catholic. The service conducted was "very high mass" to begin with, with very entrancing music. Frau Lang was chief soprano singer. There were endless impressional ceremonies that to me were more like Buddhism than aught else, but there was a very rare sermon preached in German, that I could well understand, on the resurrection of our Lord; and it seemed to me thoroughly Christian. I was also pleased to find that Mr. Lang made much of the resurrection in his personal faith—that he had a real atonement—and seemed to me in every way a highly Christian man. He said grace at his table, and he seemed to me to be striving to live the life of self-crucifixion with Jesus, that he might attain to the resurrection of the just. His library was well stocked with books on the cross, and I gave him my "How Does the Death of Christ Save Us?" We were taken over to the great theatre, and in the anterooms were shown the marvelously rich and costly costumes used by the numerous participants in the play. They were very brilliant, but, after all, expressing only the material side of things, which is all they themselves can do, unless one reads meanings into them. Recently we heard Mr. Lang has lost his life at the battle-front.

We next passed southward to Innsbruck, and through the sublime Tyrol Alps. There was tremendous majesty displayed by the Alpine monarchs, and yet a desolateness, withal, that would be too oppressive for me as a summer resort. I much prefer the genial Bernese Oberland, which I have three or four times visited. Innsbruck itself has various attractions; first

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its scenery and then its medieval monuments. I visited only one church, a real museum, in which stood in imposing array, I should think, several score of armored feudal magnates of the past, the images all being of massive bronze construction. The history of an important epoch in Austrian life was epitomized in these characters.

Thus closed the most gratifying period we spent in Germany, Bavaria and the Austrian Tyrol.

NOTE.—An outstanding memory of our sojourn in Germany was our visit to Potsdam on Christmas Day, where we saw at church the Kaiser and several members of the imperial family, including the crown prince and Prince Eitel Friedrich. They appeared simple and unwarlike enough, although the upper gallery was packed with soldiers.

XXXII

FRANCE AND SWITZERLAND

OUR visit to these lands fell into two portions. Inasmuch as we wished to spend the spring following our sojourn in Germany on the Riviera, we made our way, first, via Venice, Lugano, Switzerland and Genoa, to those coast resorts which stud the Mediterranean on the French seaboard. These towns are Nice, Monte Carlo, Mentone, Cannes and Marseilles. I gave addresses in all these towns except Monte Carlo, and the greatest welcome possible was given to us as Americans. In Mentone, we of course visited the hotel, although we could not see the room in which Spurgeon died. We spent several days as guests of Pastor Long, of Nice, and had as many meetings, both in the pretty Baptist chapel and in the McAll Mission Hall. In Cannes I spoke to a crowd in a Congregational church. At Marseilles, also, we had a most hearty reception, and were graciously entertained by a Mr. and Mrs. Faber, very charming people. Here, Rev. Mr. DuBary and wife and Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Grose, of Marseilles, met us. The DuBarys escorted us to their home in Nimes, where we spent several days, including a Sunday. DuBary is one of our finest men, and a graduate of Spurgeon's College. His fine influence in Nimes had assembled one of the largest union Protestant congregations I have ever seen in France. This was apart from the two very genial meetings I addressed in his own church. This city is a Protestant center, and the old National Presbyterian Church is very strong. We had the Nestor of them all, a relative of the distinguished Adolf Monod, to offer prayer before I spoke. I gave them

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a survey of Asiatic missions. Nimes is also a place of early Roman antiquities. It has in it an "arena," or colosseum, more complete than the one in Rome, although not so large. Nimes has a wonderful ancient garden and a pagan temple of pre-Christian times, bridges, statues, and the like, and some old ruins of a second pagan temple, dating from an early century of the Christian era.

From Nimes we went, via Lyons, Geneva, Thun and Dijon, to Paris, much privileged to have met and ministered to so many of our Baptist churches and pastors in the south of France.

In Lyons we had a large and interesting religious union service. My old friend, Pastor Seigniol, interpreted for me, and came to dine with us at the home of our friends, the Quintaros. Mrs. Quintaro herself, although at the time at the bedside of her dying sister in America, was a former seminary friend with Mrs. Mabie in Rockford, Illinois. Her family we found in every way most enjoyable.

In Geneva we were met by Rev. and Mrs. Orial, the Baptist pastor and wife. Later I addressed his people.

In Paris we were warmly received by our many Baptist friends, foremost among whom were Dr. and Mrs. Saillens; their son-in-law, Rev. Mr. Blocher, and wife; Mr. Andru, and Pastors Philemon, Vincent and son. This gifted son has, alas! just yielded up his promising life at the battle-front. We were domiciled in the mission home of the Bianqui family, Mr. Bianqui being the secretary of the Foreign Mission Society of the National Presbyterian Church. I also addressed their strong Theological College, and met several of their returned missionaries from South Africa. Here, also, I met Dr. J. H. Franklin, on his way homeward from the Far East over the Siberian route, and together we gave attention to some complicated questions affecting the French mission.

Our second visit to France, embracing Switzerland, came about thus: After a return to England for a week, joined by my son, wife and child, who had been

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living in London, by my daughter Muriel and child, from Boston, and by Dr. Catherine, we made our way, via Antwerp and Cologne, up the Rhine, to Mainz, and on to Basel. Here our party divided, my wife and son and family going on to Thun, and my daughter, niece and I going first to Zurich to attend the World's Sunday-school Convention, a notable gathering, and affording many sweet fellowships.

Later, we all met at Dürrenast, on Lake Thun, and thereafter spent six happy weeks in Hilterfingen together face to face with the Bernese Oberland.

While we were sojourning in Switzerland I made a return trip to the north at the end of July to take in the World's Baptist Congress, which assembled in Stockholm, embracing a second short visit to Berlin *en route*. At this congress I was privileged to give an address on "The Baptist Message to Europe," afterwards printed in the *Baptist Times*, London, and in the *Baptist Review and Expositor*, Louisville. In August I went again also to Germany, so far as to make a visit to Professor Eucken, in Jena, and also to attend the evangelical conference at Blankenburg, referred to in the previous chapter.

From Blankenburg, by invitation of Dr. Saillens, of Paris, I went down to Morges, on Lake Geneva, Switzerland, to attend a similar meeting of the French evangelicals. This conference is to these French Christians what the Blankenburg conference is to the Germans. The meeting at Morges, however, is preceded by a Bible institute, carried on for three continuous weeks. In the institute themes like the following were considered: "The Prophets," "The Apostles," "The Finality of the Scriptures," "The Bible and the Primitive Church," "Moses and History," "Science and Revelation," "Missions, Home and Foreign." The great Swiss reformers, Calvin, Zwingli and Farel, still live in these French people. The Reformed Church of France, in its most spiritual and gifted pastors, successors to Adolf Monod and Alexander Vinet, men like Pastors Besson, Tophel, Malzac and

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Morel, and Lortsch, of the Bible Society, finds hearing here. Gifted professors, like Neville and Henry Devaux, are among the teachers. I was favored at Morges with an extended interview with Professor Devaux, who, twenty-five years ago, in attending a student conference at Northfield, was converted from materialism to theistic faith, and who ever since has been an outstanding lecturer in France on the "Harmony of Science and Revelation." For full account of his conversion, see my article in *Record of Christian Work*, Northfield, for October, 1915. But Dr. Saillens is the inspiring leader of the whole conference, and one of the most eloquent preachers of evangelical truth in all France. He latterly has devoted himself wholly to conferences similar to this, in important centers in France and Switzerland. The attendance at this Morges conference was marked by the presence of forty Christian workers from Algeria, and many from North Italy, the Waldensian valleys and, of course, from wide districts in France and Switzerland. I gave three addresses at this meeting, and Dr. Catherine Mabie also spoke one morning with most telling effect respecting the workings of medical missions in Africa; and, as representing the Belgian Congo, she was peculiarly at home in this assembly. Conversions often occur at the great meeting, and many apply for Christian baptism. Morges marked the climax of inspiring fellowships enjoyed in France.

XXXIII

IN ITALY AND EGYPT

OUR visit to Italy, as well as that to France, was likewise made in two parts. The first part embraced a brief trip to Venice in the early spring.

Leaving Innsbruck, in Austria, our train threaded its way down almost endless canyons and valleys, beside plunging water-courses, before we left the mountains behind and came out into the level Italian plain. Then we crossed a long causeway, built on thousands of piles, and we were at the railway station in Venice. A score of gondoliers were clamoring at the waterside for passengers. We selected one of them, and, after passing down the Grand Canal, by many former palaces of antique sorts, shot through several narrow and tortuous channels, until we drew up to what we were informed by our gondolier, in fair English, was the rear end of the Continental Hotel. After the ringing of a bell, and many shouts as to whether "any one was at home," there appeared a head out of a third-story window, and a voice told us to enter and come up the three flights of stairs. We found a charming English-speaking hostess, and at the table very genial associates. Of course, the next morning we took in the Doges' Palace, with its incomparable frescoes and historic paintings, product of the real Italian masters, and the Cathedral of San Marco, the new Campanile Tower and the Bridge of Sighs. We took several gondola trips, and of course peered into the limitless shops of lace-makers, picture-vendors, jewelers, and what not. But the real glories of Venice are in its history, and one needs to be saturated with Ruskin and similar writers, and to see the

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marvelous autumn sunsets, which in February we found lacking, even in Venice. We were shortly on the move again, via Milan, where we took in the cathedral, to Como and its peerless lake. Como's banks are marked by fine summer abodes, villas and practical palaces, artistically built; by landing-places, boat-houses, etc., all of stone, and in most artistic forms. The sail of that afternoon up Lake Como stands out in its peerless way. We passed by train, after nightfall, over to Lugano, on another of these charming Italian lakes, Maggiore being the largest, but to me the least interesting of the three. We had several delightful days in Lugano. We were domiciled in the German Evangelical Hospice. In Lugano we met a dear friend of former days, pastor in St. Paul and Chicago, Rev. Nicholas Bolt, and his charming sister. The two did much for our entertainment and enjoyment in this pearl of northern Italian-Swiss villages. The mountains surrounding the lake are most enchanting. From Lugano, we passed to Genoa, visiting the birthplace of Christopher Columbus, the famous Campo Santo mausoleums, and several old-time palaces and museums, scarcely second to those of Venice. Thence we passed to San Remo, where Pastor Scola soon found us and lodged us in a comfortable hotel. We held a meeting in the little Baptist chapel, and I went with him on one of the most unique tours, first by rail and then in a cart, to a little, squalid Italian village, a sort of ruined town, with dilapidated stone houses. But we found a house full of people, waiting to hear me speak on a week night, through my friend's interpretation.

I have previously referred to our visit to Switzerland, prior to our final departure to Italy, *en route* to Egypt and the Far East. In this region, on beautiful Lake Thun, we spent several weeks for rest, writing and making various short pilgrimages to the choice spots in the Bernese Oberland, such as Lucerne, Interlaken, Grindelwald, Lauterbrunnen, and over the Gemmi Pass to the valley of the Rhone. It was all familiar ground to me, from several previous visits, but none the less

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refreshing to be again for a few weeks within sight of those monarchs of the Alps—the Eiger, the Monch, the Jungfrau and the Blumlisalp.

Our chief domicile here was a new pension, the "Eigenberger-Schneider," in the little village of Hilterfingen, adjoining Oberhoffen, about a mile from Thun. The memories of that spot, amid so entrancing conditions, and our sweet family fellowships, having three children, a niece and two of our little grandchildren with us—one since gone to the heavenly world—remains as a very precious memory. We reluctantly broke up about the middle of September and departed our several ways, some to England, some to America, and my wife and I on our way southward to Italy, for a second stage of experiences in that fascinating land of Italy.

We went first, via Milan, Bologna, Florence and Rome, to Naples. Florence is incomparable for monumental art. We put up at a comfortable German evangelical hospice. I need not attempt to describe Florence. Merely to mention places like the two great galleries of art, the Pitti and the Uffizi; the Duomo, and the several great churches, like San Marco, Santa Croce; and the various monumental works of Giotto, Michael Angelo, Botticelli and others, is to indicate a whole world by itself—the world of architecture, poetry, romance, sculpture and painting. As the home of Dante, and as the resort of the Brownings, the Trollopes, and hosts of other literary and artistic characters, the place is filled with sentiment, romance and history. The great medieval establishments, like the Bargello and the palace of the Medicis (still extant), with all their gruesome marks of plotting, counter-plotting and tragic sorrows, are still in evidence. Personally, what interested me most in Florence were the scenes of the great Savonarola's activities; especially his cell, with some of its furniture in San Marco's, is still shown, and in numerous other cells the frescoes of Fra Angelico always attract the visitors. The room in which Savonarola spent his last night, in the Palazzo Vecchio, and

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the place of his execution in the plaza before the Palazzo, are the chief things. The great Duomo, in which he was wont to thunder forth his utterances against Rome's abuses and the political intrigues of Florence, and prophesy impending dooms, fills the visitor with awe. Of course, we visited the Villa Trollope, where George Eliot wrote her "Romola," and where numerous great literary lights of all countries at times found a congenial home. There were two centers of Christian and Baptist work in Florence that interested us. We attended a service in each. The first was the English work, in charge of Dr. Wall, and the other was under the conduct of the American Southern Baptist Convention, a most earnest and brilliant Italian, Mr. Angelina, in charge. He had a packed house, in improvised quarters in a part of an old palace, and he preached with wonderful fire and magnetism a sermon, partly religious and partly political, to which all Italian patriots in latter days are so given.

We had a golden, interesting period of a week or so in Rome, and did the ancient city pretty thoroughly. It was a comfort to find Rome so improved respecting its sanitation and its water supply, which relieves present-day visitors of that erstwhile nightmare of Roman fever, which years ago so distressingly made victims for the foreign cemetery. We, of course, sought out, first of all, our Baptist brethren of the Richmond Board, Dr. Everett Gill and Rev. J. P. Stuart. Dr. Whittingill, at the head of the theological work, and editor of an able Christian review, was on furlough in America. At the chapel on Sunday we met Pres. Benjamin Ide Wheeler and son, of Berkeley, California, *en route* to Athens. We all had pleasant fellowship together at the missionary homes. Dr. Gill had charge of the various stations from Rome northward, in Italy, while Brother Stuart had the oversight of the work in the south, embracing also Sardinia and Corsica. We found that this brother alone had not less than sixty preaching stations, with which he was in

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touch through native workers and was on a constant round of visitation. It was a great joy to have a week of fellowship with these brethren.

Naples was the last center of interest on the Continent that engaged our attention. We journeyed from Rome under escort of Bro. J. P. Stuart. This brother, being so well acquainted with Naples, and so at home in the language, made himself indispensable to us. He took us to the Hotel Bristol, away up on an elevated site, and introduced us to the most friendly proprietor. Bro. Stuart, alas! has just yielded up his invaluable life in Liberty, Missouri, while home on furlough. We found the Italian Baptist Church in Naples well located, just off an important street, and in a flourishing condition. This interest is under the auspices of the American Southern Baptist Convention. They have a property of their own, and carry on things in a style that commands respect. They had also an excellent Italian pastor, whom Brother Stuart took pains to enlist in conversation with me as much as possible. A special rally of the church had been arranged. Dr. Barton, of Waco, Texas, then visiting Italy, and I made addresses. The service was on a week night, and the rooms of the spacious chapel were filled with listeners. They had taken pains to engage the most expert interpreter that could be found, a Waldensian brother of charming parts, and, as nearly as I could judge, he gave them our messages *con amore*. Mine had to do with principles which lie at the basis of things most vital in adapting the Christian gospel to Romanized minds. Those gleaming, black Italian eyes, and the universal handshakings which followed, were evidence to me that I was understood.

We took an excursion to the island of Capri, across the Bay of Naples. On the loftiest height of this charming island the Emperor Tiberias once had a country villa, some ruins of which can still be seen. We made a hurried excursion to the "Blue Grotto," not far from the landing. The grotto itself, I suppose, is natural, but it resembles an excavation, domelike in

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shape, about two hundred feet in diameter. One would suppose that the place would be wholly dark, but, on the contrary, as a boatman pulls us by means of an overhead chain through an entrance so low that we all had to lie down to avoid bumping upon the rocks overhead, suddenly the whole place was strangely lighted up, and with color as azure and soft as the finest blue satin. The effect, we were told, was wholly due to the entrance of the light through the one low and narrow aperture, and reflected from the water to all parts of the cavern. It is a phenomenon, in its way, wholly unique. We sailed away about four o'clock over to Sorrento, one of the most ideal of Italian villages. We spent the evening exploring the town, inspecting the various stores, supplied with the finest fabrics, the most exquisite inlaid cabinet work, etc. In one of the shops we fell in with an old Brookline acquaintance, Mrs. George K. Brooks, and her daughter. In and about Sorrento are located some of the finest villas, belonging to artists and authors of various lands, including the home of F. Marion Crawford, an American. Here Mrs. Stowe laid the scenes of her "Agnes of Sorrento." The next day we gave to the famous drive along the shores of the Mediterranean, through Amalfi, one of the greatest pieces of coast scenery anywhere in the world. For miles and miles the roadway had been fairly blasted or chiseled out of the rocks, and the curves in and out, to get round the numerous inlets and pretty bays, fill the beholder with wonder at the varied effects of mountain-sides and water. This whole region is the resort of painters of coast scenery. On the morrow we booked for Brindisi, a long railway journey. *En route* we fell in with Rev. Henry Fairbanks and wife, connected with the well-known missionary family in Ahmednagar, of the Indian Marathi mission, and brother-in-law of my long-time friend, Dr. Robert A. Hume. They were returning from a furlough in America. After a quiet Sunday in a mosquito-infested hotel, we sailed away by a swift mail-bearing ship of the P. & O. Line, the

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"Osiris," to Port Said, Egypt. The seas were mirror-like for smoothness, and in places we sailed through charming straits between some of the Grecian isles.

We tarried in Port Said but a few hours, and took an afternoon train for Cairo. I had touched there twenty-two years before, *en route* home from India, but saw nothing of the mission work. But this time we were a full fortnight in the place. During this period, in addition to looking about a little, we gave ourselves to the missionaries of the American United Presbyterian Church, who had been operating in Egypt for over half a century, and with marked success. Apart from some work done by the Church Missionary Society of England, they are practically the only body of Protestant Christians carrying on work in Egypt. They have a large body of communicants, numbering several thousands. They have eighteen thousand pupils in schools of various sorts and grades, four thousand of whom belong to Moslem families. They have a fine college at Assiout, and one at Assouan, at the first cataract of the Nile. We have rarely met more choice missionary spirits than those we found in the veteran Dr. Watson, who has labored a half-century in the country, Drs. Alexander, Giffen and Hunt, and numbers of gifted women associated with them. And they have been winning their way among Moslems by slow and tactful processes. The girls' college, with about three hundred pupils, many of whom are connected with the families of wealthy bankers and business men in the city of Cairo, all Moslems, is a superior institution. This college is under the conduct of three or four of the most competent American women. There is also a resident American population, representing various business enterprises, in Cairo, and, in part, friendly to missions, which adds an element of variety and quality to the social life of the mission. I was invited to preach on one of the Sunday evenings. The audience was made up of many superior people from our home land and England. Besides, there were from sixty to eighty young Moslems, occupying an entire

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block of seats in a section assigned to them. These are always in attendance to a greater or less degree. They also come on Monday nights to a lesser meeting, in which the points of contact, and also of difference, between Christianity and Mohammedanism are frankly discussed. A noted professor of the El Azhar Moslem University, who had been converted to Christianity not long before, was lecturing each Monday night, notwithstanding he had undergone severe persecution. My old friend, Dr. Zwemer, formerly of Arabia, is now a resident in Cairo, and giving himself, through the editing of a magazine and much preaching and lecturing, to the problem of missions among Moslems.

Among things peculiarly Egyptian which we sought out and visited was the Bulak Museum, rich with all sorts of finds from the excavated tombs up the Nile. The one remaining Cleopatra's needle, standing near the site of old Heliopolis, and the university, at which it is supposed Moses gained his learning, won our deep interest. New Heliopolis, a most artistically laid-out and built modern city, also attracted us. Several of the leading mosques, old Cairo, and, of course, the pyramids and the Sphinx, only six or seven miles outside the city, came in for attention. The pyramids are reached by a tramline, under the guiding hand of one Mahmoud, an intelligent Moslem. We engaged the traditional camels, and rode up the long incline and all about the sandy dunes that surround the pyramids and the Sphinx. This was a day of rare interest.

One episode in connection with our round of the mosques I feel bound to relate. On the porch of one of the mosques we fell in with an English-speaking Moslem, a middle-aged man, who impressed us favorably, and we took him as a guide. He showed us through the grand Alabaster Mosque and the private Mosque of the Khedive. The latter was not large, but handsomely decorated. Within it were several tombs and rich sarcophagi. Several copies of the Koran, in wonderful hand-wrought characters and richly bound in morocco and gold, were placed here and there beneath

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costly gold-embroidered cloths. One of these copies of the Koran our guide took up and, opening it, pressed it to his forehead and then reverently kissed it. He afterwards took us to the tombs of the Mamelukes, a rather grandiose combination of mausoleums and sanctuaries, about which the devotees were lounging and waiting for "backsheesh" from visitors.

As we were about dismissing him, our guide remarked: "There is one old ruin of a mosque not far from here that you should see, for it is the one after which the famous mosque of Mecca is modeled, and, besides, its minaret, on a lofty, precipitous height, affords the finest bird's-eye view of Cairo to be had." So I said: "Our carriage is waiting: come with us and we will see it." We found only the walls, with wonderful stone chiseled window-frames of a massive sort, inclosing a large area with no roof. As we entered the place and saw the semblance of the *Kaaba*, "exactly like the one in Mecca," I queried: "Then, you have been in Mecca?" "Yes," he answered; "many times."

During all this hour or more our Moslem friend was profuse in his sentiments of devotion to the great prophet of Allah and the system promulgated by him. As we were ascending the spiral staircase of the half-ruined minaret, our friend remarked:

"There is one thing done at the culmination of our annual observances at Mecca that might interest you."

I inquired: "What is that?"

"On the last day of the feast we go out onto a high hilltop, and there we offer a lamb in sacrifice."

"Indeed," I answered; "you don't take that to be peculiar to Mohammedanism, do you?"

"But, isn't it?"

I replied: "By no means: the Jews had it from Abel's time to the end of their national history; the Hindus have it. In Kalighat [which we afterwards saw], every morning from one to several scores of goats are slaughtered in behalf of the devotees who bring them to the temple in worship. Christianity has the principle, though carried up to a level infinitely

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above mere animal sacrifices, and expressed in the self-devotement of Christ in our behalf. Even the Chinese have it. For at the high altar of the Temple of Heaven, at the winter solstice, the head of the nation has been wont to appear, in the interest of his people, for centuries and offer a bullock one year old, without blemish. So, you see, this matter of vicarious sacrifice is practically universal."

He was greatly surprised at all this.

I next inquired for the reason of this world-wide practice. "Why do you suppose it is?"

He had no answer.

I then asked: "Is it not on account of the universal sense of sin?"

He did not know. I assured him that was undoubtedly the reason.

"Now," said I, "I have the most important question of all to put to you. Do you know who the *real* Lamb behind all the ceremonialism is?"

"The real lamb!" he exclaimed. "Is there anything *more real* than the lamb we offer on the hilltop at Mecca?"

"There certainly is. The lamb you offer there, and the other offerings made in India, China, etc., are only ritualistic, symbolic at the best. The Lamb I have in mind is the deepest reality in our whole universe, and at the heart of it."

"Who is he?" queried our friend, in the most appealing manner.

"Your great Allah, the one we call God, revealed in Jesus Christ His Son; He is the 'Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.'"

"I never heard that before, sir."

"Well, you hear it now, and that is the Christian gospel; please do not forget that. We shall never meet again in this world: do keep this in mind, that I have told you."

I then added: "As a follower of the Moslem prophet, you have believed that the eternal God, your Allah, is all power, authority, sovereignty; but your religion has

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not taught you that there is another side to him you call Allah; that he is vicarious love, and compassion also; that he has been the supreme Sufferer in this universe, for the salvation of Mohammedans and all others; and this has been supremely manifested in Jesus Christ, God's only begotten Son, so that the human race could get hold of it."

Quickly came his reply: "Why don't the missionaries teach it?"

I answered: "Some of them do, and they all ought to, and would, if they properly understood their task; but, be all that as it may, what you Mohammedans need is to have your idea of Allah enriched by the addition of the fact that he is also *grace* as well as *power*. It is this grace, and that alone, that can save any of us."

The man himself had given me the text, out of his own religion; viz., the lamb annually slain at Mecca, and widely offered throughout the Mohammedan world at the feast of the slain goat—"The Bakar Idh." This matter far deeper than his ritual needed to be impressed upon him; viz., the lamblike sacrificial functions which are sovereign in Deity, whether called by the name of Allah, God or Christ, "who taketh away the sin of the world."

Were I working among Mohammedans, I would make the most of a point of contact like this, as I have long done with all half-false religionists, rather than enter into any debates on the more subordinate matters. Once get a man to recognize and respond to this *central vicarious relation of Deity to him*, despite all his sins, and he will, ere he is aware, by the Divine Spirit, be brought into a savable state. From this new center, it will be easy for him to accept the other matters corollary to it.

XXXIV

IN BOMBAY, TELUGULAND AND MADRAS

FROM Egypt we shipped, early in October, on the P. & O. steamer "Arabia" from Port Said, through the Suez Canal, to Bombay. We were accompanied by Pres. S. B. Capen, his wife and daughter; Dr. W. E. Strong; Rev. George A. Hall (grandson of the immortal Gordon Hall), with his wife and daughter, and several other delegates from the American Board to the centenary of the Marathi mission in India. I had been requested by our Boston Mission Board to represent the American Baptists at this Bombay centenary. Our converse was very delightful. Arrived in Bombay, we were all met at the landing by representatives of the mission, bedecked with garlands of flowers and escorted in carriages to the chapel in which the principal exercises were to be held. Dr. R. A. Hume, of Ahmednagar, was the senior in the mission, and, being a friend of mine for years, his cordiality did much to make us feel at home in the community. I participated in two or three of the functions of the great occasion. Various other privileges came to me incidental to our visit. I was invited, weeks before, to give an address to the union monthly meeting of all Bombay missionaries, numbering one hundred or more members. Out of this meeting grew invitations to address various other bodies, or circles, related to this one. Included in these was a meeting with the Pratana Somaj, embracing many of the educated gentlemen of the city more or less open to our western ideals. I met a specially select number of cultivated natives, journalists, barristers, etc., invited by the native pastor of a Presbyterian church and his accomplished wife, in the

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manse of their church, for an afternoon tea and an address. I also spoke to the Young Men's Christian Association. The Rev. H. E. Barrell, pastor of the English Baptist Church, also, had been foremost to meet me, and he showed us every hospitality in his power. One of the deacons of his church and his cordial wife, Mr. and Mrs. James Cobban, invited us to make their home our domicile during our stay in the city. Twice I preached to the Baptist people in their new and tasteful edifice which they had recently built. It was to us surprising, however, to find that the English Baptists had not for long, if ever, carried on any distinctive mission work for natives in so great a metropolis of India as Bombay. Mr. Barrell, however, was so many-sided in his activities, and so catholic-spirited in general, that he seemed to me, after all, a most remarkable missionary in his own personality and with his wide sympathies. For a long period he had worked bravely on alone, his wife having been invalidated home to England, in the hope of an earlier restoration to health.

Bombay itself is a great city, wonderfully composite in population, with most imposing Government buildings. The Parsees are largely in evidence. As these people are seen driving about with their large and beautiful families, they evoke one's interest to a marked degree. But they are almost unbrokenly given up to their ancient Zoroastrian superstitions, are exceedingly clannish, and intolerant of any religious breach in their ranks. They are very thrifty in all things commercial. They are often called "the Jews of the East."

We made a visit one morning, by courtesy of the harbor master, a Baptist brother, to the "Caves of the Elephanta," across the broad bay of the harbor. The trip was interesting, though the caves were most disappointing. There is simply a large natural chamber, and on the wall within two or three huge obscene carvings of some scenes in the imagined life of the Hindu Trinity.

IN BOMBAY, TELUGULAND, MADRAS

Thence we went on to Ahmednagar, one of the principal Marathi stations, where Dr. Hume has long lived and labored with great skill and efficiency. I suppose in times of great famines no man in all India has been more earnest and efficient in caring for the multitudes of orphans, commonly thrown on Christian charity, than Dr. Hume. Indeed, his schools are filled with many who were originally such helpless waifs, but are now full of promise for right living and mission service. We were entertained at Ahmednagar by Rev. Mr. Fairbanks and wife, a brother-in-law of Dr. Hume.

We found the Ahmednagar station alive with all forms of mission work—evangelistic, educational, medical, theological, industrial and mechanical. The local native church numbers twelve hundred or more. It had at the time a native pastor, bred as a barrister, one Mr. Modac, a Brahman, a teacher in the theological school, but supporting himself through his legal practice, still carried on in part, as he was uncommonly able to do. We had an hour with this dear man on the railway the day after our visit, and drew from him the rare story of his conversion to Christ. He was first impressed by reading the Gospel of John that Jesus was the foremost "Guru" of whom he had heard. Then, he felt drawn by Christ's wonderful and magnetic sympathy. He was persuaded by degrees that what those who responded to Jesus experienced, like Nicodemus, the woman of Sychar, the cripple of Bethesda, and others, was reproducible in human souls to-day, and the world over, and at length he came into the peace and fullness of a renewed life. Since then, this rare man has been called away, to my real grief. We also met, under Dr. Hume's guidance, amid his own Christian family, a gifted poet named Tilak, whose experience was of the same type as Mr. Modac's. He, too, had been led Christward by the Gospel of John. This man had once been offered a lucrative position in the palace of the distinguished Gaekwar, of Baroda. This he promptly declined on principle, preferring to go on with his Christian instruction in the mission's theo-

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logical school, "rather than chant rhymes to a pagan court."

As we heard the unique testimony of the two gifted converted Brahmans aforesaid respecting the impressional power of the Christ of John's Gospel, we could but wish that some professors in western theological schools, who are given to dwelling on mere speculative questions like what they call "The Johannine Problem," could have sat at the feet of these two Oriental sages long enough to realize that there is something in that remarkable Gospel of John of vastly more importance than they commonly emphasize; that this Gospel stands pre-eminent among the books of the divine library, for peculiar experiential conceptions and realizations of the surrendered and yet divinely illumined soul in every age and every land. Much of what are called "problems," on which speculative dilettantes love to dwell, would cease to be "problems" altogether if the tests higher than intellectual can apply were but tried. I mean the tests of a humble heart, of a keen conscience and a surrendered will. These tests the Oriental Christians have applied, wherever they are regenerate, and lead to an appreciation far higher than the typical western or Japhetic mind senses, of the mystical element in all Christian experience that has ultimate value. Divine life in the soul makes short shrift of many a mental puzzle.

Our visit to Ramabai at Mukti was in two parts, both *en route* to Ahmednagar and on the return. We were met at the train, as any one will be who goes there, by the simple "bullock bus" belonging to Ramabai's establishment. We were driven ten minutes or so away and ushered into the simplest "lay-out" of grounds. We were shown to a two-room tenement, consisting of a simple little sitting-room, with a neat bed in it, and a washroom adjoining. Shortly a servant came bringing white bread, some bananas and a jug of milk. Some kind English assistant—for there are several of these commonly on duty—showed us about the establishment. This consists of mere rude, low,

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inexpensive sheds, in which several industries, like weaving, lacemaking, printing (in several languages), bookmaking, and all forms of household work, are carried on.

There was one good, large building or hall in the center of the grounds, where school was being carried on and a class of blind girls was being taught. It was the monthly "prayer day," and we were taken to one of the teacher's rooms, where a prayer-meeting was being held by the teachers and assistants. The spirit of faith and prayer and zest in Bible study exhibited there was very refreshing. The place was a beehive of industry and thrift. The plain dormitories, or living quarters, for the rescued widows were across the way, in a retired place. There were about eleven hundred rescued "widows" in the place, superintended mainly by Ramabai's competent daughter. Ramabai herself we saw but briefly, for she has grown feeble and very deaf, and is obliged to deny herself in large part to visitors. She was, however, her natural, unaffected self, full of trust in God, to whom she looks for everything. She inquired very tenderly after certain American friends, and friends of ours also.* No work in all India is more deserving of support than that of Ramabai, one of the noblest women of the century.

From Bombay we journeyed to that portion of India known as "The Deccan." Our principal rendezvous was at Secunderabad, a suburb of Hyderabad, the important capital of the native ruler of this Mohammedan district, titled the "Nizam." Secunderabad is one of the most important military centers in all India. The large military cantonment embraces several hundred acres, well laid out and occupied with very substantial brick barracks for the accommodation of many thousands of soldiers. We were received by the Leverings.

Our mission work in this station, inaugurated by the late Rev. W. W. Campbell, has never attained to large dimensions, but there are schools, chapels, and a variety of services for all classes of people, including soldiers,

* Ramabai I had earlier met in our home land.

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that amply justify what we have undertaken. Many intelligent Hindus are easily within reach, with whom possible co-operation for the betterment of things educational, social, and even Christian, can be had. Two high types of educated natives, the Hon. Mr. Nundy and his accomplished wife, were invited to dine with us at the Leverings, who made us so at home in the station. Mr. Nundy is a native Tamil, a competent lawyer, an LL.D. of Oxford, and an important counselor to His Excellency, the Nizam. His wife is the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Chatterji, one of the leading native Presbyterians of North India. Their points of view respecting men and things in Indian affairs were very enlightening.

I was privileged one afternoon to address a most interesting congregation of Europeans more or less closely connected with the Government. Here, also, we met other representatives of our own mission, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Boggs, located in Secunderabad, and Rev. Frank Kurtz, who had come over from Bezwada to meet us.

We spent an interesting day in a drive through Hyderabad, a thoroughly Mohammedan city, and dined with some missionaries representing some branch of Baptist people—I think the Dunkards—in America. We also saw there a native Christian man who had been beaten severely because of the decided stand he had taken as a Christian, and so breaking with his Mohammedan traditions.

One day we were taken by our hosts, the Leverings, on a picnic excursion to the old fortress at Golconda. This was full of interest. It was perhaps five miles outside of Hyderabad, in the midst of high-lying and very broken country, through widespread forms of volcanic product. Basaltic rock had been shot up and widely scattered by the forces of nature in wild and grotesque confusion. The fortress itself was on the summit of one of these extended formations. Great walls of well-cut masonry, with enormous tanks for water, formed parts of the enclosures. The citadel, or

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central "keep," of the fortress was still intact, its whitened walls glistening in the sunlight and suggesting types of life belonging to medieval India. The women of our party were admitted to a *zenana*, located in one of the old and imposing tombs adjacent to the fortress. The shut-in women were described as a sad-looking company, sitting on the floor of that dark and gloomy place, with a number of little children grouped about them.

Time was when great treasures of valuable coin were found in Golconda, either buried or secreted in the very walls of these weird precincts, but at present they are a mass of empty ruins, which, if they could speak, would tell many a ghastly tale.

The Deccan, though a difficult field to work, has, nevertheless, been strongly impressed by such workers as Mr. Campbell, Dr. W. B. Boggs, R. T. Maplesden, E. E. Chute, Abram Friesen, Messrs. Unruh, Hubert, C. R. Marsh, and others, besides the Leverings, now in charge at Secunderabad. Bro. John Newcomb and wife have long labored on the edge of this district.

From the Deccan we went to Hanamaconda, spending a pleasant Sunday with Dr. and Mrs. Timpany and Mr. Rutherford, meeting the assembled native church, and also Rev. Mr. Chute, who was a guest in the mission station. We further stopped at Ongole and Nellore, making brief visits and giving several addresses at each point. It was a great satisfaction to find myself again in Ongole, which I had visited in 1891 while Dr. Clough was yet in full charge of that immense station. But how sorely I missed the great personality who had made that region famous, and who, on that earlier visit, put everything possible on his field before me.

Within five minutes of our arrival I had stolen away over from Brother Baker's, where we were entertained, to get a glimpse of Dr. Clough's old and beautiful garden, in the midst of which, under a spreading tamarind-tree, was his baptistery, in which thousands of Telugu believers had confessed their new-found Lord. In that baptistery I myself, on my first memorable

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visit in 1891, had buried with Christ in baptism ninety converts, and, lonely as the spot was now, it was a pleasure to see it again and put up my prayer that the old, characteristic scenes might be often repeated. I found Miss Evans, of the Woman's Board, in occupancy of the old bungalow. Most cordially she showed me through the rooms so closely associated with my earlier visit, the story of which was related in my "In Brightest Asia."

I visited and addressed the high school, in charge of Prof. L. E. Martin, son-in-law of Dr. Clough. The Jewett Memorial Chapel, erected since I was there, was a new feature in the group of buildings which fill the spacious compounds. Here, also, I again spoke to several hundreds of native Christians, Brahmans and other gentlemen, sons of those I had previously addressed in a memorable evening meeting described in my "In Brightest Asia." What was my delight, on this second occasion, to discover a like sympathetic response to my messages.

In Nellore the Downies were still in charge, as on my previous visit, and were cordiality itself in receiving us and in preparing our way to the native mind in a great variety of ways: in the chapel of the native church twice; in the new and commodious high-school building, erected by the generosity of Dr. J. Ackerman Coles, of New York; before students; and also before numerous educated gentlemen of the town, and once in Chambers Hall. I had large and generous hearings. Besides, with the Downies and some of the young lady teachers, we were complimented one evening by a wealthy native Hindu with almost a "state dinner," ordered up from a superior caterer in Madras. Our host sent for us an elegant limousine motor car, electric lighted, and received us in his new and elegant mansion in princely style.

In Nellore it was pleasant, also, to renew acquaintance with Kanakiah and his wife Julia, two historic characters in the mission, but now grown old and feeble, yet steadfast in faith.

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Arrived in Madras, we were met at the station by Dr. W. L. Ferguson and driven to his mission house, "Bishopville," and made most comfortable under the genial home-making of Mrs. Ferguson. Here we found a social center for a considerable portion of our missionary men and women in and about Madras. In this home I had several interviews with the student classes, of whom there are thousands in the city, connected with the many schools. Not a few of them are sincere inquirers after truth and reality—some of them pathetically so.

My lectures had been announced and arranged for, months before, by the painstaking Dr. Ferguson. They were given in the historic Anderson Hall, adjoining the Free Church College. Here, also, the gifted Cuthbert Hall and the winsome Charles R. Henderson, my lifelong friend, had previously lectured. My messages were under the general title, "The Finality of the Christian Religion." They were more a confession of faith than controversial. I spoke on these sub-themes: "Personality in Our Universe," "Our Moral Order," "Redemption," "The Eternal Word" and "The New Creation." At the opening lecture the "Lord Bishop of Madras," so called, Dr. Whitehead, presided. He also had Dr. Ferguson and myself to afternoon tea, and further invited us to dine with him, which I was unable to do. Of course, he was full of zeal for Christian unity, but, as usual, on the basis of the Episcopal idea of conformity to their conventional standards. A far deeper unity, which I was careful to affirm, exists already among truly spiritual people.

The fall monsoon, in November, was on, and the water came down in tremendous downpours daily, often at the very time of my lectures, interfering greatly with the attendance. Nevertheless, there were some signs of acceptance of my several messages. In one lecture I took great pains to meet the mysterious problem of the world's innocent suffering. In Hindu thought, unilluminated by revelation, the answer to this mystery is sought in their composite and cruel doctrine

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of *karma* and *transmigration of souls*. This is supposed to afford a ground (in what has occurred in the sins of a previous incarnation) for the explanation of sufferings in this life. As over against this I held up that the gracious and all-merciful God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, by the very terms of our creation and heredity, had resolved to be a sharer for and with his creation in these sufferings which he would overrule for higher good. Through such divine participation in human woes, entailed by sin, he would redeem us—more than restore us—and make us participants in his glory. This suffering in Deity, voluntarily incurred on God's part, was the real *karma*, and also atonement. Thus, *karma* (or retribution, in this sense) God transmutes into grace and salvation for us. In this view, there are two incarnations that matter; namely, the act of God, whereby He, in Jesus Christ, enters corporately into our race, and we, by regeneration, are incarnated in Him. Then, also, all human suffering is turned to disciplinary value. Probably none of my messages went so deeply to the candid-minded among my hearers as this one, as several of the more thoughtful, who came to me afterwards for interviews, told me. Of course, my method was an application of the cross-principle in the New Testament conception of it, although it was put to them in an unusual form; namely, that it represented the *whole Deity*—and not Jesus Christ, separately viewed—as entering into the redemptive passion. Here, to my mind, is found the real dynamic for securing anywhere, and always, in any land, an adequate ethical basis for that “repentance which needeth not to be repented of.”

Moreover, in all these lectures I took particular pains to make clear that true faith, in any evangelical and saving sense, implies that the whole volitional action of man, reinforced by the Divine Spirit, is involved; that this, indeed, is the central thing in faith in New Testament thought. One day two of the more thoughtful of my student hearers came to me with inquiries on this point. Said they:

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"We had the impression that in most Christian thought faith is chiefly the mental, though whole-hearted, belief in some theological dictum or concept, whereas you have seemed to teach, throughout your lectures, that faith involves chiefly the action of the will."

I replied: "That is exactly what I intended to teach, and I am glad you understood me."

"But," answered they, "that is precisely the point at which Hindus are weakest. The one thing we can not do is to rouse our wills to what you call moral action."

I replied: "It is hard for all men, myself included, to live in right terms of will Godward. But that is just the point wherein Jesus Christ, by His Spirit, comes in to re-create and reinforce our will."

"All pagan systems have resulted more in paralyzing than in quickening the will. Your power of resolution is gone; hence, to a large extent, the power of western nations to overcome and dominate you as they have, often unrighteously, done. Nevertheless, it is in those regions where Christian truth and influence have prevailed that the powers of will are strongest."

"Weak, therefore, as you acknowledge your volitional powers to be, you surely still have enough of it left to surrender, to collapse before God, and confess your helplessness."

"Believe me," I urged, "it is in that way, and that way only, that you can ever regain the will power you have so fatally lost."

"It is when the soul, by an act of negation of its wrong will, vacates to God (or to some moral ideal remaining) that the Holy Spirit rushes in, like air into a vacuum, to assert His own peculiar and renewing power."

Said Jesus to the lame man at Bethesda, "Rise, take up thy bed and walk;" the very thing he could not do. But as he looks into the empowering eyes of the Lord, something says, "But He thinks I can; I'll try." And as he acts on the command of Christ, he rises and walks

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away, to his own astonishment, as well as that of the bystanders.

Such is the method of the divine empowerment of the human will, in conjunction, at least, with all saving faith. So I felt that this point, also, was an element accented in my lectures of value to the Eastern mind.

XXXV

THE JUDSON CENTENARY

THE month after our attendance on the meetings of the American Board Mission in Bombay, which commemorated one hundred years of labor among the Marathi people, beginning with Gordon Hall, came the centenary observances of Judson's work in Burma.

After the course of lectures in Madras, we proceeded across the Bay of Bengal to Burma. Dr. and Mrs. R. A. Hume, of Ahmednagar, the Downies, and several other representatives of various missions, accompanied us.

On arriving at Rangoon we were met at the wharf by Dr. W. F. Armstrong, Rev. F. D. Phinney, Herbert Vinton and Pastor Sisinger, of the English-speaking church. We were escorted to a comfortable domicile called Croton Lodge, where we were pleased to find as fellow-guests Brethren William Carey and Herbert Anderson, of Calcutta; Dr. Franklin Johnson and wife, of Chicago, and Dr. and Mrs. Murphy, of the Orissa mission, with all of whom we had delightful converse. Our pension was near to the historic Vinton and Brayton Compounds, and also near to the college, in the Cushing Memorial Chapel of which most of the great meetings were held.

On the evening of our arrival, Mrs. Mabie and I walked over to the Vinton Compound, where the Burman Convention was in session, and as we entered the grounds we were accosted repeatedly in the moonlight by familiar voices. Among them were those of Dr. W. F. Thomas, Dr. W. H. S. Hascall, Mr. Chaney, Miss Stickney, and others, joyfully hailing our arrival. In a few moments we were in the lobbies of the great

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Vinton Hall, surveying the picturesque assembly of Burman, Karen, Tamil and other Indian Christians. Our first formal appearance at the convention was reserved until the next morning, when Dr. McArthur, Mr. and Mrs. Edmands, of Boston (who came via Europe), and others, were presented, and each spoke briefly. Dr. W. F. Thomas presided. My old friend, Thanbyah, sat at the secretary's desk. One of the spectacles in Burma is to see Dr. Thomas interpreting so freely, in several of the languages spoken by our Christians in that land. The variety of forms through which he expresses himself, whether in tone, gesture, facial expression or bodily gyrations, was astonishing. He could adapt himself with lightning swiftness to the habits of speech characterizing the several races. We Americans were in an excited mood as we rose to give our greetings, and the scene before us was most picturesque: the men in their brilliantly colored skirts and turbans, and the women tidily arrayed in white jackets, with flowers in their raven black hair. The animated expression through the rugged features of some of the Burman and Karen preachers was very impressive, and indicative of their profound appreciation of their foreign visitors. I can only hint the outlines of various meetings which followed for nearly a week in Rangoon and for nearly a month in all Burma. On one of the days of the Memorial Hall meetings, the achievements of the past and the needs of the present were most eloquently voiced by various missionaries representing the whole body. The addresses of Miss Frederickson, Mr. Phinney, Dr. Hascall, and others, were particularly strong. Rev. William Carey (the third) gave an address of rare appropriateness and power, as he linked the beginnings in Burma with the great triumvirate in Serampore, insisting he "felt more like host than guest." It was almost like hearing the voice of his immortal ancestor. The writer also, on behalf of the Board in Boston, which he was commissioned to represent, and the representatives of eight or ten other great missions, through their delegates from India proper,

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Assam, Siam, China and Japan, brought heartfelt greetings. Appreciative words were also spoken by the Director of Education and others. The great day of the feast was marked by three notable meetings—morning, afternoon and evening. At the morning meeting there sat upon the platform five survivors of Judson's own time, no longer "the little girls," as Judson knew them, but now grave mothers of the mission. These were Mrs. D. A. W. Smith, Mrs. A. T. Rose, Mrs. Brainerd Vinton, her sister (Miss Susan Haswell) and Miss Stillson. Each gave most touching reminiscences of the Judson they knew, and a graphic paper that had been earlier written by Dr. Edward O. Stevens, though deceased, reciting the events which he recalled in the last days spent by Judson in Moulmein just prior to his death at sea, was read. In the afternoon of this day the Lieutenant-Governor of Burma, Hon. Sir Harvey Adamson, came to preside, with his accomplished wife beside him. They arrived from Government House in a fine equipage, preceded by out-riders and accompanied by escorts. Dr. Armstrong led His Excellency into the hall to the platform, and I had the honor to escort Lady Adamson. The address of the Governor was in dignified form, and was a hearty encomium to Judson and the work of Baptists in Burma. The audience, made up of the commingled races of native Christians, distinguished residents of Rangoon, the thirty-eight visiting Americans and the great throngs of people, not only filling the auditorium, but grouped about dormer windows and some peering through the open skylights on the roof, made an impressive scene.

Following the Governor's address came four other set addresses: one by Dr. McArthur, as president of the World's Alliance; one by Dr. Hume, of the American Board; one by Rev. Herbert Anderson, of Calcutta, and the fourth by myself. Cablegrams had also been received from President Wilson and Mr. Bryan, Secretary Bryan felicitating us on the great occasion. A special cablegram, also, from Dr. Edward Judson

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elicited the greatest enthusiasm. His necessary absence from the meeting was much deplored.

In the evening there was a great concert given by the native and Burman Christians, which gave delight to us all. On the next day there was a signal meeting in the interests of the college. President Kelley was in the chair, and addresses were given, through an interpreter, by various visiting delegates, including myself. To me the contrast between that throng of students—about sixteen hundred of them—who came by long lines, filing into the hall, and the little band of about sixty I had witnessed in Ruggles Hall twenty-four years before, was very striking, nor could I feel that if the leading powers in our denominational life at home could have witnessed that scene they would have delayed an hour in rising up to provide funds and equipment for the needs of that college for the next half-century. To me it is most regrettable that the Judson centenary was not seized upon by us in America, and by our people in Burma, for placing this Rangoon College on its feet. The present proposal is to unite it with the new Government university, a questionable policy, in my judgment.

Numerous receptions and demonstrations occurred in Rangoon: at the Karen Girls' School in Kemendine, at the Vinton Compound, at the Y. M. C. A. Hostel, at the headquarters for work among Tamils and Telugus, and elsewhere. On Sunday Dr. McArthur preached a notable sermon in the English church.

There were similar proceedings in Moulmein, the really most important seat of Judson's personal work. There he translated the Scriptures; there he compiled his Burman dictionary; and there he built up his most important church. The outstanding meetings were the great Sunday services held in Judson Hall. Drs. Sanders, McArthur, Mrs. Edmands, and others, gave addresses. Three aged Burman women, baptized by Dr. Judson, were introduced amid the intensest enthusiasm. Other services were also held in the city in the various chapels: one in Morton Lane School, perhaps

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the best equipped girls' school we have in Burma; another at the Hindu School, carried on by the Armstrongs. An afternoon was spent on the Talain Compound. Another great morning was devoted to the Karen schools, Dr. Bushnell in charge. A party went by steam launch to one of Mr. Darrow's outstations among the Talains. Another excursion went down by steamer to Amherst to visit the grave of Ann Hasseltine Judson, and a most impressive service was held about the grave. The Burmans gave a breakfast one morning, following exhibits of calisthenic, musical and other exercises of all the schools in the place combined; and on one of the evenings there was a great illumination of the old Judson Compound, outdoing, in the brilliancy of its colored paper illuminations, anything of the kind I have ever seen.

The Committee on Arrangements had so well planned the itinerary for the visiting delegates and their escorts, and the railroad travel conveniences placed at our disposal were so complete, that we had no difficulty in going from place to place, whether by day or night, with the minimum of discomfort. From Moulmein we proceeded to Pegu, spent an afternoon there and were favored with a reception by the several missions in the place, and thence we moved on to Toungoo, where another series of meetings was held, under the direction of the Heptonstalls and their associates, very striking in character. The exhibits of the schools were an outstanding feature. An excursion of our American party by automobiles furnished by English residents, up to the mountain resort, Thandaung, was a delightful diversion. We ascended over three thousand feet up a Government-made road of the smoothest sort and through majestic forests. We were dined under the auspices of a Methodist orphanage establishment at Thandaung, and on our return in the evening we had a great "darbar," in which all the various types of native Christians and native workers were introduced to us on an illuminated compound in the open air. It was an evening of the highest excitement and delight. We

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had an afternoon on the Paku Karen Compound, where Dr. Cross lived and wrought for about a half-century, and there we had a rare meeting with the native Karen pastors that will never be forgotten for its pathos and moral earnestness. It was certain that our American visitors got an impression of the depth and purpose on the part of the Karen peoples of that region they never could have gotten otherwise.

From Toungoo we moved on to Mandalay. Here, also, great meetings were held not one whit behind those at the preceding points. We all went out to a Sunday morning service at Aungbinleh, full of impressiveness. We then returned to an afternoon service in the Judson Memorial Chapel, at which I preached, Ah Sou interpreting, on "The Transfiguring Errand of the Church." We gave a day to a sail down the river a few miles to Sagaing, had breakfast there with some sympathetic English officials brought together by Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Grigg, then crossed the river to the site of old Ava. Here we had a notable meeting in a tabernacle erected for the purpose on the site of Judson's old prison-pen. Dr. Sanders gave us an address on "The Cross Principle," signalized by what Judson there endured and its implications for us, that will never be forgotten.* Mrs. Goodchild gave another on "The Heroism of Ann H. Judson" on that spot. From Ava we took bullock carts over the very road on which occurred what is known as Judson's "blood-tracked march" from Ava to Aungbinleh, when he exchanged the wretched prison of Ava for a worse one, followed by that same angel of mercy that had ministered to him at Ava. Midway, at the old capital, Amarapoora, we were served to an elaborate tea by the native authorities of the town. Suffice to say, that this day was entered in our calendars high up among graphic reminiscent occasions relating to Judson's time and Judson's pain-swept life, the like of which we do not expect to see equaled.

* Dr. Sanders proposed on the spot to be personally responsible for some sort of memorial to mark the place, which has since been carried out.

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We spent a memorable two days, including Christmas, at Maymyo, the mountain retreat several hours distant from Mandalay, together with several of the American visitors, including the Edmandses and Mrs. Griffith, of Chicago. We were guests in the fine rest-house built by Mrs. Milton Shirk, of Chicago, and then under the efficient care of Miss Julia Parrott. Through the earnest invitation of one of the missionaries, Miss Slater, we shared in the rather elaborate Christmas exercises prepared for her school. On Christmas Day I preached a sermon which I hoped was suitable to the English community. We also visited the great market, and saw representatives of the various races and their wares on exhibit and for sale. Numbers of the Shan people were much in evidence.

From Mandalay, a portion of our party went still farther northward to Bhamo and shared in the meetings of the annual convention of the Kachin Christians, who had gathered five hundred strong in a bamboo tabernacle built by their own hands. When my wife and I arrived, the meeting was in session. I was at once put up to preach to them, my dear friend, Dr. Ola Hanson, whose ordination sermon I had preached in Minneapolis twenty-five years before, interpreting for me, on "What It Means to Be Saved." Who could forget the picturesque scene, the natives all seated on the clean rice straw spread upon the ground, the men by themselves on one side and the women on the other, the schoolgirls all tidily dressed in navy-blue costumes, but the native women wearing about their necks broad silver bands and around their loins a group of bamboo hoops, for ornament and likewise for use as they come and go through the tall, wet jungle-grass from their mountain villages to the market centers? And how they sang; and how blessed the fellowship, not only with the natives, but with the missionaries of the station, all of whom we had known in this country. There was a baptism of nine converts in the river in the afternoon. We visited the Lyon Memorial Chapel, and observed the ripening fruits springing out of

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Lyon's memory and out of the subsequent work of Dr. W. H. Roberts, who has lived to be a veteran on that field.*

Mrs. Mabie and I alone of the company went, also with Rev. and Mrs. George Geis, by steamer and train still farther northward, to our uppermost station at Myitkyina, and we felt indeed rewarded for the long journey, seven hundred and fifty miles north from Rangoon. The Geises have there wrought with wonderful devotion and skill. Not only had they developed a growing Kachin church—nay, a group of churches in the jungles—but they have built schools and trained the Kachin young people in domestic arts and industries of various sorts. They have taught them skillful gardening; they have developed carpenters and workers in stone and cement. The boys have built their own dormitories; they are constructing for the Government, which has a great cantonment of soldiers there, thousands of reinforced concrete fence-posts. They have their own timber-yard and saw out their own lumber; they grow fruits and vegetables of every description; they run a dairy and a poultry farm, and they have learned it all through the thrifty example of the missionary and his wife, who have not been beyond working with the natives, going before them in every line of undertaking, and using their own hands. The visit to Myitkyina was a rare episode among the many experiences in the various eastern lands.

From Myitkyina we made the journey back to Rangoon and over to Bassein. By this time the American visitors of the party had gone on their way, and I made use of my last fortnight in Lower Burma to give a series of lectures, particularly in Bassein and Rangoon. Bassein was full of interest to Mrs. Mabie and myself for many reasons. The occasion proved a very ovation to Mrs. Mabie from the fact that her eldest sister, Mrs. J. S. Beecher, had spent ten years in that center as a missionary. The traditions of the

* I had voted on the brilliant Lyon's appointment as a member of the Executive Committee in 1877 or 1878.

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Beecher family were treasured by many, and the hearty greetings my wife received on her sister's account were heartfelt and touching. We both spoke before the three representative centers of mission work in Bassein; namely, in the Ko Tha Byu Memorial Hall of the Sgaw Karens, Dr. C. A. Nichols, superintendent; in the principal building of the Pwo Karen work, Dr. Cronkhite in charge, and in the Burman school, Mr. Soper in charge. We were entertained by our old friends, Dr. and Mrs. Nichols, occupying the rebuilt Beecher home. We here renewed acquaintance with Dr. Boganu, in whose arms Mr. Beecher had died soon after reaching Plymouth, England, in 1866, and who afterwards spent ten years as a student in America. My addresses in Bassein were eagerly received as from a friend whose visit twenty-four years before had been remembered by the elders. Enough to say, that Bassein, with its outlying regions, with its large development of self-support in one hundred and fifty churches, each with a pastor educated among themselves, and now numbering in the aggregate not less than fifteen thousand Christians, is among the miraculous achievements with a minimum of aid from America, among the foreign missions of the world.

On the return journey to Rangoon we stopped over a day and a night in Henzada as the guests of Dr. and Mrs. John Cummings, and of our friend of years, Miss Julia Stickney. We found the entire station work, and particularly the several schools for both Burmans and Karens, in a flourishing condition. These I not only addressed in their separate capacities, but I also gave opportunity for, I should think, a score or more, who were in an inquiring state of mind, for personal interviews with me.

Returning to Rangoon, I gave a series of lectures; five at the theological seminaries, both Karen and Burman in Insein; four before the students of Rangoon College, and three before the Tamil-Telugu, Anglo-Indian peoples, among whom the Armstrongs so efficiently labor; and I preached twice in the English

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church. It was a busy period, but filled with pleasing memories and impressions of the eagerness of mind with which at least a considerable body of Orientals await a message from the West, if it be spoken, not so much from the theoretic, as from the experiential, point of view. The truth is, the Oriental has the elements of the mystic deeply inwrought into his nature, and the Christian teacher from the West, who has not been led into the mystical side of things in his own religious life, will find a wider chasm between himself and the Oriental mind than he would think.

Thus, turning away from Burma on our sail across the bay to Calcutta, I went with a memory of some of the highest experiences of my whole life, and some of the most blessed, that can never be effaced, and with an impression of the prodigious achievement of Judson's life and work. Our object in returning to Calcutta was to have a brief contact with our English Baptist mission there, and thence to move down the east coast to Colombo, Ceylon. This journey we made as an addendum to our visit to Burma, and it was filled with interest. In Calcutta, at Serampore and at the old Duff College in Calcutta, we received many courtesies, and were given an inside view of the development of colleges, of work among high-caste Hindu children, and of groups of native preachers of education and training. We also had a fine evening at the opening of a new hostel, under our English Baptists, at which a reception was given to some English visitors; namely, Secretary Wilson and Sir George Mac Alpine. This evening occasion brought together some scores of dignitaries from the educated Hindu classes: judges, lawyers, heads of colleges, eminent philologists (one the head of the great Sanscrit College), and of other institutions gathered around University Square. It afforded a view of India and the higher ranges of its *personnel*. And as all assembled, with whom we had free social converse, spoke English, this afforded a rare opportunity for the closer inlook into the trained Eastern mind.

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In the Orissa mission (formerly Free Baptist) we visited barely three stations; namely, Midnapore, where we were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Murphy and enjoyed fellowship with one of my former Rochester pupils, Rev. J. A. Howard, and wife; Kargpur, where we had a brief visit with Mr. and Mrs. Oxrider, and Balasore, one of the earliest centers in that mission, where Mr. and Mrs. Hamlen have long wrought.

Our next objective was the Canadian mission. We touched it at three different points; namely, at Walthair (and Vizagapatam), at Cocanada and at Pethipuram. At Walthair we had a great reception. At the home of Mr. Higgins a dozen or so of the Canadian missionaries had assembled for an evening with us. When we arrived we proceeded to this compound, for I should think a half-mile. On each side of the roadway were lined up hundreds of school pupils, giving us a surprising welcome—almost a state entrance—into the compound. In the evening I was put up to give an address in the larger city on the coast adjacent, called for short "Vizag." It was a notable occasion. Probably six hundred were present. They needed no interpreter. An English judge presided. I spoke on "The Interrelations of the East and the West," dwelling on what the West, particularly America, had done for India within a century. It was amazingly received.

At Cocanada we became the guests of Rev. and Mrs. John Craig, veterans on their field. Their splendid, large compound, and their great high school, which I addressed on two occasions, were something to behold. If our Canadian brethren have not branched out as widely as we, they have well equipped their stations. At Vizag we found a great school, virtually an academy, a college, and a theological school of nine hundred pupils, under the leadership of an able and learned Tamil head-master and his equally competent wife. The school had been developed for many years by the London Missionary Society, but turned over to our Canadian brethren, who were standing by it well. In Cocanada similar things are being developed.

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At Pethipuram, whither we traveled with a very gifted, efficient medical man, Dr. Smith, we found three marked features: first, the complete mission hospital; second, a large native school of high quality, doing its work in English (which I also addressed), and, third, the relation of the mission to the person and influence of the liberal-minded rajah, who had his palace there, and who himself had done much for the uplift of the native population. We spent an hour with an Eurasian lady of high accomplishments, who is the companion of the "maharani," or wife of the rajah, within the grounds of the palace. This gave us a glimpse of one of the quieter forms of by-product in Indian missions, delightful to see.

Leaving the Canadian mission, we came to Bapatla, where Rev. and Mrs. Geo. N. Thomssen have long and effectively labored. Mr. Thomssen has baptized five thousand Telugu converts within a very recent period. He has a great normal school. He is immensely interested in the industries of the people involving the fertilization of their land. He has much favor with the Government and with the leading men of the city, including judges, merchants, teachers, and what not. He got together the fathers of the town in a meeting to hear an address on "America's Christian Interest in India," and a group of students for much closer contact. Mrs. Thomssen, also, with a true motherly devotion, has a hold on the women and children of every class and caste, most touching to witness. The return visit to Ongole for a couple of days rendered occasion for further preaching and interviews with native Brahmans, including the mayor of the town and his gifted son. I also saw gathered on the veranda of Professor Martin's home a group of pastors and leading men of the mission, discussing various questions relating to the methods of the mission. It was all an index of the great advance in thought made in the Telugu mission since my visit of twenty-four years before. As we left Ongole, the very train we were to board brought a large contingent of the American visitors, including

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Dr. Sanders, the Goodchilds, and others, to have their first glimpse of the Ongole field.

We made no stop at Nellore, but had wired the Downies to meet us at the train, which tarried for a few minutes. They brought us luncheon, exchanged a few earnest thoughts, and we proceeded to Madras.

Our second visit to Madras was mainly for a brief visit with the Fergusons and Mr. and Mrs. Volney Witter. We also enjoyed a short reunion with portions of the Judson Centenary deputation. We then proceeded to Vellore, the interesting center of the Arcot mission and of the historic work of the famous Scudder family, some fourteen members of which have served on that field. We were received in the home of Dr. Ida Scudder and her venerable mother, both of whom, together with Dr. John Scudder, the head of the house, had been our guests at Northfield. By Miss Scudder we were shown some interesting monuments of Hinduism, now disused, but the more interesting things to us were the admirable hospital, in charge of Dr. Ida, and contact with the large body of students in the mission school and the native church, to both bodies of which I gave addresses. We also shared with the missionary community in an evening banquet, served in the open on a former bandstand, commemorative of Abraham Lincoln's birthday.

From Vellore we proceeded to Tanjore—a region made memorable by the pioneer labors of Christian Friederich Schwartz, who entered India fifty years before Carey. The real mission work in Tanjore is now mainly carried on by the Church of England missions. The original chapel of Schwartz, however, is still shown, bearing the marks of time. Within it, and behind the desk, is a magnificent bas-relief, in white marble, representing Schwartz upon his death-bed, by the famous artist Flaxman. The dying saint is propped up on his couch and surrounded by grieving servants and reverent Hindus, such as delighted to do him homage.

The famous temple of lofty height, marvelously

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chiseled with all sorts of legendary scenes, is the principal architectural monument, I should think about two hundred feet in height. The chief structure is surmounted by a wondrous carved cap-stone in granite, the weight of which is eighty tons. Tradition says it was moved thither on an inclined plane of earth, starting four miles outward from the temple, and which it took twelve years to construct, the earthworks being afterwards removed.

After a morning in Tanjore we proceeded, via Trichinopoly, to Madura. Our train stopped for dinner at Trichinopoly, but we could not take the time to visit the famous temple, which forms so conspicuous an object on the horizon, and is three or four miles distant from the town. The lower portions of the temple are chiseled out of an enormous rock.

Arrived at Madura, we were met at the station by Dr. John P. Jones* and taken out to his home in one of the suburbs, where is located the theological seminary and also one or more important preparatory schools. We much enjoyed the gracious hospitality of Dr. and Mrs. Jones. We heard him preach the baccalaureate sermon before a large graduating class at the seminary in the morning. In the afternoon I addressed the entire seminary on "The Triumphs of Faith in Christian History." In the evening we went into the city and became the guests of Dr. and Mrs. John C. Chandler. We were interested to see the notable group of buildings, in quadrangular form, that fill the mission compound, and afterwards to visit the large hospital, the higher girls' school and a college, the buildings of the two latter institutions occupying spacious sites in the environs of the city. Two other notable things enlisted our interest. The first was a remarkable palatial structure in which some monarchs of the past once held court. It was built in a very pretentious and showy style, although of a perishable material. It was all very suggestive of former dissolute conditions on the part of dynasties whose power long since

* Recently deceased.

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passed. The other structure was the famous Hindu temple of the place, which is one of the marvels in stone of southern India. It abounds with carvings upon its several lofty flowers, pyramidal in shape, but the character of these, or many of them, are so unseemly and pagan that they are not fit to be described. It was pitiable to observe the debased forms and features of some of the devotees who were moving about among the shrines and in manifold prostration in the dust and oil, with which the shrines are frequently consecrated and the superstitions thus kept alive. We were not the only tourists who have described such characteristic shrines of India as among the most hideous objects, with all their vile accompaniments, which the world presents. I preached for Dr. Chandler on the Sabbath evening.

On the day following we were on our way, a long railway journey to Tuticorin, where, without much delay from quarantine regulations on account of bubonic plague, just then breaking out afresh, we crossed the straits by a night steamer to Colombo, Ceylon. Ceylon is, of course, in point of scenery, in monuments, etc., considered a gem in the South Indian Ocean. Colombo itself is a charming city, and the hotels and homes of foreigners, surrounded by the most beautiful plants, shrubbery and tropical trees, make it resemble a bit of paradise. We found a home for a few days in the comfortable Missionary Rest House, kept by an English lady. There, also, we were delighted to meet several friends of other days, *in transitu* from the Orient to the Occident, among them the Fitches, of China, and the Blackstones (father and son, with the latter's family), of China and Chicago, and we much enjoyed the spirit of devotion that filled this comfortable hospice with perhaps a score of Christian occupants. We made but one detour into the country, and that was a long and constantly ascending mountain railway trip to Kandy. This we found a most picturesque place, almost among the clouds, with a marvelous botanical garden containing innumerable species and varieties of

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palms, bamboos, and all sorts of flowering plants, the loveliest of orchids, etc. But Ceylon is the stronghold of Buddhism even yet, and its blight is upon everything.

XXXVI

A THIRD VISIT TO CHINA

FROM Colombo we proceeded to China. We little thought of what then impended for the sea-going interests of the world. At Penang and Singapore, *en route*, I was again on familiar ground. At Penang our ship* stopped long enough to admit of our taking *jinrikshas* out to some very pretty botanical gardens, which, of course, being so near the equator, are very luxuriant. The whole region for miles around is planted with cocoa palms by the million, which bring in a large revenue.

At Singapore we also stopped for the greater part of a day. This also admitted of a visit into the city, and also to the very thriving American Methodist mission. Their press establishment is quite notable, and the Anglo-Chinese school, the chief feature of the mission, which, when I first saw it in 1891, had four hundred students, now has about twelve hundred. We also called on two of the families of the mission, in their beautiful compound on the edge of the town, and had a couple of hours of pleasant converse. This is a city where dwell many thousands of thrifty and liberalized Chinese, who, under the privileges of the British Government, have grown wealthy. Some of them have done much to help the mission, which in turn does so much for their sons and daughters.

In the early evening our ship loosed her moorings, and we were on our way to Hongkong. We tarried here but a day, visiting some of the interesting points of the city, including "The Happy Valley"—their very pretty cemetery—and also ascending, by the cable rail-

* The "Prinz Eitel Friedrich," now interned.

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way, the so-called "Peak," on the terraces of which are located so many fine villas, owned both by foreigners and wealthy Chinese. From the summit we gained a wonderful view of the surrounding waters and many promontories, within which lies one of the finest harbors in the world. Looking down from this lofty viewpoint, we counted, anchored to their respective buoys, about sixty-five sea-going steamships, not to mention a great number of smaller craft. I think Hongkong now ranks as the third or fourth largest seaport in the world, at least for accommodation of ships of call; its commerce, also, is prodigious. The shops of Hongkong are very fascinating, filled as they are with so many products of the Far East, and also with imported European goods. While dining at a restaurant, I fell in with Dr. Arnold Foster, of the Hankow London Mission, whom I had met before, both at Hankow and Shanghai. We had some pleasant converse respecting other days and China missionaries, some now departed, like Griffith John and Joseph Adams. Dr. Foster also expressed surprise and deep regret at the abandonment by our American Baptists of the Central China Mission, one to which the London Mission has always been so friendly. It was to me a very distressing subject, and there was little I could say in extenuation of this backward step on the part of our Board at this most strategic center in China, a point at which we had gained, through the labors of the highly efficient missionaries, the Adamses, six hundred communicants in about twenty years, in addition to fruit gathered at several outstations.

Our arrival in Shanghai was earlier than was expected, and on a rainy morning. However, I easily gave directions to our cabman, and we were shortly welcomed at the door of our missionary friends, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Stafford, and made comfortable for several days. I gave myself to a few very general matters, stopping only a fortnight in Shanghai, although, in answer to very urgent invitations, we made a brief visit to Nanking, that historic and interesting

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center, which I had twice before visited. Besides, I felt I must give my wife a view of that place as a specimen of interior China.

However, in the two weeks we spent in China I was kept exceedingly busy. Here I met again many friends of other days: Dr. Timothy Richard; Dr. Bonfield, of the London Bible Society; the Fitches, of the Presbyterian press; the veteran Farnums; Dr. Gilbert Reid; the Evanses, of the Missionary Rest House; the Beamans; the Proctors, etc. At the new Baptist college out "at the point," an institution in whose origin I had so deep an interest, we spent nearly a week, the guests of my Canadian cousins, Prof. Fred Mabee and wife. Here, also, I gave daily lectures on vital themes. Pres. F. J. White was extremely cordial, and the fellowship enjoyed with all five members of the faculty and their wives was most delightful. One of the students, who had been recently married, and a grandson of old Deacon Wang, of the Southern Baptist mission, whom I met in 1890, invited us to his rather handsome home for a Chinese feast, which we much enjoyed. His aged grandmother, Mrs. Wang, welcomed us to the home. Mrs. Mabee was particularly interested to be shown the elegantly furnished bridal chamber of the recently married couple.

An outstanding feature of this visit to Shanghai was the opportunity it gave to come into touch with a few leading English-speaking Chinese of note, and with whom one could so readily communicate. One of these was Hon. Wu Ting Fang, twice minister to our country, and a potent factor in the new China. I first met him, with other notable gentlemen, Chinese and foreign, at a complimentary dinner given to Mr. L. W. Messer, of Chicago, the general secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of that city. Shortly after, with Mr. Proctor, I visited Mr. Wu at his elegant home, and we had a lot of talk about things in general. We found him very genial and friendly, with some whimsies, but rather non-committal in the realm of religion. He, however, owes much to missions and missionary influence in his early

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life. He, later, came to hear me lecture on Eucken's "Idealism," of which I shall later speak more fully.

Two other Chinese gentlemen of real culture and interesting parts came across my path. The first was Hon. Y. C. Tong. He was for a period at the head of the Imperial Telegraph System for all China, and at the time of the Morrison Centenary Conference, in 1907, he was put forward by Viceroy Tuan Fong, of Nanking (since cruelly beheaded as a Manchu by the revolutionists), to welcome the twelve hundred delegates to the conference in a public address in the large town hall. Other noted addresses were given, especially one by Dr. Arthur H. Smith, on "A Century of Missions in China." We secretaries had seats on the platform, and were introduced for the utterance of a sentiment or two each. In my remarks I referred to Secretary Hay and his outstanding position respecting the indemnity fund. This so caught the attention of Mr. Tong that, at the close of the meeting, he asked to be introduced to me. He presented his card and asked me to call the next day.* I went, in company with Dr. Richard, and a lasting friendship grew out of it. Mr. Tong was the first to greet me at the Y. M. C. A. function referred to. He also then introduced me to his distinguished relative, Hon. Tang Shao Yi, late Premier of the Republic of China, but then retired as not in favor with Pres. Yuan Shi Kai. These two interesting men called on us twice at our lodgings, and had us to afternoon tea in the handsome home of Mr. Tang, and both came to the jetty to see us off when we sailed. Mr. Tang presented Mrs. Mabie with a huge bouquet of lovely violets, and communicated to me a special message for Professor Eucken. He also presided one afternoon when I addressed the International Institute, at which many distinguished Chinese were present. Among them was the sixty-seventh official head, or "pope," of Taoism, succeeding to Lao-tsze.

I confess my interest in meeting these two men was uncommon, for it indicated both a fine memory of an

* Particulars of this contact between us are given in Chapter XXIII.

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earlier occasion (in 1907) and an appreciation of my own great friendliness for China and the Chinese. It seems that Mr. Tong had told his relative Tang of my words at the Morrison Centenary, and of the further fact that in some of my books I had put on record my deep sympathy with the proposal of Secretary Hay respecting the return of half the legal indemnity imposed on China for the United States, and that on a principle of grace and sacrificial good will to China, when others exacted the last farthing from that land. Moreover, I found, as Tang himself told me, that when the matter came up in Peking it was his official proposal that every dollar of the returned indemnity should be set aside for the education of certain selected Chinese youths in America—the land which had shown them such consideration. This combination of circumstances, therefore, underlay the interest with which these two gentlemen awaited my appearance in Shanghai, which they had seen announced; and it warmed their hearts towards me. Tong had said, years before, after hearing my few words in the town hall: “You spoke like a man who loves my country;” a matter in which I assured him he was not mistaken. And here was the living and unexpected proof of a deep and lasting gratitude, not for themselves alone, but for their country. The truth is that both these gentlemen were among the contingent of students sent by their Government to this country many years ago and put to school in Hartford, Connecticut, for instruction in Western education, but finally withdrawn, to the great loss of China, for fear their Confucianism would be undermined. But these men had remembered and treasured much that they had learned. They were very particular, also, to send by me their love to one of the veteran pastors in Hartford—Dr. Joseph Twichell—still living, who had befriended them.

After all, how many good things hang together in this world, and how enduring and far-reaching are some impressions.

At the time I was in Shanghai it was announced

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that Prof. Rudolf Eucken, of Germany, had been invited by the Imperial University of Japan to visit the East for a course of lectures; and he was to embrace at least Peking and Shanghai on the way, traveling via Siberia. When it was heard in Shanghai that I had visited Eucken in Germany, and had studied him, before and since, pretty thoroughly, I was asked to give a parlor talk on Eucken and his philosophy to a few assembled missionaries. But when it was found that so many wished to come, it was decided to have the meeting at the Palace Hotel and before the University Club. The meeting proved to be larger than I expected, and I discoursed for an hour or so on Eucken's "Idealism" as a basis for theism. This I conceived to be the supreme need of the Far East. My audience was a very thoughtful one, and embraced in it the aforesaid Chinese gentlemen, and many others of their race well up in English, as well as many missionaries and others of the foreign settlement. I will only add that Tang Shao Yi and Y. C. Tong were so much interested that they later urged that, in writing Professor Eucken, I should ask him to give at least one or two of his lectures in Shanghai in English rather than German, so they might carefully translate them into Chinese for the benefit of the thinking portion of their countrymen. But, alas! the war came on soon after, and Professor Eucken was debarred from the Eastern tour, although he wrote me most appreciatively his thanks for the request that I had forwarded from my Chinese friends, and promised to conform to it when he came, which, alas! the oncoming of the war prevented.

I was really kept speaking or preaching daily during all the period of our stop in the city, besides meeting numbers of missionaries in their homes, schools and in prayer and fellowship meetings.

A second visit to the American Episcopal St. John's College repaid me many times. It was also a great joy to see our Baptist college, in which American Baptists, North and South, co-operate, coming on so successfully in similar lines. We now have about one hundred and

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fifty students in that fine institution, a school well housed in a fine administration building, and with a half-dozen or so of good brick or stone houses for the professors, besides students' quarters. I preached once in the Union Church and once in the Christian Church building, where before (in 1907) I had preached to two or three hundred missionaries. Dr. Bryan, of our Southern Baptist Society, had also on a Sunday afternoon a large mass-meeting of the several interests under his charge, which I also addressed with great delight. This work under our Southern brethren just now is the main, if not only, part in evangelistic work carried on by Baptists in this mighty city, or near it. Northern policy is to give attention mainly to the more intellectual classes, to "educate leaders." But where is the material out of which to construct these leaders to come from, if we fail to win individual converts, one by one, to the faith of the gospel? Let us beware of trying to build from the top. In the end, through such a policy we may prove not to have built at all.

Our trip to Nanking was taken by train and in a very comfortable sleeper. We were escorted thither by Dr. Philip S. Evans and taken to his hospitable home. We greatly enjoyed our visit with his lovely family, and also with Dr. and Mrs. Worth Brown. We also made the rounds, calling upon the representatives of the five or six other American missions, most of whom I had met eight years before, and some twenty-four years previously, on the same grounds, but then in a city very differently conditioned. The revolution had intervened, and the whole Manchu portion of the city had been destroyed, with scarcely one stone left upon another, over an area nearly a mile square. The old examination halls, once accommodating twenty thousand students in separate tiled stalls, were tumbling to pieces, and the soil about them being carried away to fill lower portions of the town. The great wall, about twenty miles in circumference, still stands, but they were talking of removing even that. The great feature concerning missions, which we were shown, was the

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union undertaking in collegiate, language, medical and theological work. The buildings were substantial and the spirit of harmony excellent. I addressed the five hundred students of the college, through the splendid interpretation of Vice-President Williams, on "Conditions Essential to the New Citizenship of China." The attention was close, and I believe the Divine Spirit sent home the truth to many of them, and particularly, as they told me, to some of the Chinese teachers.

I have little to say respecting the political situation in China. My chief confidence for her is in the values imparted to her by Western Christianity since Morrison. Just now, the example shown her by nominal Christendom is shocking and deplorable in the extreme. The next peril will be the secularization of Christianity through mere philanthropies, controlled by some form or forms of centralized power which tend to lessen the sense of responsibility of the various Christian communions which founded the missions, and which have hitherto had their interests so deeply at heart.

XXXVII

JAPAN AND HAWAII—HOMEWARD BOUND

AFTER this pleasant fortnight in China, we sailed for Japan on the North German Lloyd steamer "Yorck" (since destroyed and sunk in the North Sea). We passed through the beautiful Inland Sea, and broke our journey at Kobe. Here we were met by a party of missionaries, including Rev. J. H. Scott, Rev. J. A. Foote and Rev. Mr. Steadman, and taken up to the Thomsen home for entertainment, although the Thomsens themselves were in America on furlough, Mr. Foote being in charge. Two incidents of our stay in this city were the union church services, at which I preached on Sunday, and a visit on an afternoon at the American Methodist College, in conference with members of the theological faculty respecting my late visit to Germany. From Kobe we went to Himeiji, to visit the Briggses and to attend the Commencement of the fine girls' school, of which Miss Wilcox is the principal. A visit to the old, medieval castle, the chief historic monument of the place, was also of considerable interest, especially to Mrs. Mabie, who saw it for the first time. Returning to Kobe, we passed on to old Nara, originally, in the very early days, a capital of Japan. It is picturesquely situated, and abounds in numerous Buddhist and Shinto temples. There is also an enormous sized bronze image of Buddha—their "Daibutz"—within a mammoth wooden shed, which is visited daily by multitudes of devotees. There is also a wondrous broad avenue passing through a very beautiful park of ancient cedars, some of them centuries old, amid which hundreds of tame deer wander or lie about in the shade at will, themselves regarded as something

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sacred and connected with the idolatries of the people. But Nara abounds with signs of dissolute living.

Thence we journeyed a few miles farther on, through pretty tea-gardens, to Kyoto, another, but more recent, capital of old Japan. This is a large and typically Japanese city, the home of rare creations in art, and marked by numerous and imposing temples located on broad terraces of the adjoining hills. Several of these temples we visited. The ancient palace of the Mikados of the old time and a fine Shogun palace are still to be seen.

We made a visit to the Doshisha College, not then in session, and called on President Harada, Miss Denman (of the woman's department), and some other of the professors, conducted by Dr. Otis Carey, who early called on us at our hotel. This college now has about eighteen hundred students: it had but six hundred when I first saw it in 1891. I judge it now to be doing a good work—a work up to the rank of which I could wish our Baptist endeavors had long ago aspired in Japan, and in pronounced evangelical lines.

I was particularly pleased to be enabled to climb the high hillside adjoining the city to visit the grave of Neesima, the first Japanese Christian apostle. The monument is a very simple and plain one, but the character and work of Neesima himself are of the first rank among all represented by native workers. He was a great and simple-hearted, unsophisticated believer, who, from the first outreaching of his spirit after the true God, which brought him to America to learn more about Him, until his demise, amid the grief of thousands of his fellow-countrymen, who, in 1889, gathered at his funeral, remained steadfast and true to Biblical ideals as he understood them. It was a satisfaction to see the very sod beneath which lay the remains of one so true. May a great army of soldiers of the cross as loyal as he, among his Japanese compatriots, rise up to follow in his steps and build solidly upon the foundations he laid. He was a missionary asset, belonging, not simply to the Congregationalists, but to the whole

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church of God, and a norm of character for all Asiatic Christians.

From Kyoto we traveled by rail a long day's journey to Yokohama. The country is very beautiful, marked by high mountains and rushing streams, while the fertile valleys are all cultivated to the highest degree of productiveness. We skirted the lower edges of Fujiyama, and betimes came out on the beaches of the sea. On arrival at Yokohama we were met by Rev. C. H. D. Fisher and driven to his comfortable home on the bluff. Here we made our headquarters for several days, while we visited about the place and its environs and received visits from our native Christians. I preached in the Union Chapel, a new and noble building erected since I was last in Japan. I also spoke to our native church, and met several acquaintances whom I had come to know in earlier days, among them Mrs. Wm. Ashmore and her daughter.

Our several missionary brethren, particularly Dr. Dearing and Mr. Axling, were very generous in securing appointments for me. These involved, not only the preaching of several sermons in both Yokohama and Tokyo, but in addresses as follows: one before the Federation of Churches in Tokyo, four in the Young Men's Christian Association Hall (including one on Eucken's system of philosophy as a basis for theism, and a second one to a more limited group of missionaries and native Christian teachers on certain theological defects in Eucken's position, respecting which they needed to be on their guard), an address at Waseda University—Count Okuma's great school—where I spoke again on Eucken's "Philosophy of Life," as opposed to mere mental speculation; an address to our students in our new Baptist hostel near the Waseda institution, and one to the students of our own Duncan Baptist Academy.

I also spoke twice at the Presbyterian theological school—the Meiji Gakuin—at our own Baptist seminary and at the Aoyama Institution, the American Methodist educational plant embracing a theological seminary.

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My theme in all the seminaries was "The Cross of Christ as Central in Christianity."

On a Sunday evening I was favored, also, to be asked to speak to about five hundred Chinese students temporarily resident in Tokyo on "Truths Needed in China in Its Present Transitional Period." At this meeting Rev. Moses Ding presided. He had been a friend of mine for long, and a guest at my table in Northfield years ago. We had also met at the student conference at Rochester, and in 1907 in Foochow, China, in the Congregational theological school, where he was a teacher. He was on tiptoe to greet me, and introduced me *con amore* to the large audience as his personal friend, while his nephew interpreted for me. It was a rare evening, one of the most cheering I spent in Japan. I was also invited to address the *Association Concordia*—a very thoughtful and earnest body of distinguished Japanese gentlemen of light and leading, but representing various systems of religion—Confucian, Buddhist and Christian. The association numbers about seventy members, among whom are Barons Shibusawa and Sakatani; Professor Nitobe, of the Imperial University, and men of similar caliber and reputed moral earnestness. A few American missionaries, like Prof. Sidney A. Gulick, Galen M. Fisher and Professor Coates, are also members. This body appears to be candidly seeking a purer and deeper basis for a national morality at least, if not religion, than they have yet found in the esteem of their more philosophic men. They asked me frankly to interpret to them the spirit of American Christianity in its relation to Japan, which I endeavored to do in the most careful and tactful manner I could command. I illustrated by the spirit which dominated Abraham Lincoln in his passion for emancipation of the black race, and especially in his later and more religious thoughts toward even his supposed enemies near the end of his life. I also cited Booker Washington, of our own land, revered beyond any man of his race, and by millions besides. I dwelt on his yearnings for the true and symmetrical, indus-

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trial and Christian uplift of his own people. I further reminded them of their own Neesima, known the world over as the pre-eminent Japanese, who had seized the true ideals of American Christianity for the whole human race and embodied them in one of their own Japanese colleges in a way truly phenomenal. I reminded them that this Christianity also had a book—the Christian Scriptures—translated into four hundred and fifty languages of the human race, and to-day in the markets of the world selling to a degree one hundred times above any other publication whatsoever. I also spoke of the institutions of Christianity, like the family, upheld in its purity in Christ's regard, despite all the abuses of it that mark even our own nominal Christian lands. I spoke also of hospitals and almshouses of every description, which we would fain have all the world possess at their best. Yet, we could do little more than furnish the seed plants of these institutions, and must leave to every people in their turn to utilize, assimilate and pass on to their respective countrymen. I insisted that Christianity is substantially a universal religion, originating on its human side in Asia, and with a phenomenal development and application in England and America. But it was in no sense a foreign, or even new, religion; it was pan-ethnic. It was my hope for Japan that she would, through all the ranks of her people, study it thoroughly for herself, unbiased by corruptions and abuses in Western lands, and apply it to the needs of her people, and test all her institutions by its standards. But Christianity was unique in this, that through the work of God in Christ it furnished the only dynamic for the cure of sin. I was listened to with close attention, and repeatedly thanked for my friendly message.

A few evenings after, Dr. and Mrs. Nitobe—she a very accomplished Philadelphia lady connected with the Society of Friends—invited us, together with the Dearings and Mrs. Helen Barrett Montgomery and daughter, of Rochester (who were then, also, on the way homeward from a tour of the East), to an evening

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dinner—an occasion which we greatly enjoyed, both for the charm of the beautiful Japanese-European home and for the fellowship it afforded. Some remarks that Professor Nitobe had made to me when I called a day or two before were very assuring of the great progress in Japanese thought and sentiment, his own included, over the early Bushido—a mere religion of chivalry—even within a few years prior to the outbreak of the present dreadful European war. What the effect of this war must be to peoples like the Japanese, who previously were beginning to have some faith in our Western standards, is a matter of the deepest concern to all real Christian hearts. If it shall have the effect of disillusioning Japan respecting numberless lines of speculative and materialistic philosophy which have emanated from rationalistic Germany, to which she has been so easy a prey, it will be an enormous gain. The Nitobes were expecting to entertain Professor and Mrs. Eucken on their anticipated visit to Japan during his lectures in the Imperial University. The disappointment, therefore, was great all round when the outbreak of the war and the clash between German and Japanese arms occurred. Professor Eucken himself wrote me rather bitterly of all this soon after the breach between the two nations, and concluded, “Alas! now I shall never see Japan,” and he further gave evidence that he was skeptical concerning the real spirit of Japan. I confess to a degree of personal regret that the Far East could not have had Eucken’s message as respects theism—a message it so much needs at this juncture. In so far as I could get at the state of mind in Japan philosophically, Herbert Spencer and the extreme naturalistic evolution of his system were passing. It was, therefore, in a ripe condition to receive and profit by the message of Eucken, for no modern thinker has dealt heavier blows against naturalism, pantheism, subjectivism and agnosticism than Eucken. While we could wish he had not so readily adopted the guesses and crudities of a hasty so-called “Historical Criticism” (as if, because German, they must be true), we, never-

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theless, know no writer who has made it harder for the radical historic critics than Eucken. (See his remarkable essay, in "Christianity and the New Idealism," entitled "Religion and History.") He grounds all history in an eternal order which works out "on the plane of time—implying a transcendence of time, and yet entering into time." We were disappointed not to meet Count Okuma, who had just been called to the premiership of the nation. He invited us, with the Axlings, out to his home, and to speak to his students. But he was so pressed by newspaper men and by interviewing candidates for his cabinet that he excused himself to us, turning us over to his adopted son, who showed us through the lovely garden, poured tea for us in the greenhouse and beautifully did the honors.

The Axlings, in their lovely but simple Japanese home in Tokyo, were very hospitable. So also were the Dearings in Yokohama.

I had a pleasant meeting with my old friend in Tokyo of twenty-five years ago and later in Boston, Mr. Barnabas Sakai. He is one of the choice fruits of St. Paul's School in Tokyo, under the American Episcopal mission. He was in the diplomatic service, in the Department of Foreign Affairs.

I must also speak in this connection of my very pleasant visit, by his invitation, to Baron Sakatani, the then mayor of Tokyo, whose cordiality and appreciation of the ideals of our mission work were so gratifying.

I had also a most gratifying visit with one of the somewhat eccentric but genuine Christian characters of Japan, Mr. Uchimura. This brother was educated in this country, in Amherst College, under the influence of President Seeley, one of the greatest and most Christian of our American college presidents. In Uchimura's book, "The Story of a Japanese Christian," he describes his first meeting with the great president, when he early went to call on him. He was expecting to meet a man of leonine bearing and severe countenance, but, instead thereof, when the president came into the room, he appeared with moistened eyes and threw his gentle but

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strong arms around the lad, and from that moment became his constant and fatherly friend. This same president of Amherst had similarly received Neesima, and was so moved to receive this first Asiatic student that he was unable to sleep the first night Neesima was beneath his roof. To this day Uchimura cherishes a regard for the memory of President Seeley beyond that of any man he ever met. At the time that Uchimura in his student days awoke to appreciate the nature of the vicarious atoning work of God in Christ, and so came into the joy of an assured salvation, President Seeley gave up the entire hour of one of his classes, that it might hear from Uchimura's own lips the account of his conversion, and especially his appreciation of the Cross. Would that more college officials had a similar zeal. This Uchimura has been so troubled by the many and serious defections from the faith among his former ecclesiastical friends, that he has for some years stood by himself quite alone, without formal church connection. He gives himself to writing books and pamphlets, which have sold by the thousands, and he edits a Christian periodical, which has an immense circulation among earnest Japanese everywhere. He has latterly had under his tuition a son of the famous General Kuroki, who in turn has a large following of a hundred or more superior men in the Imperial University, who have practically accepted Christianity, and yet are reckoned in no conventional statistics. I had an afternoon with Uchimura, at Mr. Axling's, of most intimate converse. We prayed together and laid our hearts bare at the throne of grace in behalf of Japan and the world. I am inclined to rank high this brother—this New Testament Christian—as a foremost and typical man among Japanese who has found himself for Christian service among his own people.

I must not omit to speak of the satisfaction we felt in being present at the Commencement exercises of the girls' school, so long in charge of Miss Converse, although we had to go to it through a blinding snowstorm, despite the exquisite cherry blossoms, that took a chill

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from which many did not recover. The new site is commanding and spacious, on an elevated ridge two or three miles out of Yokohama towards Tokyo. Mrs. Peabody was there and addressed the school, and the girls themselves showed signs of real mental discipline and training for the various tasks that await them.

Miss Converse herself is much revered, and her assistants seem competent. Indeed, the work we saw under the Woman's Society in Japan at various points, including that of Miss Mead at Osaka, has long been excellent.

Our touch at Honolulu was but for a day and night. Its principal incidents were visits to the large girls' school of the mission, to the native Hawaiian church and cemetery, and to the Pali, in company with Dr. John T. Gulick and Mr. Waldo Heinrichs, of the Y. M. C. A. The first-hand account of the former's relations to the late Prof. George J. Romanes, and his return to faith, was of particular interest to me, and the data he gave me invaluable. The night of our arrival at the port coinciding with the mid-week meeting of the Union Church, Dr. Scudder, the pastor, had arranged for Mrs. Montgomery and myself to speak on our world tours. Dr. Scudder took my wife and self home to spend the night and to the luxury of a quiet home, which, with its rare converse, afforded a pleasant break to the monotony of our long sea voyage.

A six days' smooth sail onward towards the rising sun brought us to San Francisco, through its peerless Golden Gate, and to the fellowship of several beloved friends who met us at the dock.

Thus, in these closing chapters, and in some earlier ones, I have chronicled the privileges that were mine of three times touring the Far East, not including several other visits to European lands. True, on each of these tours I came primarily into touch with our own Baptist missionary work, yet my interests took me also, designedly, into contact with the work of other societies and denominations than my own.

In closing these autobiographical notes, I wish now

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to emphasize the profound interest I feel in all really Christian work, by whomsoever performed. True, I am a Baptist, other things being equal, and in a true construction of that title. But I am no sectary. I am a Baptist *plus*—plus a great many things in the world's work not embraced formally in enterprises of the Baptist denomination.*

My understanding of the term "Baptist" is that it designates a simple, apostolic, New Testament Christian, who has no religious zeal to maintain anything not enjoined in, or in harmony with, the New Testament; that is, he discards all traditions of men that have been superimposed upon New Testament teachings and given an authority practically equal to them.

The New Testament places supreme emphasis upon the historic fact of the resurrection of Christ, which consummated the objective atonement, and upon the risen life in Christ Jesus, which every believer is expected to live, as corollary to that fact. The outworking of Christian missions is but a result of this resurrection life. Missions are the *resurrection errand* of the church. The great commission to evangelize, especially the pagan world, was not given until after Christ's resurrection—during the period of "the forty days," when Christ was hovering on the borders of two worlds, training His followers to live in the heavenlies with Him. This resurrection conception was made the more explicit in the commissioning of Paul to be the apostle to the Gentile world. Nor is any Christian fit to enter upon the evangelization of the heathen until he has realized the power of that resurrection in his habitual life, and is prepared to risk all upon the truth of that resurrection and the apostolic interpretation of its significance. Note the emphasis on this truth in all the references to preaching in the Acts.

Hence my identification with Christians nicknamed "Baptists," but more truly described as "children of the resurrection," rather than as chiefly emphasizing a par-

* For a personal confession of faith, see Appendix "C."

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ticular use of water, except in so far as that use symbolizes the central facts in Christianity.

But the incident of my ecclesiastical connection does not imply on my part confinement to any narrowness of thought or activity of such denomination. Indeed, when I recall the limited scope of their efforts as a people, the broad and appalling failures, especially educationally, and in mission lands professedly first entered and occupied by them, I confess to chagrin and mortification. With such exemplars before us as Carey and Judson—the foremost pioneers in these realms—not to mention our lofty claims to represent apostolic Christianity—we ought long since to have led the world in missionary achievements.

In saying this, I am not uttering a sentiment of mere sectarian zeal, for that long ago was quite taken out of me by the manifest fruits in many missions, other than our own, which I have visited. Such fruits are apparent in northwest and southern India, in north China, in central and southern Africa, and in many islands of the South Seas I have never seen.

What I now wish to put on record is the high estimate I place on the work of any and all the evangelical denominations, wherever operating. In all these values I claim a right spiritually to share, as my very own, as I am Christ's and Christ is God's. God has crowned the work of all so far as they have "put first things first," and he has thrown a mantle of charity over the deficiencies of us all on account of the inexpressibly precious nature of the fundamental work done. In this we should all rejoice, while justifying no remainders of conscious error.

When I call to mind the work of such societies as the Moravian, the London Society, the Church Missionary Society, the China Inland Mission, the Berlin and Basel societies, the Scottish societies, and the Presbyterian and Methodist societies North and South, the American Board, the Episcopal and Lutheran societies in our own land, and their great achievements, I thank God for all. I feel myself related as a stockholder to them

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all. I pray for them all, and to that degree I shall, by God's grace, share in the fruits and rewards of them all. I simply decline to be left out of spiritual partnership with such apostles as Zinzendorf, Morrison, Duff, Livingstone, Moffat, Chalmers, of New Guinea; Paton, Calvert, Thoburn and Butler, Bingham and Coan, of Hawaii; Pattison, Mackay and Tucker, of Uganda; Verbeck, Bishop Williams and Neesima, of Japan; Boone, Griffith John and David Hill, of central China John R. Mott, Fletcher Brockman, Robert E. Speer, and all the rest.

In my successive visits to mission lands, I either witnessed or shared a little in local situations like those represented by the pioneer Schwartz, in Tanjore; the Scudders, at Vellore; Drs. Jones and Chandler, at Madura; Hume, at Ahmednagar; Ramabai, at Mukti; Thoburn, in Calcutta, Singapore and Burma, with the late Dr. J. G. Kerr, of Canton; Drs. John and Foster, of Hankow, with the Methodist College work in Aoyama, Tokyo, and also in Kobe, with the Congregationalists in the Doshisha and in Honolulu; with the Dutch Reformed work in Nagasaki, the United Presbyterian work in Cairo, the Berlin and Gossner societies, and Inner Mission work in Germany; with Bishops Latrobe, Hennig and Taylor Hamilton in Herrnhut; with the French Presbyterians in Paris, Nimes, Africa, and on the Riviera. All these interests belong to me and I to them.

If at some points, as in Japan, India or China, in the extension of educational work, my own denomination has come short, I thank God for those who have done better, as have the Episcopalians in St. John's and Boone Colleges in China; the Reformed Church in Japan and in Amoy, the Scotch societies in India, and in such work as Drs. Martin, Sheffield, Richard, McGilvary, J. Young Allen and others in great China have performed.

I think of no native Christian, of whatever race or color, but as my brother, a joint member with me in the body of Christ.

It is the joy and crown of my life to have been per-

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mitted these visions, to have had such a share in these great matters of the kingdom of Christ upon earth; this share signifies the greatest honor that could have been conferred on me.

If, as in the view of some thinkers on the present chaotic condition of the world, induced by the unparalleled war, the mission era is closing down, I rejoice to have known the day of my visitation. If that era should be long continued in larger forms, I wish for those who follow me yet larger participation than any of our past generations have known. I am thankful to have had, in the gracious providence of God, some part at least, throughout my whole life, and members of my beloved family as well, in helping on the world-wide movement of witnessing to all mankind respecting the unapproachable Christian gospel.

To God be all the praise forevermore!

APPENDIX A

RADICALISM IN EDUCATION

THERE is an inordinate zeal for modernism built on the presupposition of a naturalistic evolution.

This force of modernism too easily assumes the latest to be always and necessarily the truest. The tendency of all this is to work havoc in education. This later drift in thought may quite as likely represent sometimes a form of devolution, reversion to type, or even downright apostasy from truth.

Any discriminating mind with a zeal for real education, can but inquire why so much "higher education" in our time should commonly presuppose the merely novel and often destructive lines of thought, based on the extravagancies of evolution. Some would seem to suppose that fundamental truth was never known prior to Darwin. Yet he himself confessed that he had so exclusively given himself to physical nature and material phenomena that his higher powers, metaphysical, philosophical and religious had become fairly atrophied.

I would like to inquire why so generally our modern colleges, unlike those of an earlier period, have given so slight attention to "Evidences of Christianity" as a distinct subject of college study. Such treatises as those of the late Pres. Mark Hopkins, of Williams College; of Bishop McIlvaine, or of Pres. E. Y. Mullins on "Why Christianity is True," are in my judgment essential to the intelligence of any really educated man, whether he reaches the same conclusion as the authors named or not.

Yet further, why are not such masterpieces and classics in literature as the following more generally commended to students? Butler's "Analogy;" Flint

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on "Theism;" Janet's "Final Causes;" Bushnell's "Nature and the Supernatural;" Balfour's works; Dale on "The Atonement;" Harris' "The Philosophical Basis of Theism;" J. R. Illingworth's "The Divine Transcendence" and his "Gospel Miracles;" Westcott's "The Gospel of the Resurrection;" Tregelles' "Daniel;" Prof. B. P. Bowne's works; Ward's "Realm of Ends;" Prof. G. H. Palmer's "Freedom;" Mullins' "Freedom and Authority in Religion;" Christlieb's "Modern Doubt and Christian Belief;" Liddon's "Divinity of Our Lord;" Möhler's "Are the Critics Right?" Fairbairn's "Philosophy of the Christian Religion;" Strong's "Philosophical and Theological Productions;" Robin's "Ethics of the Christian Life;" A. P. Peabody's "Science and Christianity;" "The Fact of Christ," by Simpson; "Prophecy a Preparation for Christ," by R. Payne Smith; Orr's "Christian Conception of the World," "Problem of the Old Testament" and "The Virgin Birth;" McIntosh's "Doctrine of the Person of Jesus Christ;" Forsyth's "Person and Place of Jesus Christ," his "Positive Preaching and the Modern Mind" and his "Principle of Authority;" Professor Denny's two great works, "The Atonement and the Modern Mind" and his "Jesus and the Gospel;" Thomson's "Brain and Personality;" Garvie's "The Christian Certainty amid the Modern Perplexity;" and if one wishes to profit by German writers, Zahn's "Introduction to the New Testament;" Deissmann's "Paul" and his "New Light from the Ancient East;" Wendland on "Miracles;" the works of Seeberg, Luthardt, Ihmels, Schlatter and other well-known "positives." These men are constructive, competent and ecumenical apologists.

If it be said that these books are antiquated, I reply, "A thoughtless verdict!" Some of these books are very recent, and all are dateless in message and values, "both old and new." They are as essential to normal Christian thought and health in our times as are the permanent elements of bread, water or common oxygen to our physical subsistence. If greater heed were given to such masters there would result a "higher education" worth while.

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But, alas! we find, instead, wide commendation of ephemeral theorizings, hastily adopted guesses drawn from pseudo-science and from rationalistic philosophizings, often the production of men who have made little record for creative values in the Christian church.

Of course, many other books than those mentioned, and doing sufficient justice to all real modern light and to the phenomena of growing science, might be named. Wholesome displacements in theology of some of the crudities and half-truths of the past are always in order as in any other science. Some of Sanday's and Harnack's findings, *e. g.*, have a constructive value. A score of the writings above referred to, do full justice to a sane criticism. While stopping short of pantheistic errors, they are strongly theistic and properly emphasize redemption, but the destructive extremism of Wellhausen and other naturalistic theorists undermines confidence in revelation and the reality of miracle, even the resurrection of our Lord.* All this at bottom is neither history nor exegesis nor just criticism, but a form of philosophic dogmatism which begs every fundamental question at stake.

* It was the common understanding at the time I was in Germany that the lecture-room of Wellhausen, though once so popular, was well-nigh empty.

APPENDIX B

AN INTERVIEW WITH PROF. HAECKEL

ON an evening in August, 1913, the writer, accompanied by Professor Rudolf Eucken, was privileged to meet, in Jena, two other distinguished German professors; namely, Ernest Haeckel and Wilhelm Ostwald, his successor as president of the German Monistic Society, of Leipzig. As we were ushered into Haeckel's library, he jocosely inquired, "Aren't you afraid to come into this den of lions? We have the reputation here of being dreadful infidels."

I replied, "I have no particular sense of fear. I am looking for the lions of Jena, and so, under the protecting ægis of Professor Eucken, I am here."

Then came another query, "What do you think of this scheme of things [meaning the universe], of which we are a part?"

I answered, "Well, I am not here for controversy, but your question is a straight one, and it is entitled to a straight answer. I reckon there is a Thinker behind it all."

He responded, "Perhaps."

I answered, "Why say 'perhaps'? That is certain."

He added, "What makes you so confident?"

"Your own basis as a scientist."

He asked, "How so?"

I replied, "Because all science, *e. g.*, chemistry, in order even to start, must find a rational '*pou sto*'; that is, it must postulate certain primary truths, intuitions, or axioms, relations deeper than formal proof, in order to find any standing whatever in reason or rationality."

And I added, "Doubtless you believe in the science of astronomy."

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"Certainly."

"But is not astronomy mainly based on mathematics? And is not mathematics a strictly psychological phenomenon?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Are all mathematical axioms the deliverances of rationality?"

"Of course."

"And who is the real astronomer, say a Kepler or Copernicus, but one who has rationally thought the structure and order of the stellar universe over again on its plan?"

"A good definition of an astronomer."

"Then, is not he who brought into being the astral worlds, to be rethought by us, at least a mathematician, and, if so, a thinker?"

To this the arch-agnostic author of *The Riddle of the Universe* made no reply; he changed the subject.

When asked if a framed picture of two mammoth apes hanging on the wall of the room were his ancestors—the real "missing links"—he smilingly answered "Yes."

I then asked, "Whence came they?"

"Oh," he replied, "from the egg."

"Indeed! But who laid the egg?"

He again changed the subject, and began to inquire about immortality and wondered if I believed in it.

By this time it was Eucken's turn to come in for some criticism respecting his idealism. This waked the philosopher up, and he warmed eloquently to his replies. In winding up his colloquy, Eucken did not hesitate to charge that these naturalists were extreme dogmatists, and that "without sufficient grounds in science:" they contemned philosophy.

Thus in most definite form the issue implied received concrete illustration. Our universe is either a product of thought and purpose, or it is a self-wrought evolution of matter, and that uncreated, the greatest miracle imaginable.

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A PERSONAL CONFESSION OF FAITH RESPECTING SOME FUNDAMENTALS OF REVEALED AND ORGANIZED CHRISTIANITY

I. *Of the Scriptures.*—The full and sufficient inspiration for purposes of religious belief and conduct of the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, interpreted in harmony with themselves, in consonance with the spiritual consciousness of Christ and that of the Spirit-endued, apostolic interpreters. The Scriptures bear a unitary message for all mankind.

This inspiration issues in a substantially authentic and authoritative revelation from God to man, and is more than a product of naturalistic and impersonal evolution. This revelation compasses such vast cosmic matters as creation, providence and redemption. It embraces the realm of a higher, invisible and eternal Order, above our temporal and visible Order, and discloses realities like the incarnation, atonement, resurrection and ascension of Christ, the significance of Pentecost, the constitution of the church, the forms of Christ's "*parousias*," and other eschatological matters difficult of exact interpretation.

II. *Of the Person of Christ.*—The Second Person of the Trinity became incarnate through a supernatural, divinely begotten, virgin birth, into the human race, and passed through a unique career as the new Head of that race, back to the Father who sent him. He is called, in Scripture, variously, "The Son of Man," "the Word" (Logos), "the Lord from heaven," "the last Adam," "God manifest in the flesh," and is "declared to be the Son of God with power," by his resurrection.

It is impossible to read the forty or more distinct

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references by Christ to himself, as the "Son of man," and observe that, in the majority of cases, his death and resurrection is either asserted or implied, and allow that he is only human. A mysterious union of Deity with humanity is unquestionably presupposed and involved. Christ is far more than the subject of the religion he taught. He is also its Object and evermore to be worshiped as the crowned, supreme revelation of God and Head over all to the church of all time.

III. *Of the Atonement.*—His atonement was, at bottom, a form of self-reconciliation (far deeper than its historical denouement and manifestation on Calvary: Eph. 3:9-11; Col. 1:25-27; 2 Tim. 1:9, 10; Tit. 1:2, 3; 1 Pet. 1:20; Rev. 13:8). It was eternal in the being of God himself. The conflict (or antinomy) between the divine holiness and love occasioned by man's sin was harmonized through God's own self-imposed, vicarious suffering, immanent in "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world."

The suffering self-reconciliation on the part of the gracious God, from the foundation of the world, was cosmic and timeless; it would seem to have been morally necessary to justify the divine risk incurred in man's creation as free. This was the fundamental reality prerequisite to our subjective at-one-ment with Him. The atonement, therefore, as cosmic, was originally objective for us in God, and becomes inwardly vital and experiential in us. This self-reconciliation effected in God was needed not only in the interest of his own self-consistency, but also as historical to enable man to grasp the reality. Hence all was concretely and visually objectified and manifested in Christ's voluntary laying down of his life, and resuming it in resurrection power on the third day.

IV. *Of the Resurrection.*—The resurrection of Christ, although issuing in an empty grave, was more than a mere physical resuscitation of his body, like that of Lazarus. He was "the First-begotten from the dead," "the first-fruits of them that slept." The resurrection was, at bottom, a moral, spiritual and unique triumph over both matter and spirit. It sprang from the atoning work of a

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Lord who was sinless and was an achievement essential to his transcendence over the sin-principle in man and its death-dealing effects.

This resurrection was that of the God-man; it created the Christian church and holds in itself the potency of the raising up to judgment of all men and the new-creation and glorification of all believers through corporeal resurrection or translation; it is also the guarantee of the final renewal of our entire cosmos, embracing the heavens and the earth.

V. *Of Christianity*.—Christianity, truly conceived, is not merely, nor chiefly, the “ethics of Jesus,” regarded as a pattern for our imitation—rather than goal. It is rather the *apostolic interpretation of the significance of Christ’s person and work in our behalf*, foreshadowed at the end of his ministry. (See John 14-16 and following.) As such, Christianity is the supreme and absolute religion for all times and peoples.

VI. *Of Regeneration*.—On account of sin in the human race, which in principle is universal and hereditary, there is a moral necessity for the begetting anew of all souls into Christ—“the last Adam,” and the new Head of the race.

This new birth, like the atonement, was in view “from before the foundation of the world,” new-creation being but another term for redemption, as it takes effect on us. This birth is wrought by the Spirit of God, even below consciousness on our part, and is concurrent with repentance and faith. It is an effect, not on the constitution of man, but pre-eminently on his will, fundamentally altering his attitude Godward and also manward.

VII. *The New Testament Church*.—This church is a body of persons renewed by the Holy Spirit through repentance and faith toward Christ as both Saviour and Lord, publicly baptized into Him, and voluntarily associated together for holy living, the maintenance of the ordinances, and devoted also in its corporate life to the propagation of the gospel throughout the world.

The essential spiritual living, or Christian ethic referred to, is not the futile, legalistic attempt to imitate the

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Lord Jesus in reference to God, together with the outward ordering among men of their social relations, but is, rather, a penitent, believing and surrendered response to the redeeming grace discovered in God's own vicarious attitude towards us. This response, moreover, in order to become effective, needs always to be empowered by the Holy Spirit for the realization of all forms of personal and social obligation implied in the redeemed life.

VIII. *Of the Officers of the Church.*—The officers of the church are "elders," or "pastors"—sometimes termed "overseers" or "bishops"—and deacons. Their respective functions and duties are simply indicated in the Acts and the Pastoral Epistles.

IX. *Of the Ordinances of the Church.*—The ordinances of the church (as regularly constituted) are two:

1. Baptism, which is the voluntary and public immersion of the believer in water by an act which most fittingly symbolizes, first, the central event for faith in divine-human history, namely, the voluntary death, burial and resurrection of Jesus Christ our Lord; and, secondly, the profoundest possible human experience, namely, the dying to self and sin and the correlative spiritual quickening to newness of life in the risen Christ, and prophetic also of the believer's bodily glorification.

2. The Lord's Supper, symbolizing the appropriation of the atoning death of Christ through reverent and frequent partaking of the broken "loaf" and the "fruit of the vine."

The essential spiritual qualification for this is the discernment or "*setting apart*" of the Lord's incarnate body with its several implications. This spiritual qualification is often relatively minimized in the interest of a ceremonial, but subordinate antecedent, namely water-baptism, obligatory as that baptism is. For apostolic interpretation of the proper evangelical attitude at the Lord's table, see 1 Cor. 11:17-34. In the relation of these two ordinances there is a natural order, as fairly inferred from the implications of the New Testament example and practice, and from the nature of things. This order, although but ceremonial, is a meaningful object-lesson and requisite to

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intelligent and complete loyalty to Christ's ideals on the part of the participant "until he come."

X. *Of the Freedom of Conscience.*—The freedom, as between men, in all matters religious of the individual human conscience.

This conscience, however, in relation to God and impliedly in relation to men, according to the terms of our redeemed status as set forth in Heb. 9: 13, 14, needs to be purged from legal and dead works re-created through an eternal Spirit and practically refounded in the being of God conceived as Redeemer. The natural conscience, as really as the mind, the heart or the will, needs to be renewed and so related to a redeeming authority—the sacrificial Lord.

XI. *Of Church and State.*—The realms of the religious and civil, as embodied in church and state, are formally separate, as different functions pertain to each. We are to "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and unto God the things that are God's."

These diverse realms are in no conflict with each other, but move on different planes, and may be mutually sympathetic and co-operative. They have respect to two distinct authorities in man's constitution, the one embracing matters of human government and social order and the other things religious and spiritual, Godward.

XII. *Of Voluntary Society Organization.*—For purposes of expediency and efficiency in the expression and extension of the corporate Christ-life of the churches, various voluntary organizations for educational, missionary and fiscal purposes, such as have long existed and still exist among those who believe in the autonomy of the local church, especially for purposes of home and foreign missions in a variety of organizations the world over, are legitimate and permissible.

Indeed, the rights of such voluntary organizations are presupposed by the voluntary principle which lies at the basis of any consistent Congregational or Baptist church polity.

The activities expressed by these organizations have historically been known as those of the *ecclesiola in ec-*

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clesia; they are never to exercise other than advisory functions; they may not legislate for the local churches, nor in any way tyrannize over such churches, which are, in themselves, purely autonomous.

The rights above referred to are highly consonant with New Testament precedents respecting polity; they preclude centralized power, so fruitful of corrupting tendencies in all past church history; they contain the minimum of peril in organization and best further the upbuilding of the churches in their holy faith, and the most rapid diffusion of an unadulterated gospel throughout the world.

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